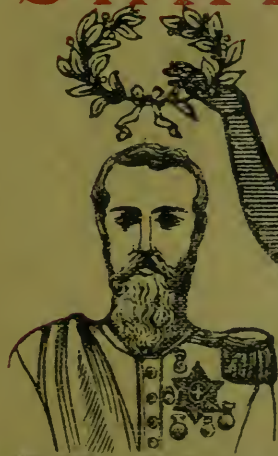


THE CONGO

AND THE

FOUNDING OF ITS

FREE STATE





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Frontispiece to Vol. I.

HIS MAJESTY LÉOPOLD II., KING OF THE BELGIANS.

THE CONGO

AND THE

FOUNDING OF ITS FREE STATE :

A STORY OF WORK AND EXPLORATION.

BY

HENRY M. STANLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE AND SMALLER ILLUSTRATIONS,
TWO LARGE MAPS AND SEVERAL SMALLER ONES.

CHEAPER EDITION.

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THIS NARRATIVE
OF
LABOUR, EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY,
AND
HISTORY
OF A GREAT AND SUCCESSFUL
POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC ACHIEVEMENT,

IS, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION,

Most respectfully Dedicated to

HIS MAJESTY LÉOPOLD II.,
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS,

THE GENEROUS MONARCH WHO SO NOBLY CONCEIVED, ABLY CONDUCTED, AND
MUNIFICENTLY SUSTAINED THE ENTERPRISE WHICH HAS OBTAINED THE RECOGNITION
OF ALL THE GREAT POWERS OF THE WORLD, AND HAS ENDED IN
THE ESTABLISHMENT OF

THE CONGO STATE ;

AND ALSO TO ALL THOSE GENTLEMEN WHO ASSISTED HIM BY THEIR ZEALOUS
SERVICE, TALENTS, MEANS, AND SYMPATHY, TO REALISE THE
UNIQUE PROJECT OF FORMING A FREE COMMERCIAL
STATE IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA,

BY THEIR HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, *April* 1885.

P R E F A C E.



A WISE Englishman has said that pure impulses and noble purposes have been oftener thwarted by the devil under the name of Quixotism than by any other insinuating phrase of obstruction. In 1878 that word was flung in my teeth several times, especially by Manchester men. If I delivered a speech or a lecture, or wrote a letter, about the probabilities of success attending a judiciously conducted enterprise in Africa, a Manchester editor, or a Manchester merchant, almost invariably taunted me with being a “dreamer,” a “Quixotic journalist,” or a mere “penny-a-liner.” I do not quarrel with the phrases, but I certainly deprecate the uses to which they were applied. The charge of Quixotism, being directed against my mission, deterred many noble men in Manchester from studying the question of new markets, and deepened unjustly their prejudices against Africa and African projects.

In the *Daily Telegraph* of November 12, 1877, the

following words of mine were published. They will, at least, prove my own consistency of belief.

“ I feel convinced that the question of this mighty water-way will become a political one in time. As yet, however, no European Power seems to have put forth the right of control. Portugal claims it because she discovered its mouth ; but the great Powers—England, America, and France—refuse to recognise her right. If it were not that I fear to damp any interest you may have in Africa, or in this magnificent stream, by the length of my letters, I could show you very strong reasons why it would be a politic deed to settle this momentous question immediately. I could prove to you that the Power possessing the Congo, despite the cataracts, would absorb to itself the trade of the whole of the enormous basin behind. This river is and will be the grand highway of commerce to West Central Africa.”

Gambetta, the great French statesman, in July, 1878, also uttered a prediction which has been since verified.

“ You have thrown the light of knowledge on what you have well described as the Dark Continent. Not only, sir, have you opened up a new Continent to our view, but you have given an impulse to scientific and philanthropic enterprise which will have a material effect on the progress of the world. It is not only in the action of private individuals that that is seen. What you have done has influenced Governments—proverbially so difficult to be moved—and the impulse

you have imparted to them will, I am convinced, go on growing year after year."

Besides the work of the International Association, of which these volumes are the record, the English Baptists have carried the banner of peace up the Congo beyond the Equator; and the American Baptists, taking up the work begun by the Livingstone Congo Mission, are urging on the civilising work side by side with their English brethren. London and Church Missionary Societies have planted their Christian flags on Lakes Victoria and Tanganika. The African Lakes Company and the Free Kirk of Scotland are earnestly at work on Lake Nyassa, and are advancing to Lake Tanganika. Serpa Pinto and Weissman have crossed Africa; Ivens and Capello have performed remarkable journeys to the east of Angola. Monsieur de Brazza has given France a West African Empire; Germany has entered the field of colonial enterprise, and has annexed all the territory in south-west Africa, between Cape Frio and British colonies in South Africa, the Cameroons territory, and a fertile province in east Africa; Italy has annexed territory on the Red Sea; Great Britain has annexed the Niger Delta; and Portugal now possesses 700,000 square miles of African territory. Thus the expressed conviction of the statesman Gambetta has been realised.

Nor has the end yet been reached. The time will shortly come when other grand *faits accomplis* will be published. The impulse is still throbbing and permeating throughout Europe. These volumes will tend

to quicken rather than to allay the fever. They will be printed in eight different languages, and the words of enterprise and of action, it is hoped, will move many a man out of the 325,000,000 of Europe to be up and doing.

The world has heard enough of the old wives' tales of "horrible climate," of "Quixotism," and all such fancies of timorous and feeble minds. Hundreds of raw European youths have been launched into the heart of the "murderous continent," and the further inland we sent them the more they improved in physique. It matters not now what may be said by interested traders, selfish publicists, narrow-minded grasping merchants, or discharged agents about the dangers of this climate. We have tested it most thoroughly for six years. There is less sickness by half in the Congo basin, even in its present unprepared condition, than there is in the "bottom lands" of Arkansas, a state which has doubled its population during the last twenty-five years.

At the same time, with all my desire to serve Africa, I will not serve it at the expense of truth. I hear of companies being launched to exploit West and East Africa. In regard to West Africa, I am bound to say that almost every available point which promised to remunerate enterprise has already been occupied. The coast is, after all, but a thin line. The lower courses of the Kwanza, Congo, Chiloango, Kwilu, Ogowai, Muni, Cameroons, the Oil rivers, Niger, Roquelle, Gambia, and Senegal rivers have been dotted with

factories, while along the intervening coast-lines commercial establishments are pretty thickly sown. Not a single firm that I know of requires assistance in the purchase of the native productions. On the Congo we have the great Dutch Company, Hatton and Cookson, and Daumas, Beraud & Co., who have pushed their way up to the foot of the cataracts; on the Niger the National African Company is firmly established. New companies seeking to outbid these establishments in the purchase of the native produce are preparing for themselves periods of trial, and most probably pecuniary loss.

On the East Coast there is but little room for the European, as he can scarcely compete with the frugal Arab, Hindi and Banyan, let him be ever so economical and enterprising.

There only remain the great river basins to be exploited commercially; the principal of which are the Congo, Nile, Niger, and Shari. But these require railways to connect their upper basins with the sea. Until railways are constructed it is useless to suppose that any remunerative trade can be made. The value of the traffic upon the river banks which would be thrown open by these railways may be best seen in the following table:—

Railway.		River banks.
Congo, between Vivi and Stanley Pool	147 miles long	10,800 miles.
Nile, Suakim to Berber	280	5,600 „
Niger, above Rabba to Komba	250	4,400 „
Shari and Lake Chad, Ribago to Mogolo	150	1,800 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals	827	22,600
	<hr/>	<hr/>

The capital required at £4000 * per mile, which would, of course, include labour, rails and rolling material for each railway, would amount to:—

	£
Congo railway and flotilla	600,000
Nile " "	1,160,000
Niger " "	1,040,000
Shari " "	620,000
	£3,420,000

The area of country and the masses of population which these railways would make immediately accessible, according to the most careful calculations, are as follows:—

	Area in square statute miles.	Population.
Congo	1,090,000	43,000,000
Nile	660,000	23,760,000
Niger	440,000	8,800,000
Shari	180,000	5,400,000
	2,370,000	80,960,000

The entire continent of Africa is 15,500 English miles in length. The four river banks if stretched in line would be equal in length to 22,600 statute miles. The aggregate areas immediately accessible to commercial enterprise may be said to equal a belt 155 miles deep drawn around the entire continent. Such a belt would require thirty-four souls to the square mile to produce a population equal to the 80,960,000 inhabitants of the four river basins.

Again, almost the least exploited portion of the

* These figures are but assumed for the purpose of the argument, of course. The cost of railway mileage may be more or less.

African coast-line, 2,900 miles long, is that from the Gambia to St. Paul de Loanda, which gives an annual trade of £32,000,000. The banks of these four rivers, if equally developed, ought to furnish a trade seven and a half times greater, or £240,000,000. The gross sum required to create this enormous trade is only £3,420,000!

Let us suppose that a continent abounding with tropic produce, populated by 81,000,000 of workable people, and showing a coast-line of 22,600 miles in length, suddenly rose from the bosom of the Atlantic. Imagine the scramble for the possession of it by the Powers! Yet here are four river basins offered to civilization at the rate of $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ per acre, with an annual trade of over 3*s.* per acre almost guaranteed, which is certainly very much cheaper than what is offered by a land company at the present time in East Africa.

Of course, I little expect that any of these grand and advanced ideas will ever be put to the test. But when I hear of perpetual lamentations about depression of trade, of the silent spindle, and the cold foundry, I am tempted to ask what has become of all that traditional energy which made Britain so famous in the commercial world.

Let us reflect upon the wisdom of the proceedings in connection with Egypt to-day. The total exports and imports of Lower Egypt and the Soudan in 1882 amounted to £16,805,001, and yet before the British Government can issue out of the present contest satisfactorily they will have expended quite £16,000,000,

over four-and-a-half times more money than the sum which is required to give in a few years an augmented trade to the world of £240,000,000, of which no doubt three-fourths would be absorbed by the mercantile body of Great Britain. Let us hope that the Nile basin may be rescued, however, from the fate which hovers over it. If lost to Britain, let us at least hope that some other nation will do its utmost to preserve this basin open to civilisation. If France only prosecutes her present great enterprise intended to connect the Upper Niger with the Senegal, one of the three other great river basins will be saved from waste; and if she is wise and liberal in her tariffs, she will find ample recompense in the commercial intercourse she will have established with the 8,800,000 inhabitants of the Niger banks.

These volumes now issued contain minute details of what is produced in the greatest and most populous river basin in Africa. The information so painfully and so patiently acquired is for the benefit of those natives of Europe who can read and are interested not only in Africa, but in the commercial prosperity of the world. Any two rich men in Great Britain, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Spain, Portugal, or Sweden and Norway, may combine together and build the Congo railway. I shall be surprised if before the end of the year some such railway has not been started. At the same time, it is perfectly immaterial to me personally whether an attempt be made to realise the project or not.

At the same time, I have a strong hope that Manchester, which in 1878 was so apathetic, and in 1884 so bravely strenuous in defending the commercial liberty of the Congo basin, will unite with Berlin, Paris, and Brussels in the subscription of £600,000 to build this railway. At any rate, the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and its excellent President, J. F. Hutton, Esq., and the Manchester editors deserve the thanks of every reader of these books for the persistent defence of the principles which the author advocates, and which he maintains can alone rescue Africa from the slough of despond and inutility in which it has remained so long.

The Author craves the permission of the reader to introduce to his or her notice the President of the International Association, Colonel Strauch, to whose genius for administration, thoughtful care, and wise provision, the success of the Expedition was so largely due; and also to Captain Thys, of the corps *Etat-Major*, *officier d'ordonnance du Roi*, whose patience was sorely tried, especially when the Commander of the Expedition was sending his peremptory orders for supplies.

Finally, the British reader must be persuaded by the Author to believe that the expedition has been largely indebted to the munificence of William Mackinnon, Esq., of Balinakill, Clachan, Argyllshire, from whom at various times we obtained substantial help, and invariably the most generous sympathy with the kindest advice.

There is a law of Nature which has decreed that a man must work. The Divine law declares that only by the sweat of his brow shall a man eat bread. There is a law pretty generally recognised among the advanced nations, that every honest labourer is worthy of his hire, but only the conspicuously meritorious deserve special commendation. The stern practice of the world is that a man shall not obtain his food for nothing. Unless he labours in his vocation, neither shall he receive wages. It is also generally conceded that any man who distinguishes himself by goodwill and endeavour, however incompetent he may be, deserves consideration, but any man who exhibits capacity with intelligence, effective labour with honest goodwill, shall receive reward commensurate with his services. For thriftlessness the world has naught but contempt; for natural debility only pity; for vice, condemnation; for failures, oblivion. Obeying these general laws and practices, those whom I think have proved themselves most deserving of recognition for their gallantry, moral courage, and fortitude under privations, for the greatest intelligence and capacity in the performance of their duties, have received honourable mention at my hands in the chapter on Europeans.

It has been customary with me to compliment my publishers upon the energy and care with which they produce their books. These volumes are no exception to their usual happy art of pleasing both public and author. I am also indebted to Mr. J. D. Cooper for the pains he has taken to faithfully reproduce the many

photographs of landscape and persons in the engravings now published; and also to Mr. John Bolton for the manner in which he has produced my maps. The large map is the result of nearly four hundred observations for latitude and longitude made during our successive voyages up and down the Congo. The principal stations between Vivi and Stanley Falls have been finally fixed after several observations taken at each place during my six years' mission.

I now commit my work to the public, in the hope that it will effect a happy change for Africa, and give a greater impetus to the true civilising influences which are seen in the advancement of commerce and in the vitality of Christian missions.

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, *April* 1885.



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THE CONGO,

AND

THE FOUNDING OF ITS FREE STATE.



CHAPTER I.

PREVIOUS HISTORY OF THE CONGO.

Early discoveries—Erroneous nomenclature—Inaccurate descriptions—Difficulties in following the old chroniclers—The British Expedition of 1816—Its misfortunes, but finally successful scientific result—Livingstone's last Expedition—The *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald* Expedition, 1876—Discovery of the continuity of the Congo.

THE discovery of the mouth of the Congo is due to ^{1484-5.} Diego Cão, or Cam, a Portuguese naval officer, and ^{Diego Cão,} Gentleman of the Household to Dom João II., King of Portugal. This event occurred in the year 1484-5, while, according to Duarte Lopez, a naval expedition was sailing along the coast of Africa for the purpose of discovering the East Indies. To commemorate the discovery the commander of the fleet erected a pillar on the southern point of the *débochure*, by which the river became known for a time as the Rio de Padrão, or Pillar River, flowing through the kingdom of Congo.

Martin de Behaim, or Martin of Bohemia, who was present at the discovery, called it the Rio Poderoso, or

1578. Lopez. Mighty River, from the immense volume of water that is discharged by it into the ocean.

Lopez, who visited Angola in 1578, describes it as the "greatest river in Congo, called Zaire in that tongue, which signifies 'I know.'"

De Barras and Merolla, who followed Lopez over a century later, also called it the Zaire, a name to which the modern Portuguese are devotedly attached, most probably because their classic poet Camoens describes it as

"That lucid river—the long winding Zaire."

The term "Zaire," however, with all due deference to the old travellers and geographers, is only a corruption of Nzari, Nzali, Njali, Nzaddi, Nyadi, Niadi, and other different spellings of words which simply mean river in the many dialects spoken within the limits of what was popularly supposed three centuries ago to be the kingdom of Congo.

About the beginning of the 17th century we find that the river began to be designated on the maps as Rio de Congo, while the upper portion retained the name of Zaire.

The English map-makers ever since have almost invariably named it the River of Congo, while the Portuguese still continue to call it by its ancient name.

Any one who will take the trouble to glance at the early globes or maps of Africa will perceive that almost all the geographical information relating to its equatorial regions illustrated by these must have been founded by hearsay from natives, probably ivory or

slave traders from the interior. As one proof of this I need only cite the pertinacity with which map-makers and geographers cling to the famous "kingdom of Anzichi, and the people of Anzichana living on both sides of the river Zaire." The "Anzichana," however, literally signify people of the interior, and "Anzichi," or rather Nseké, means "inland."

1578.
Lopez.

In my book 'Through the Dark Continent,' I also speak of a town or large market called Ngombé, whereas after obtaining a smattering of the language I now know "Ngombé" to mean simply inland. And during my early voyages up and down the Congo I heard of a place called Mpama, and had located it pretty exactly as I thought in the Uyanzi country, when suddenly I learned that Mpama in the language of Uyanzi stood also for "inland."

Another instance of the singular ignorance of early writers respecting the lands and rivers they attempted to describe is the extraordinary description of the Lower Congo given by Duarte Lopez in 1578.

"The river is navigable for twenty-five miles with large boats till it reaches a strait between rocks, where the waters pour down with such tremendous noise as to be heard nearly eight miles off. This place is called by the Portuguese Cachivera—that is a fall or cataract, as it resembles that of the Nile."

In the following three quotations will be found further proof that the writers of the 16th and 17th centuries either were unable to confine themselves to exact description of what they saw, or, as was most probable, they had no better authorities for their statements than slave traders and coast gossip.

1645. A Capuchin father, belonging to the missionary
 The expedition sent by Pope Paul V. in 1645, writes of the
 Capuchins. Congo thus :—

“Of the many rivers, great and small, which traverse Congoland, one larger than the others is the Zaire, which according to the received opinion even in our times springs from some perennial waterfalls which form the Nile. Both rivers separate themselves from the same source, the Nile flowing through all Africa northwards until it falls into the Mediterranean Sea, and the Zaire in the contrary direction flowing down formidable precipices towards the west, winding among rocks and banks sometimes with so much noise that at two or three leagues distance it deafens and frightens the inhabitants. The volume of such a river, increasing in quantity as it flows forms whirlpools, and in some places expands so widely that one can hardly distinguish the opposite banks, and finally debouches by seven great mouths into the Atlantic. Its rapidity frightens even the boldest pilots, who maintain that it is impossible to cross the open channel, and therefore they seek fords where the islands break the force of the current, and, weakening it, make the passage casier. These islands are very populous and very well cultivated. Throughout the kingdom of Congo are many other rivers, remarkable not so much for their rapidity as for their numbers of crocodiles, sea-horses, enormous serpents, and other monsters for which we have no names.”

Father Merolla, despatched to Congo in 1682, writes :—

“In consequence of the waters of the Zaire being yellow, the river is known for a hundred miles as it flows into the sea, and by means of it many large kingdoms were discovered hitherto unknown.”

In another place the same writer mentions that the Zaire is twenty-eight miles wide at the mouth !

The Englishman Purchas was an industrious compiler of voyages and travels. It is very evident that he must have read ‘The Chronicles of the Jesuits.’ He writes of the Congo after the following manner :—

“The river is of such force that no ship can get in against the current, but near to the shore. Yea, it prevails against the ocean’s saltness three-score, and, as some say, fourscore miles within the sea, before his proud waves yield their full homage, and receive that salt temper in token of

subjection. Such is the haughty spirit of that stream, overrunning the low countries as it passeth, and swollen with conceit of daily conquests and daily supplies which in armies of showers are by the clouds sent to his succour, runs now in a furious rage, thinking even to swallow the ocean which before he never saw. With his mouth gaping eight and twenty miles as Lopez affirmeth in the opening, but meeting with a more giant-like enemy which lies lurking under the cliffs to receive his assault, is presently swallowed in that wider womb. Yet so as always being conquered he never gives over, but in an eternal quarrel, with deep and indented frowns in his angry face, foaming with disdain and filling the air with noise, with fresh help supplies those forces which the salt sea hath consumed."

1816.
Tuckey.

From these extracts it is clear that it is a waste of time trying to follow the old chroniclers. Frequently I have endeavoured to trace them where they gravely give names of localities and attempt to describe the districts of which they write, but I have always been compelled to abandon my work with an aching head, and grieving at the loss of valuable time incurred in the useless effort. Through the sheer impossibility of describing to others what I cannot consistently, with the local knowledge I possess, explain to myself, I am constrained to draw the reader's attention to an expedition despatched by the British Government, in the year 1816, under Captain James Kingston Tuckey, which was the means of giving us a reliable, accurate, and definite information of the Lower Congo, although only to the extent of 172 statute miles inland.

In the instructions furnished by the Admiralty to Captain Tuckey may be found corroborative evidence of what is stated above. I quote the following :—

"Although the expedition about to be undertaken for exploring the course of the Zaire, which flows through the kingdom of Congo, in Southern Africa, was originally grounded on a suggestion of its being

1816.
Tuckey, identical with the Niger, it is not to be understood that the attempt to ascertain this point is by any means the exclusive object of the expedition."

"That a river of such a magnitude as the Zaire, and offering so many peculiarities, should not be known with any degree of certainty beyond, if so far as, 200 miles from its mouth is incompatible with the advanced state of geographical science, and little creditable to those Europeans who for nearly three centuries have occupied various parts of the coast near to which it empties itself into the sea, and have held communication with the interior of the country through which it descends by means of missionaries and slave agents. So confined indeed is our knowledge of the course of this remarkable river that the only chart of it which can have any pretension to accuracy does not extend above 130 miles, and the correctness of this survey, as it is called, is more than questionable."

"There can be little doubt, however, that a river which runs more rapidly, and discharges more water than either the Ganges or the Nile, and which has this peculiar quality of being almost at all seasons of the year in a flooded state, must not only traverse a vast extent of country, but must also be supplied by large branches flowing from different and probably opposite directions, so that some one or more of them must at all times of the year pass through a tract of country where the rains prevail. To ascertain the sources of these great branches, then, will be one of the principal objects of the present expedition."

Captain Tuckey's expedition numbered fifty-six Europeans, and, to quote the words of the Secretary to the Admiralty, "there never was in this, or in any other country, an expedition of discovery sent out with better prospects or more flattering hopes of success than the one in question." Yet, by a fatality that is almost inexplicable, never were the results of an expedition more melancholy and disastrous. Captain Tuckey, Lieutenant Hawkey, Mr. Eyre, and ten of the *Congo's* crew, Professor Smith, Mr. Cranch, Mr. Tudor, and Mr. Galway—in all eighteen persons—died within the short period of less than three months during which they remained in the river, or a few days after leaving it. Fourteen of the above-mentioned

were of the party of thirty who set out on the land journey beyond the cataracts; the other four were attacked on board the *Congo*. Two died during the passage out.

1866.
Living-
stone.

When treating of the climate* I shall have occasion to explain the causes which led to this excessive mortality among the members of this unfortunate expedition, which, however disastrous it may have been to life, furnished to geographical science a very valuable contribution. For the first time the Lower Congo was shorn of all myth and fable, and was described with an accuracy that cannot be much excelled even in the present day.

Captain Tuckey learned from the natives that the river was known to them as Moenzi Nzaddi, which literally means Receiver of all Rivers.

Cruisers of many nations have visited the great river at various times since; and naval officers have added much to our knowledge of the river's depth, and of its currents, besides giving the names of factories and trading depôts situated along the banks. But the melancholy loss of life incurred by Captain Tuckey's expedition served to warn off all scientific missions for a period of over half a century.

In 1866 Dr. Livingstone, inspired by Sir Roderick Murchison, set out on his final journey, with the object of exploring the watershed between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganika. In 1867 he discovered a large river flowing westward, which he subsequently learned had its

* See Vol. II.: Climate, Part II.

1871.
Living-
stone.

sources in the folds of the Chibalé Hills, in the country of Mambwé. Believing, with many other geographers of that day, that he had at last discovered the extremest head of the Nile, he traced the course of this large river, which was named Chambezi, until it reached Lake Bemba or Bangweolo, in S. lat. 11° and E. long. 29° . During the years 1868–1871, he found that the river emerged from Lake Bangweolo under the native name of Luapula, and flowed northerly, to enter another lake called Mweru, whence it issued under the name of Lualaba. He last saw the river, which was now of vast volume, at Nyangwé, in Manyema, at a distance of about 1500 English statute miles from its sources.

In October 1876 the expedition despatched by the London *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald*, for the completion of Livingstone's explorations, arrived at the Arab town of Nyangwé, and shortly after set out on its mission of following the river to the sea; and 281 days later this expedition sighted the Atlantic Ocean, having proved by the navigation of the river for about 1660 miles, and a land journey of 140 miles, that the Chambezi, Luapula, or Lualaba was no other than the Congo, whose *embouchure* was discovered by the Portuguese just four centuries ago.

It is the subsequent history of this noble stream, and the extraordinary enterprise which this discovery caused to be undertaken, that, after a short politico-historical sketch, I propose to set forth in the following pages.

CHAPTER II.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF CONGO-LAND.

Piqafetta's 'Kingdom of the Congo'—Chronicle of the Capuchin Expedition—The stone pillars of the Portuguese: their purpose—The capital of Congo-land—Conversion of the King to Christianity—Missions and ancient religious edifices—Hostile incursion of the Jaggas—Territorial claims of the Portuguese—Expulsion of the Portuguese from Congo-land—The slave trade—The missions of Rome and France—Boundaries and general description of Congo-land—The position and power of its chiefs—Treaties of the International Association.

WITH the discovery of the mouth of the River Congo by Diego Cam begins the political history of Congo Land. Mrs. Margarite Hutchinson has lately given a translation of an old book called 'The Kingdom of Congo,' by Filippo Piqafetta, Rome, 1591, wherein we are told that the "kingdom" had a coast-line of 630 miles long, and that it penetrated inland a distance of 600 miles; but the author of the voluminous chronicle of the Capuchin expedition, published in 1670, very quaintly says that some "who claim to be well informed, and who perhaps do come near the truth, reckon up a mixed collection of peoples, potentates, and princes, who held joint possession of all that tract of country which is called the Kingdom of Congo. And if, in addition to all that is certainly known, we

1591.
Piqafette.

1670.
The
Capuchins.

add that which is guessed, we may with some assurance persuade ourselves that, just as Africa is a great portion of the terrestrial globe, divided and subdivided into divers kingdoms, so in the same way Congo was divided into various dominions."

It has been already stated that a memorial in the shape of a stone pillar was erected by the Portuguese



discoverer on the southern point of the mouth of the river, known to-day as Point Padron, to commemorate the discovery. It was a custom with the old Portuguese navigators, when starting on a voyage of maritime exploration, to take with them several of these stone pillars, to set up on prominent points of new land, not only as memorials of discovery, but also to indicate an intention to annex such new lands to the Crown of Portugal. However, this raising of pillars

only signified at the utmost an intention to occupy, or to show possession of such privileges as are derived from pre-emption. If they did not immediately occupy the ground or settle upon it within a reasonable length of time, those privileges to which they were entitled after discovery, or the act of pre-emption, lapsed.

Congo Proper extended in an easterly direction to about 200 miles. The river that derives its name from the ancient kingdom was generally known as its northern boundary, though there were several independent districts then, as now, lying between it and the river. To the south it extended as far as the Kwanza. The capital was called Ambassi, or Ambezé, but on the conversion of the king to Christianity, in the beginning of the 16th century, it became known to Europeans as San Salvador. Its distance from the nearest landing-place on the Congo is about eighty-five statute miles.

The King of Congo must have proved a fitting subject for a proselyte, since the Portuguese were so successful in their missionary efforts that in a short time almost all persons who were in authority came to the mission established at San Salvador to be converted and baptised. A cathedral and several churches were erected, and in 1534 we read of a bishop having been appointed.

Thirty-six years later occurred the incursion of the savage Ajakkas, variously called Jaggas, Giagas, Yakkas, who overran the entire country, burning and slaughtering wherever they went—and the Christian

1570.
The
Jaggas.

1570. city of San Salvador, with its cathedral and churches,
 The was destroyed. Before the invaders, the king, his
 Portuguese court, and the missionaries, fled to the Congo and took
 refuge in the Isle of Horses—one of those large islands
 near Boma probably, since above that neighbourhood
 there are no islands capable of affording shelter to
 a large number of people.

An appeal for help was despatched to the King of Portugal, who promptly responded to it by sending 600 soldiers, with the aid of whose firearms the Jaggas were ignominiously expelled from the country, and the King of Congo was enabled to rebuild his city, and the missionaries to restore their churches.

It is stated that in the archives of St. Paul de Loanda there is a document, dated 1570, by which the King of Congo ceded to the Portuguese all of the coast from the Pillar Point, at the mouth of the Congo, to the Kwanza River, as a reward for the aid given to the distressed king during the savage invasion; but Dapper, the Dutch geographer, relates that the Congo king only offered to pay an annual tribute of slaves, and to accept the Portuguese king as his suzerain, which His Faithful Majesty magnanimously refused, saying that he considered the King of Congo as his brother in arms, and that he was fully repaid by the knowledge of the latter's constancy in the Catholic faith.

About sixty years later we are informed that the King of Congo broke off all allegiance to the Portuguese, in consequence of which Sonho, one of the districts of Congo, rebelled; the mission established

at San Salvador was broken up, and the bishopric established in 1534 at that city was transferred to St. Paul de Loanda in Angola.

1873.
Lieut.
Grandy.

In 1781, about 150 years after the expulsion of the Portuguese, an attempt was made to reopen the mission work at San Salvador. Unfortunately the rightful king was at that time a banished man, and the missionaries, having met him outside his city, and learning from him the distracted state of the country, withdrew, and returned to Loanda.

Then follows a silence and a blank in the history of Congo-land, and ruin claims the once promising cathedral town for its own. We hear no more of it until Dr. Bastian, the eminent German traveller, after exploring in that locality in 1857, writes that it is only "an ordinary native town, with a few scattered monuments of other days."

In 1873, Lieutenant Grandy, of the West African Livingstone Search Expedition, passed through San Salvador. According to his account he found nothing but ruins, and a pagan ignorance of everything bearing the least semblance of civilisation. Some of the native leaders of coast caravans understood and spoke a lingua-Portuguesa, but the explorer encountered no welcome.

The year subsequent to my descent of the Congo witnessed the arrival at San Salvador of the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, who succeeded in establishing a Protestant Mission therein.

To the north of the Congo River about thirty miles,

1816.
Tuckey. and situate on the coast, is Kabinda—the only place worthy of being distinguished in the political history of this region (by an attempt of the Portuguese to establish the authority of the King of Portugal near the Congo) since the raising of the memorial stone by Diego Cam. In 1784, the Portuguese commenced to construct at Kabinda a fortlet, which drew protests from other European nations, until they were finally compelled, by a French squadron under the Marquis de Marigny, to demolish the fort and withdraw from Kabinda.

During the days when the slave trade was in full operation the Portuguese possessed a few offices on the Congo for the shipment of slaves to the Brazils; but when it was ascertained that Angola could furnish as many slaves as were necessary to meet the demands of the Brazilian planters, these also were withdrawn and transferred to St. Paul de Loanda.

In 1816, according to Captain Tuckey, there were 2000 slaves shipped annually to the Americas. That Captain Tuckey was a truthful and honourable gentleman can be testified by all who have been on the Congo and compared what he describes with that which they themselves have seen; he observed with a keen eye all manner of things in the little-known region he was about to explore. In no part of his notes, nor in any of those of his companions, can be discovered the slightest evidence of Portuguese occupation or exercised authority on either bank of the Congo.

All the Portuguese whom Captain Tuckey met were

slave traders, owners of slave barracoons; and the natives of Boma informed him that, if the English desired the like privileges as the Portuguese, they would cede to them all the land which they would require. Down to a late period slave trading was the only profitable employment followed by the Europeans—Portuguese, French, Spaniards—on the Congo.

1817.
Slave
Trade.

In 1810 the European Powers resolved to suppress the slave trade. Portugal, which had been the first to start the traffic, was the last power in Europe to abandon it. Tuckey mentions this fact incidentally in his book, when he writes that he was compelled to tell the natives that no other nation but the Portuguese was permitted to trade in slaves. This arrangement will be found in the Treaty of Alliance entered into between England and Portugal, 19th February, 1810.

In the treaty of the 22nd January, 1815, Portugal renounced the right to carry on the slave trade north of the equator, but with regard to the south the privilege was again granted to her both in the actual territories of the Portuguese Crown, and in those to which it reserved its rights under the preceding treaty of 1810.

In 1817 the British Government declared the slave trade to be piracy, and it was accordingly the object of vigorous suppression outside of Portuguese waters, that is to say, in all waters not actually fronting Portuguese possessions.

In the support of this policy a British cruiser in 1846 captured a slave-ship a little to the north of Ambriz.

1846.
Slave
Trade.

The capture gave rise to diplomatic correspondence between the Governments of Great Britain and Portugal, concerning the rights of the latter country, wherein the Portuguese were informed that, though their rights between the 8th and 18th degrees of S. Lat. were fully recognised, the British Government maintained the liberty of unrestricted commercial intercourse between S. Lat. $5^{\circ} 12'$ and 8° .

Missionaries had been employed by the Portuguese Government at San Salvador and other places inland, but with the decay of its power these were withdrawn, and those who survived the climate, which was very ill-understood, were transferred to Angola. Rome, under Pope Paul V. (1621) and Innocent X. (1652), despatched no less than six separate missionary expeditions, consisting altogether of ninety-five Capuchin monks, who were appointed to the missions of Congo, Angola, Loanga, Bamba, Batta, Masangano, Pemba, Sonho, and Sundi. A French mission also was organised at an early period in the 18th century under the Abbé Belgarde, who was styled, according to the fashion then prevailing in Angola, "Préfet de la Mission de Loango, Kakongo, and other kingdoms beyond the Zaire."

Whatever may have been the extent of Congo and the various countries adjoining it in the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, or the character of the political power invested in the persons grandiloquently styled "kings," "potentates," "princes," "dukes," and "counts," by the old chroniclers, there is no evidence to

be gained at the present time, dating from the memory of the oldest chief I have met, that the condition of things differed greatly from what exists to-day.

1878.
Mr.
Comber.

Congo-land I find to be an inland country, bounded on the south by the upper part of the Ambrizette River; its western boundary runs northerly to a point about thirty miles from Nokki, and thence runs easterly sixty geographical miles, thence in a curving line south-easterly, south, and south-westerly, along the western base of the Montes Quemados, or Burnt Rocks, to the Ambrizette River, making altogether an area of about 4000 square miles (geo.). The chief's town is called by the natives Ambassi, but the Portuguese still call it by the name of San Salvador. Mr. Comber, who visited the town in 1878, describes the king, named Totela, as an unimportant person, although his assumed title was H.M. Dom Pedro, King of Congo. The national flag was dark blue, with a golden star in the centre.

All the rest of the country on the left bank of the river, and along the sea-coast, is absorbed by minute subdivisions of power, under as many chiefs; or, as it generally happens, under as many groups of elders, varying, according to the size of the district, from three to ten persons. The native title of a chief or of an elder possessing two or three slaves is Nfumu, originally meaning, without doubt, king. Now, however, slave owners having become so numerous, the title has descended from the fortunate victor over thousands, who became owner of the captives—of their bodies as well as their liberties, in the olden times—to the arrogant

1878.
Present
political
condition.

and ambitious slave, who by dint of roguery, shrewdness, or frugality, has succeeded in amassing property sufficient to purchase two slaves. Here and there, along the left bank, as in the case of Makoko of Usansi, who is the son of another Makoko, who died a wealthy and powerful lord over a large acquired territory, a native suzerain may be found, whose nominal power extends over an area approaching to a thousand square miles, to whom a certain amount of respect and obedience is shown by a large number of village chiefs. Buguku of Ubuma is another instance of a like suzerainty. Even this form of power, however, is only a tacit acknowledgment of seniority in rank, like that which is shown by a wealthy merchant in England according due precedence to the scion of a noble house. On the right bank of the Congo may be found two or three superior chiefs. Manipambu of Loango, and Mpumu-Ntaba of Mbé—the successor of the Makoko so prominent in public notice lately—and Samuna, the chief of Nsanda, near Vivi.

The agents of the International Association having made over 400 treaties with the native chiefs on both banks of the Congo, whose signatures number over 2000, perforce became acquainted with these facts, and had to conduct themselves accordingly in the distribution of the payments made by them. Over these curious groups of chiefs there is always an acknowledged senior, who, although his rank may be undisputed, has only the privilege of demanding a superior consideration for his favour, sometimes of a

very trifling amount; but the smallest chief has frequently the power of stopping a bargain if his claims to consideration have been disregarded or neglected.

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In the following chapters will be found a detailed account of the proceedings with the various chiefs with whom I had a personal intercourse, by which the reader may perceive into what infinitesimal subdivisions of power are distributed those powerful kingdoms whose splendours Lopez, Merolla and others loved to describe two and three centuries ago.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEQUEL TO THE BOOK, 'THROUGH THE DARK
CONTINENT.'

My return from the "Dark Continent" in 1878—Met by King Léopold's Commissioners at Marseilles—The King's proposition—Fatigue and an unavailing search for repose—Three weeks in Switzerland—Negotiations for the new enterprise—"What was to be its character?"—King Léopold's invitation to Brussels—The meeting there in December 1878—The "Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo" formed—Final preparations for the journey—Again *en route* to Africa.

"How often have we seen some such adventurer, and much censured wanderer, light on some outlying and neglected province, the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eyes and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed, thereby in these his seemingly aimless rambles planting new standards and founding new habitable colonies."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

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THE "Dark Continent" had been traversed from east to west, its great lakes, the Victoria Nyanza and the Tanganika, had been circumnavigated, and the Congo River had been traced from Nyangwé to the Atlantic Ocean! The members of the late exploring expedition had been taken to their homes, the living had been worthily rewarded, and the widows and orphans had not been neglected.

When I finally reached Europe in January 1878, slowly recovering from the effects of famine and fatigue endured on that long journey, little did I imagine that

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before the close of the year I should be preparing another expedition for the banks of that river on which we had suffered so greatly. But at Marseilles railway station, as I descended from the express just arrived from Italy, two Commissioners from His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Léopold II., met me, and before I was two hours older I was made aware that King Léopold intended to undertake to do something substantial for Africa, and that I was expected to assist him.

It would be needless to describe my feelings. Any person acquainted with what I had so recently undergone can well imagine the reluctance with which I listened to the suggestion that I should return to the scene of so much disaster and suffering, though I heartily agreed with the Commissioners that it was a great and a good work that the King was inclined to perform, and that it would be a great pity if anything occurred to thwart his good intentions. I was quite willing to give my best advice, and to furnish those details necessary for the complete equipment of an expedition, and its proper organisation, which would lead under right management to a successful issue; but, "as for myself," I said, "I am so sick and weary that I cannot think with patience of any suggestion that I should personally conduct it. Six months hence, perhaps, I should view things differently; but at present I cannot think of anything more than a long rest and sleep."

Even a personal visit to His Majesty I was unable to

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pay, being utterly unfit, and my entire system so utterly out of order; and, had I sought medical advice, no doubt that needful rest and quiet which I so ardently desired would have been prescribed.

But good food, comfortable shelter, and relief from all anxiety and strain of the mind, were doing wonders for my emaciated frame and half-ruined constitution. Gradually I was persuaded by my publisher to begin work. The result was that by the end of May the book, called 'Through the Dark Continent,' was in the printer's hands, and for the first time in many years I felt free—free to move, to act as I pleased, unrestrained by pledges or promises, and without that terrible, compelling and oppressive law—duty—with its constant and persistent call to action, hanging over my head. Lightened of all cause to labour, I hastened to the neighbouring continent to indulge in that luxury which in my travels through Europe, years before, I had seen so many thousands doing—viz., lounging.

But first my long-deferred visit to King Léopold II. was paid, and I there learned that, though he had not commenced to realise his intentions, His Majesty still purposed, at a fit time, and when he was fully informed of all that was necessary to know, to attempt to realise them. Happily for me it was not immediate, and my loved liberty was still my own.

A wise man is he who knows how to use his liberty to best advantage. Unfortunately, though I had indulged in luxurious reveries while imprisoned within the rocky cañon of the Congo, and banqueted bliss-

fully on thoughts of how I should enjoy myself when once free from work, a hermit, issuing from some wilderness, could scarcely be more innocent than I of the art of enjoying one's liberty. Like hundreds of others from America and England, I thought the art lay in dressing *à la mode*, sipping coffee with indolent attitudes on the flagstones of the Parisian boulevards, or testing the merits of Pilsen and Strasburg beer; but my declining health and increasing moody spirits informed me that these were vanities, productive of nothing but loss of time, health, and usefulness.

Some friends suggested Trouville, Deauville, or Dieppe; but my wretchedness increased. I explored those famed seaside resorts, and discovered that I was getting more and more unfit for what my neighbours called civilised society.

A friend finally suggested Switzerland—and I obeyed the hint. Three weeks in this happy land restored me to health; and I then understood that all this time I did not need rest, quiet, but that three weeks of pedestrian exercise, even in England, would have shaken off those morbid feelings, shattered constitution, and wrecked system, and would have enabled me almost to forget that I had ever been in Africa. With restored health, "liberty" became insipid and joyless, that luxury of lounging which had appeared desirable to an ill-regulated and unhealthy fancy became unbearable. With such views, a letter from one of the Commissioners, requesting an interview, and appointing a meeting in Paris, was very acceptable.

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It is from this meeting, which took place in August, that I date the formation of the project of the first enterprise up the Congo. For as yet it was only generally understood that, as the Congo was explored, and the core of the Dark Continent accessible by it, *something* ought to be done to render it serviceable to the humanities that were encompassed around by roadless regions fatal to all good-doing. All readily concurred in the proposition that my descent of the Congo had opened a highway into Africa, were it possible to utilise it. But how to utilise this highway? What enterprise shall be undertaken? In what character shall a new expedition be despatched to the Congo? Shall it be purely geographical, philanthropic, commercial? Or shall we adventure at once on a railway to join the lower to the upper Congo? Each question was discussed in its order.

To a purely geographical or exploring expedition one great objection was its great expense with meagre results. The addition of a few dozens of names of native villages, the outlining of a few small streams, the defining of a few ranges of hills, and the limits of insignificant districts, with a chapter or two upon local customs of races of people who are more or less related to one another, from the sea to the Kwa, did not appear to be sufficient results to warrant the expenditure of £20,000. If it were to be a purely philanthropic enterprise, its magnitude would depend entirely upon the means that a society would consider to lie at its disposal. A commercial enterprise should also be on a grand scale

to ensure success; otherwise it were useless to attempt to rival the traders long established on the lower river, while the services of a peculiar body of Europeans initiated into the mysteries of ledgers and double entry would have to be secured, and it was very doubtful if a sufficient number could be obtained who were acquainted with the Congo languages and manners and customs, and possessed sufficient stamina to resist the vicissitudes of the climate.

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To create a railway for over 200 miles through a little-known country would require a preliminary survey of the land through which it was proposed the line should run. An exact knowledge would have to be gained of the laws which governed the natives; of proprietary rights along its proposed course; and of the protection, if any, which could be guaranteed by the native chiefs to such a road. All these questions were subjected to a very searching analysis, and estimates laboriously made of the expense that would be likely to attend any effort, and the Commissioner, with his voluminous papers, returned to Brussels to lay them before His Majesty.

Meantime September, October and November were passed by me, sometimes lecturing on Africa, in responding to numerous requests for ideas upon the African continent relating to other projects in embryo from Manchester and London, and in maintaining a constant correspondence upon topics upon which the Commissioner at Brussels wished to have a little more light.

Early in November 1878 I received an invitation

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to be at the Royal Palace in Brussels at a certain date and hour. Punctual to the time, I there discovered various persons of more or less note in the commercial and monetary world, from England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland, and presently we were all ushered into the council-room. After a few minutes it transpired that the object of the meeting was to consider the best way of promoting the very modest enterprise of studying what might be made of the Congo River and its basin. This body of gentlemen desired to know how much of the Congo River was actually navigable by light-draught vessels? What protection could friendly native chiefs give to commercial enterprises? Were the tribes along the Congo sufficiently intelligent to understand that it would be better for their interests to maintain a friendly intercourse with the whites than to restrict it? What tributes, taxes, or imports, if any, would be levied by the native chiefs for right of way through their country? What was the character of the produce which the natives would be able to exchange for European fabrics? Provided that in future a railway would be created to Stanley Pool from some point on the lower Congo, to what amount could this produce be furnished? Some of the above questions were answerable even then, others were not. It was therefore resolved that a fund should be subscribed to equip an expedition to obtain accurate information; the subscribers to the fund assuming the name and title of "Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo." A portion of the capital amounting to

£20,000 was there and then subscribed for immediate use.

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A series of resolutions was drawn up by which every subscriber bound himself to answer each call when further funds were necessary. A president, secretary, and treasurer were appointed. The expedition was to be immediately organised and equipped, and I was honoured with the charge of its *personnel* and *matériel*, and to effect the object for which the committee was constituted. I was to erect stations according to the means furnished along the overland route—after due consideration of their eligibility and future utility—for the convenience of the transport, and the European staff in charge, to establish steam-communication wherever available and safe. The stations were to be commodious and sufficient for all demands that were likely to be made on them. By lease or purchase, ground enough was to be secured adjoining the stations so as to enable them in time to become self-supporting if the dispositions of the natives should favour such a project. If it were expedient also, land on each side of the route adopted for the traffic was to be purchased or leased, to prevent persons ill-disposed towards us from frustrating the intentions of the Committee through sheer love of mischief or jealousy. Such acquired land, however, might be sublet to any European, at a nominal rent, who would agree to abstain from intrigue, from inciting the natives to hostility, and from disturbing the peace of the country.

In brief, during this and subsequent meetings every

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plan that could tend to promote harmony and goodwill, and insure a peaceable and thorough trial for the experimental efforts about to be made in a little-known country was discussed and formed. The charitable and philanthropic character of the resolutions clearly showed whose hand and mind had formed them, even if I had not had the honour of learning the sentiments of the Royal Founder of the enterprise from his own lips at private audiences.

The first meeting assembled on the 25th November, 1878, at the Royal Palace of Brussels, at which Colonel Strauch, of the Belgian Army, was elected President of the society called *Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo*; and my first instructions to begin organising the *Expédition du Haut Congo* were written out. At the second meeting, held on December 9, I was requested to have all the plans and estimates for expenses for the first six months ready to be laid before a general council to be held on the 2nd of January, as many of the members had been unable to appear at the December meeting. The third meeting, held on the 2nd of January, 1879, at which there were present representatives of Belgium, Holland, England, France, and America, was the final one, when the plans were adopted and the necessary sums voted. By the 23rd of January, all that I could personally effect in Europe was accomplished; and while the steamer *Albion*, of Leith—chartered for the expedition—was steaming to the Mediterranean, I was hurrying through France and Italy to meet her, to proceed to Zanzibar to enlist as many of my old

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comrades as might be willing to try their luck on the great river again. During my absence on the East Coast of Africa advantage could be taken by the builders of the steamers, lighters, and steel whale-boats, by the makers of portable wooden houses, corrugated iron stores, wagon-makers, and provision-packers, to complete the orders they had received; and by the time I should accomplish my mission at Zanzibar, the larger steamer *Barga*, also chartered, would no doubt have arrived at the Congo, and have discharged her passengers and her cargo of expeditionary material.

The following letter, dated London, January 7th, 1879, to Mr. Albert Jung, a director in the present Afrikaansche Handels-Venootschap—successor of the Afrikaansche Handels-Vereeniging—then chief agent of the great Dutch Company at Banana Point, Congo River, will perhaps better serve to explain the measures and objects briefly described above:—

“DEAR SIR,

“I am informed that you are already partly aware of what is about to be attempted by a number of gentlemen in Holland, Belgium, France, England, and America, who have formed themselves into a commission called the ‘Comité d’Etudes du Haut Congo.’ You have also doubtless heard that I am selected as chief of the expedition which is about to set out for the Congo under the auspices of the Committee.

“Before proceeding with the request which I have to make to you, with your kind permission I will endeavour to explain more clearly what the Committee have in view.

“Within the vast basin known in geographical parlance as the basin of the Congo there is a vast field lying untouched by the European merchant, and about three-fourths unexplored by the geographical explorer. For the most part it is peopled by ferocious savages, devoted to abominable cannibalism and wanton murder of inoffensive people; but along the

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great river towards the Livingstone Falls there dwell numerous amiable tribes who would gladly embrace the arrival of the European merchant, and hasten to him with their rich produce to exchange for Manchester cloths, Venetian beads, brass wire, hardware and cutlery, and such other articles as generally find favour with the Africans in your vicinity. Their manners are gentle, and their instincts are entirely for trade. Hitherto, however, they have been unable to benefit themselves by commercial relationship with the white man, such articles of European manufacture having arrived only after a tedious process and the lapse of many months, perhaps years, among them, because between them and the coast extends a broad belt of country inhabited by warlike tribes and turbulent natives, who are not only accustomed to tax heavily all articles bound for the interior, but to often lay violent hands on the almost defenceless wayfarer. Having on a successful journey, which terminated last year, studied the problem of uniting the amiable tribes above in close trading relationship with European merchants, and obtained the clue to the mode of putting into practice this idea for the benefit of the many kind African friends whom I met above, and such merchants as we may be able to interest in the business, I am on the eve of having my anticipations realised. You must know that not many hours' journey from Boma to the confines of the Babwendé territory the road is rendered unsafe for the more amiable people above by the turbulent and rapacious petty chiefs who dwell along the route, and whose number is legion. These would be a great obstacle to me also if I did not avail myself of various roads which penetrate through the unpeopled wilderness, my explorations through the country having given me such a general knowledge of the interior that I shall be able to pass by these chiefs unmolested; and I have perfect confidence that if I live a road will be found both practicable, easy, and safe for the natives of the upper regions to visit the lower station with their produce. This, as you must know, would materially assist us in planting the benefits of legitimate commerce among them, and opening the great heart of Africa, with its various productions, to the enterprise of Europe. It cannot be done, however, without great tact, patience, long-suffering, and winning manners, even with the friendly peoples of the upper regions. The many times that I have made blood-brotherhood with the chiefs above will stand me in good stead now; and whatever virtue is required to realise my anticipations and to effect the objects the Committee have in view, shall be thoroughly practised.

“You will observe from the above remarks that our purpose is threefold: that they are philanthropic, scientific, and commercial. They are philanthropic, inasmuch as our principal aim is to open the interior by weaning the tribes below and above from that savage and suspicious state which they are now in, and to rouse them up to give material aid voluntarily. When we shall have shown them that the white men near the sea wait to extend a courteous welcome to the dark strangers from the interior, that

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the road between the sea and their country is not beset by difficulties and trouble, vexation and harm, the problem is solved, and it may then be left to the white men to expedite matters by creating a more rapid means of communication, or to time to ripen the good seed that we shall have sown. At any rate I doubt that the road thus created by mutual goodwill and mutual confidence will ever again be closed.

“Our purpose is also scientific, because we intend to make a systematic survey of that country lying between the Stanley Pool and Boma, either on the north or the south side of the Congo, and to determine with exactitude the positions of all important towns and villages, and all prominent points which shall be of interest to the geographer and the merchant.

“Our aims are commercial also, because we intend to experiment how far people may venture into commercial relationship with the tribes above, by inviting them to exchange such products as they may possess for the manufactured goods of civilised states. We may thus obtain valuable statistics, which shall be a guide to future merchants, of the nature and quantity of African produce in the interior, and shall be able to note well the general disposition of those with whom we come in contact.

“Yet on the threshold of the enterprise we are encountered with the serious necessity of providing ourselves with suitable men in whom we may repose a confidence that the mere sight of a drunken chief will not dissipate at once our hopes, and destroy those dreams we have cherished and have hoped to realise.

“After a conversation with Messrs. Kerdyck & Pincoffs, who are greatly interested in these plans of ours, as you must be aware, I have been requested and advised to apply to you, and this I do with the greater confidence that I already have had the honour and pleasure of an interview with you in London.

“While I set out for Egypt and the East African Coast to collect a few trusty men, you could materially assist me by collecting a number of Kruboyes or Krumaners, from 75 to 130 men, by hiring them from the chiefs for a given time, with the promise of either renewing the contract, or returning them to the chiefs according to such agreement as you may make with the chiefs or with the people themselves, and engaging for me from twenty to thirty or forty Kabindas at such wages as you deem just, and in accordance with the custom of the West Coast.

“Messrs. Kerdyck and Pincoffs have also spoken to me about a young gentleman who is at present engaged in your establishment at Banana Point, and I believe and hope that they will write to you about him. If it is quite decided that he accepts office under me, will you kindly instruct him what to do. He could assist you materially in looking after those men whom you engage for me—if no Kabindas sufficient could be collected at Banana itself, he might go personally to Kabinda, &c., and do valuable service by collecting all that he could induce to accept such wages as you may offer. And whatever contracts you may make in my name it would

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be as well to have them as clear and simple as possible, to prevent misunderstanding in future. If you can collect 150 men of all classes—Kabindas and others—for me by the time I have arrived, you will have done me and the Committee also a most important service, which they would be bound to acknowledge.

“I may very probably arrive at the Congo about the beginning of August, perhaps before, if all goes well, where I shall hope to find you and thank you in person for the favour that I hope you shall have done for me.

“I have not by any means, I am well aware, exhausted this subject or others that I might have enlarged upon, but I know that I am addressing a gentleman of large experience with African customs and manners, and one who will be able to fill up the lack of sufficient detail with his own ample stock of good common sense and profound and wide knowledge of what ought to be done.

“Meantime until my arrival various things will be shipped to your care, which I beg you to store for me in your store-rooms, and such gentlemen who come in my name pray receive as hospitably as your circumstances will warrant, and your knowledge of their condition in a strange land will suggest. I need not have touched upon that, for the Congo merchants, as I know from experience, are always ready to extend hospitality. *Any expense* in any duty that you may incur for me, or in my behalf, I shall gladly repay, but your goodness and your compliance with the above favours that I have asked of you would be above recompense, yet by far of greater value, which I shall leave to good fortune to enable me to show you my never-dying gratitude.

“Please communicate the details of this letter to Mr. de Bloeme; and it would be as well to suggest that until my arrival such persons as have no interest in knowing of our business it would be as well not to communicate our affairs to them.

“Present my best respects to Mr. de Bloeme, and believe me, dear Sir,

“Faithfully yours,

(Signed) “HENRY M. STANLEY.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE AFRICAN INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Foundation of the Association—Withdrawal of the English members—General Sanford's description of the Association—My first relations with the International—My instructions to M. Cambier—Karcema, a prosperous station—My instructions to Captain Popelin—Draft of propositions for the organisation of an Expedition—Farewell to Zanzibar—The *SS. Albion* starts on her long voyage.

THE foundation of the African International Association took place while I was still in the heart of equatorial Africa. I am therefore obliged to have recourse to the printed accounts of its formation, and from the Royal Geographical Society's 'Proceedings' of July 1877 I quote the following:—

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"The fresh impulse to African exploration originated in the Conference at Brussels, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of September last, to which His Majesty the King of the Belgians invited a number of the leading geographers of the chief nations of Europe. Representatives from Germany, Austro-Hungary, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy and Russia were present at the Conference, and, as a result of their deliberations, it was agreed that an International Commission, having its seat at Brussels, should be founded for the exploration and civilisation of Central Africa, and that each nation willing to co-operate should form National Committees to collect subscriptions for the common object, and send delegates to the Commission; thus centralising as much as possible the efforts made, and facilitating by co-operation the execution of the resolutions of the Commission.

"Belgium was the first to establish a National Committee, the members of which assembled under the presidency of the King on the 6th of November, 1876. At this meeting the statutes were formulated and

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agreed to, the preamble of which set forth that the Committee was constituted for the purpose of carrying into effect, within the limits of Belgium, the programme of the International Conference, which was stated to be the 'repression of the slave-trade and the exploration of Africa.' The Committee made an appeal to the Belgian public for subscriptions, with considerable success.

"In England, when the organisation of a similar Committee came to be discussed, difficulties of an obvious nature were foreseen, which rendered it desirable that such a Committee, whilst maintaining friendly relations of correspondence with the Belgian and other Committees, should not trammel itself with engagements of an International nature, or with objects other than those connected with geography. In consequence of this decision; delegates have not been appointed to the International Commission at Brussels.

"*Germany.*—In response to the views of the Brussels International Conference, a National Committee was formed at Berlin who decreed, on the 18th of December, 1876, the establishment of the German African Society, the functions of which will be to carry out the same objects as the International Commission, viz.: 1, the Scientific exploration of the unknown regions of Central Africa: 2, the opening-up of Central Africa to civilisation and commerce: and, 3, as ulterior object, the extinction of the slave trade. The affairs of the Society are to be administered by a Council, of which Prince Henry VII. Reuss is the president, Dr. George von Bunsen the secretary, and Dr. Nachtigal, Herr Delbrück, Dr. A. Bastian, Dr. Herzog, Baron von Richthofen, Dr. Roth, and Dr. W. Siemens, the members. The Society will maintain relations with the International Commission at Brussels, and have appointed Dr. Bastian, Dr. G. von Bunsen, and Baron von Richthofen as German Delegates.

"The Society is to consist of Founders and Members, the former comprising those who contribute a donation of 300 marks to its funds, the latter to include all annual subscribers of five marks and upwards—all corporations, chambers, and scientific societies to be admissible in their corporate capacities as members, on payment of proportionate subscriptions.

"As to the disposal of the funds accumulated by the Society, it has been decided that only a portion of the yearly income shall be contributed to the International Commission, the remainder and greater part being set apart for German undertakings of discovery and exploration in Africa. Like the Belgian Commission, a leading feature of the German operations will be the foundation of stations in the interior of Africa, which are to serve partly as bases of operations for travellers, and partly as centres for the spread of civilisation and commerce.

"*Belgium.*—The 'International Commission of the African Association' met, on the invitation of the King of the Belgians, at Brussels on the 20th and 21st of June last; His Majesty presiding. Delegates from all the

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nations represented at the Conference of September 1876 attended, with the exception of Great Britain and Russia, the National Russian Committee excusing the absence of their delegates on the ground of their being much occupied with work intrusted to them by their Government. Delegates from the Netherlands attended the meeting for the first time. Various subjects of detail were discussed during the two-days' sittings; amongst them the choice of a flag for the Association, and the question of procuring reductions of passage-money and so forth, in favour of members of expeditions, from the various steamboat and trading companies connected with African seaports. With regard to this latter subject, it was announced by Signor Adamoli (Italian delegate), that the Italian Government had made a stipulation in its contracts with navigation companies that passages at a reduced rate shall be granted to all members of scientific expeditions. A Netherlands delegate (M. Versteeg) also announced that the directors of the Afrikaansche Handels-Vereeniging to Rotterdam had agreed to convey baggage intended for the various expeditions free of charge, and to grant hospitality in their factories to the members of the expedition.

“A statement of the financial position of the Association at this date was read by the secretary, by which it appeared that the Belgian National Committee had already paid over to the Central Commission 287,000 francs in donations, and 44,000 francs in annual subscriptions, totals which the Committee has promised to increase during the current year by 11,000 francs and 58,000 francs respectively. The donations and a portion of the annual subscriptions are to be invested, and the interest only expended in the objects of the Association; in this way, according to the calculation of the treasurer, 73,000 francs will be at the disposition of the Executive Committee for the year 1877. The immediate commencement of operations has accordingly been decided upon, and an expedition is to be despatched by way of Zanzibar towards Lake Tanganika, with the object of establishing stations either at the lake itself or at certain points beyond it, and also of sending explorers who will make the stations their bases of operations. The drawing-up of detailed instructions is confided to the Executive Committee appointed to direct the operations of the Association.

“National Committees to co-operate with the Belgian International Commission are stated to have been found also in:—

“ France . . .	President Count de Lesseps.
Austro-Hungary . . .	„ The Archduke Rudolf.
Italy	„ The Prince de Piedmont.
Spain	„ His Majesty King Alfonso.
Switzerland . . .	„ M. Bouthelier de Beaumont.
Russia	„ The Grand Duke Constantine.
Holland	„ The Prince of Orange.
Portugal	„ The Duke de San Januario.

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“The Austro-Hungarian Committee has made a first contribution to the funds of the Brussels Commission of 5000 francs.”

As the English had withdrawn from the Association through a fear of trammelling themselves with engagements of an international nature, the United States were invited to participate in this widespread geographical movement, and a branch society was formed in New York, with Judge Daly for President, who was afterwards succeeded by Mr. Latrobe, of Baltimore—one of the founders of Liberia. General H. S. Sanford, of Florida, who succeeded in the place of Sir Bartle Frere as the representative of the English-speaking races, describes—in a letter to Senator Morgan, of the U.S. Senate, dated March 24, 1884—the International Association in the following words:—

“DEAR SIR,

“In reply to your request for specific information as to the origin and objects of the International African Association, I have the honour to state that it owes its origin to the King of the Belgians, who in 1876 convened a Conference of distinguished African travellers of different nationalities at his Palace in Brussels in September of that year, to devise the best means of opening up to civilisation equatorial Africa. The result of this Conference, which recommended the establishment of stations, provided for a permanent central organisation and branch organisations in other countries, was the convoking a Commission or Congress, which met at the Palace in Brussels in June 1877, and at which delegates from Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States were present. An Executive Committee—consisting of three representatives of the English-speaking, Germanic, and Latin races, in the persons of Henry S. Sanford of Florida, Dr. Nachtigal (the African explorer) of Berlin, and M. de Quatrefages (of the Institute) of Paris, for these races respectively, under the presidency of the King—was confirmed, and the practical means of carrying out the objects of the Association were discussed and determined upon.

“These were, the organisation of a branch in each of the various states of Europe and in America, which should aid in attracting attention to this work, and in founding ‘hospitable and scientific’ stations, under the flag of the Association, which flag it was determined should be a blue

flag with a golden star in the centre. It was also decided to commence the founding of these stations on the East Coast, at Zanzibar, stretching over to the lakes. 1877. Brussels.

“An extract from the proceedings, defining what these stations, destined to form a chain of posts from ocean to ocean, should be, is given as best explaining the purpose of the Association.

“*What a station should be.*—The Executive Committee receives from the International Association entire liberty of action in the execution of the following general dispositions for the foundation of scientific and hospitable stations: The *personnel* of a station is to consist of a chief and a certain number of employés, chosen or accepted by the Executive Committee. The first care of the chief of a station should be to procure a suitable dwelling, and to utilise the resources of the country, in order that the station may be self-supporting.

“The scientific mission of a station consists, in so far as it is practicable, in astronomical and meteorological observations; in the formation of collections in geology, botany, and zoology; in the mapping of the environs of the station; in the preparation of a vocabulary and grammar of the language of the country; in ethnological observations; in reporting the accounts of native travellers of the countries they have visited; and in keeping a journal of all events and observations worthy of notice.

“The hospitable mission of a station shall be, to receive all travellers whom the chief shall deem worthy; to provide them, at their cost at the place, with instruments, goods, and provisions, as well as guides and interpreters; to inform them as to the best routes to follow, and to transmit their correspondence. It will also be the duty of a station to insure as rapid and as regular communication as possible from post to post between the coast and the interior.

“One of the ulterior objects of the stations will be, by their civilising influences, to suppress the slave trade.’

“The result of this movement has been the opening up of a highway, so to say, from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganika, mostly with capital furnished by the Belgians, the last of the stations being at Karema, on the lake, two of the intermediary stations being founded respectively by the French and German branches of the Association.

“After Stanley discovered the Upper Congo, in 1877, a branch of the International Association was formed the year following for special work on the Congo, under the name of the Comité d’Etudes of the Upper Congo, but under the flag of the Association, and special contributions for it were made by philanthropic friends of the Association. This work, which the King of the Belgians has taken under his especial personal and financial protection, has developed to extraordinary proportions, and has had for practical result the opening-up to civilising influences and to the world’s traffic this vast, populous, and fertile region, and securing certain destruction to the slave trade wherever its flag floats. The only practical

1877. difficulty in this wonderful progress proves to be an unrecognised flag, Brussels, which is liable to be misunderstood or abused, and the people under it subjected to impediments in their philanthropic work on the part of those engaged in the slave trade, or for other selfish ends.

“ I have the honour to be, very respectfully yours,

“ H. S. SANFORD,

“ *Member of the Executive Committee of the
International African Association.*”

It was well known to me that His Majesty King Léopold II. was the Founder and President of the African International Association, and also the Founder of the society called Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo, which later became known as the International Association of the Congo, and that the two societies had the same secretary and the same bureau, but both were kept distinctly apart, as the contributed funds and the contributions were entirely separate. On the Committee of the International Association no Englishman sat, but on that of the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo Great Britain was represented by two English gentlemen well known in commercial circles for their enterprise and their benevolence; and many more doubtless would have joined but for an unfortunate incident in connection with the change of name of the Afrikaansche Handels-Vereeniging of Rotterdam to that of the Afrikaansche Handels-Venootschap, for which change the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo was in no way responsible.

The first relations that I had with the African International Association were in consequence of a short letter of instruction received just as I was on the point of starting for Egypt to meet the *Albion*. In that letter

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I was requested to collect all information respecting the condition of the Association's first Expedition, which was reported to be in distress somewhere in Mirambo's country in Unyamwezi, in East Central Africa. If the report was true, I was authorised to take all measures necessary for the rescue of the travellers.

In December 1877, on my return round the Cape from Western Africa, I had met the leaders of the first International Expedition at Zanzibar; but soon after my arrival in Europe I heard that two of the travellers had succumbed to the heat and the indiscretions which inexperienced men generally and unconsciously commit in tropic lands. The command of the Expedition had afterwards devolved upon Lieutenant Cambier, who had succeeded in taking his Expedition into Unyanyembe, and by some means had got into some difficulties with Mirambo, owing to engagements of an entangling nature with a Mons. Broyon, a Swiss travelling trader well known at that time on the East Coast of Africa.

The *Albion* duly arrived at Zanzibar, and after many efforts made to elicit the exact condition of affairs, I engaged couriers to convey the following letter of instructions to Lieutenant Cambier:—

“ZANZIBAR, E. C. A.

“M. CAMBIER, COMMANDING EXPEDITION INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

“SIR,

“I have been requested by His Majesty the King of the Belgians, and Colonel Strach, Secretary-General of the Association, on this my visit to Zanzibar, to give my best advice and, if necessary, assistance to you and your comrades in Africa. I write this letter with the view of assisting you with my advice out of the troubles which your letters,

1879. and those of Doctor Dutrieux, give me to understand you are in at the Zanzibar. present time.

“In brief, the difficulties under which you suffer, as I understand them, are as follows:—

“You visited Mirambo, King of Urambo, Unyamwezi, and became his friend and ‘blood-brother.’ M. Broyon, advancing towards Ujiji with the London Missionary Society’s caravan, was met by you. You had left forty man-loads at Urambo; but on witnessing Mirambo’s seizure of over 300 loads of goods from the caravan of M. Broyon, you thought it dangerous to trust your person in the power of Mirambo a second time, and accordingly fled with M. Broyon to Unyamwezi, and you are now staying at Tabora, with the prospect of fighting Mirambo in company with the Arabs.

“It is to be regretted that you visited Mirambo, not because he might at any time prove faithless to his friendly vows, but because the International Society’s objects did not lie in that direction, and might have been better secured on a more southern route. You, however, are not to blame for this, as I understand that you received orders from Baron Grendal to do exactly as you have done. With your permission I shall briefly state what the objects of the International Society are. The society wishes to establish stations between Nyangwé and the East Coast, along the best secured and most feasible route that may be found between Bagamoyo and Ma-sikamba on the Tanganika Lake, and Mompara’s on the Tanganika and Nyangwé route. Being an eminently inoffensive and philanthropic society, stations cannot be established by its officers or agents in exposed countries like those districts in the neighbourhood of Unyamwezi, northern or central Unyamwezi, but in localities removed as far as possible from the chances of strife, visits of Ruga-Ruga, invasions of barbarous and powerful chiefs like Mirambo and Nyungu. Neither would it be wisdom to establish any station in the immediate neighbourhood of powerful Arab stations like Tabora or Ujiji, as the local politics, manners, customs, life, and privileges of the Arabs at these stations are at variance with the objects of a peaceful society like the International, and a too familiar intimacy with the slave-trading Arabs would embroil the agents and officers of the society in matters with which they have no concern.

“If the International Society can secure an honourable and peaceful footing among inoffensive tribes, and a tolerably safe route between Ma-sikamba and the coast (oriental) one of its first objects has been attained, and this should be done before attempting another step. In considering your situation, I perceive that you have the opportunity of securing this grand success for the International Society, and were I in your position, and possessing your advantages, this would be my first aim. You have abundance of men, and means at least sufficient to attempt this essential duty. In 1871, when affairs were in a far more desperate

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Zanzibar

condition than they are now, I left Unyamembe for Ujiji with twenty-four Zanzibaris and a few score of native porters, succeeded in discovering Dr. Livingstone despite Mirambo's bandits and the hostility of the Arabs. You, armed with my experience, and assisted by eighty Zanzibaris, can do much more than I was enabled to do.

"M. Dutalis, of the second Expedition, which will shortly start, will inclose you my credentials; and the keen interest I take in the success of the International's operations are my excuses for thus intruding on you my advice.

"Sixty armed men, bearing loads, and twenty ordinary pagazis are sufficient for the enterprise herein suggested to you. We will suppose you have eighty loads, which ought to consist of forty bales of mixed cloths, principally Merikani and Kaniki, and forty loads of beads as follows:—

" 12	bags of Sam-sam.
10	" blue Mutoonda.
12	" cowrie-shells.
2	" white (Merikani) beads.
2	" brown (Kadunduguru).
1	" blue (Lungia) small.
1	" pink " small.
—	
40	

If you have not these goods in such proportion you will be able to procure them at Unyamembe, and if you have not the number of men supposed above you may enlist these also there. The goods for their advance pay should *not* be given from your provision or travelling stock, but from goods purchased for that purpose from the Arabs at Unyamembe.

"Your other loads should consist of—

" Tent	1 load.
Cooking utensils	1 "
Bedding	1 "
Ammunition	14 "
Miscellaneous	6 "
	—
	23 "

making a total of—

" Cloth	40 loads.
Beads	40 "
Miscellaneous	23 "
	—
	103 "

These loads of material ought to support you and your Expedition at Masikamba on the Tanganika for three years, without stinting yourself or

1879. men of any of the necessaries of life, or any of the productions of Central
Zanzibar. Africa which may be needful for comfortable support.

“ I should advise you to commence organising at once this expedition in such a manner that it cannot easily become demoralised or deterred from pursuing the plain path of duty. You should leave M. Dutrieux at Tabora, for he, after your departure, can form another expedition, and take position at some locality east of you; besides, it is my belief that the less white men you have with you on this expedition the better it will be for the interests of the International Society. You need no companion nor help for this task; you will march quicker, and all your people will prefer to be under one man rather than under two; besides, you are simply about to occupy a station in advance of all others, and to remain there until you hear from Colonel Strauch. Before departure you, as chief, should command M. Dutrieux to collect a force of sixty men, to be held in readiness by him until he shall receive orders from Brussels, or shall hear from some one here at Zanzibar entitled to send him his instructions, you should also see before your departure that M. Dutrieux has in his house—

“ 30 bales of cloth.
10 bags of Sam-sam beads.
2 „ Mutoonda „
2 „ Merikani „
2 „ Kadunduguru beads.
1 „ Pink } (small) „
1 „ Blue }

You should instruct him that this is a supply against a sudden demand from some expedition, or a provision for himself when he shall have received his instructions from Brussels. This stock should not be drawn on by him, but he should obtain his goods for the support of himself or men from a special stock purchased for that purpose. M. Dutrieux should also, while he resides at Unyanyembe, abstain from interfering in any local politics, and observe friendly intercourse with Arabs as well as natives.

“ I enclose you a small chart of an excellent route from Tabora to your station, Masikamba, on the Tanganika. Masikamba is about a month’s journey from Tabora. I believe three Arabs have already located themselves there. The name of the village, I believe, is Karema, the chief of which is Masikamba. I advise you to organise and equip your expedition as above suggested, and take the road within ten days after the receipt of this letter.

“ On arriving at Masikamba you should endeavour to obtain the loan of a canoe, and, manning it with ten or fifteen men, proceed to Ujji, where you might purchase one large canoe from Moeni Kheri or Sultan Bin

Kassim. You ought to get a good canoe for 200 dollars, which you will either pay in goods or an order for that amount on M. Grefulhe. You may then hire Wajiji sailors to take the canoe to Masikamba, you of course accompanying them. By means of this canoe you will render yourself independent of the Arabs and natives, and have the means of crossing over to Mompara's, on the western side of the lake, when you are relieved by your successor, and you receive your instructions to move westward. However eager you are to explore the interesting countries west of the Tanganika, it would be impolitic for you to abandon Masikamba until your successor arrives there; and I would strongly recommend you not to abandon your station until then. Perhaps, when you receive orders to move west, M. Dutrioux will appear with his caravan to relieve you, that you may proceed to Bambarré in Manyema, M. Dutrioux taking charge of Masikamba, and the duty of transporting you and your caravan to Mompara's or Uguhha. Then, when you have stationed yourself at Bambarré, after a few weeks M. Dutrioux will be relieved by Captain Popelin or M. Dutalis, to allow him to relieve you while you proceed to Nyangwé. This mode of proceeding will secure for the International Society the following good stations:—

Nyangwé	.	commanded by yourself.
Bambarré	.	„ „ M. Dutrioux.
Masikamba	.	„ „ M. Dutalis.
Manyara	.	„ „ { Captain Lamborel or Popelin.
Jiwè-la-Singa	„	„ „ a French officer.
Mpwapwa or another station	} „	„ „ a German.

“The International Society will thus have secured a safe and peaceful route between Nyangwé and Zanzibar, uninterrupted by Mirambo, Nyungu, or other barbarous chieftains, and the work of exploration and philanthropy may then be said to have begun, and may continue without fear of disasters, other than those caused by sickness.

“This letter of advice, as you will observe, refers only to the organisation of your expedition and its destination, and it has been written by the special request of His Majesty the King and Colonel Strauch. I shall request M. Dutalis, whom I have brought with me to Zanzibar, to be more explicit concerning my credentials and other minor matters which will be of interest to you.

“A copy of this letter will be sent to Brussels to Colonel Strauch, who will indorse and confirm all herein written; but, meantime, I hope that you will perceive that it would be prudent and wise to act immediately in accordance with the advice given.

“I have only to add that I wish you the very best success in this

1879. enterprise, and to assure you that the day you shall plant the flag of the
Zanzibar. International Society at Masikamba's, on the Lake Tanganika, will have
seen one brilliant success for this humane and philanthropic body, and
that you will deserve and obtain an honourable recognition for your
gallant service.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY."

It may be a matter of interest to the reader to know that the letter was safely received by Lieutenant Cambier, and that he arrived at the Tanganika near the locality specified. Although the exact spot I had fixed in my mind for the station was not occupied, still all reports from the Tanganika, from successive chiefs of the station, generally agree that Karema is now in a most prosperous condition, having served by its promise of refuge at a distressed period to draw near its friendly walls an increasing population, by which the Commandant is regarded as the umpire and arbiter in matters that, without him, could only have been solved by bloodshed and spoliation.

The second International Expedition, which set out from Zanzibar under the command of Captain Popelin, was also organised by me during my stay at Zanzibar. Lieutenant Dutalis was initiated into the mode of life that would have to be followed by him during various excursions which I made up the Wami, the Rufiji as far as the rapids, and to the island of Mafia, and the port of Dar Salaam.

The following letters and instructions to Captain Popelin, commanding the second Expedition, may

prove of some service to intending explorers starting from the East Coast:—

1879.
May 16.
Zanzibar.

“ZANZIBAR, *May 16th*, 1879.

“DEAR SIR,

“As you have been delayed longer than originally proposed, I may no longer wait for you, having other very important and pressing business of my own to perform; but in order to assist you to the utmost of my power, as requested by the Secretary-General of the Association, I have embodied some advice to you in the accompanying propositions which cannot fail, if followed, to contribute to the success of your expedition.

“Beyond what the “propositions” contain, I have only to say that Monsieur Grefulhe will be able to purchase the cloth, beads, and wire mentioned in the list inclosed, and to see that they are packed and corded according to custom. If Monsieur Grefulhe is unable to do so from disinclination or other reason, a Hindi called Jetta Wali, known to the American consul, will be able to do so to your satisfaction.

“Monsieur Grefulhe can also enlist your thirty Wangwana and two or three good lads, make contract, and pay them advance.

“I should caution you particularly that Monsieur Dutalis should be sent to Bagamoyo to arrange with the Hindi Saywa respecting the Wanyamwezi (100) and a house as soon as possible, and that he should take with him to Bagamoyo one boy, one cook, one cook's mate, and two or three Wangwana with rifles to prepare for the reception of yourself and companions, Wangwana and stores.

“Three good donkeys, averaging in price from fifty to eighty dollars, should be purchased with their saddles and equipments for the Europeans, which should be sent to Bagamoyo with Monsieur Dutalis.

“If you arrive before the 30th May, one week should be enough to enable you to look about you at Zanzibar. Then the order should be given to Monsieur Grefulhe to begin enlisting Wangwana, and to purchase your stores. Three weeks should be enough for you to prepare and complete everything at Zanzibar, and about the 24th June next you should sail for Bagamoyo. At Bagamoyo you should muster your pagazis, and give each his load, and if you have more luggage than stated in list, pagazis should be secured immediately. Pērē Oscar at Bagamoyo will assist you with his vast experience, and any advice you may ask from him will, I am sure, be given at once.

“By the 10th July you should be in a state to leave Bagamoyo for Shamba Gonera, your first station or camp.

“On arriving at Chunya, one camp from Mpwapwa, be not tempted to take the southern route through Ugogo, but make a direct march across

1879. Marenga Mkali, from 4 A.M. to 8 P.M., resting *en route* from 10.30 P.M. to
 May 16. 3 P.M. Your camps through Ugogo should be—
 Zanzibar.

- “ 1st. Chikombo.
- 2nd. Itumbi.
- 3rd. Leelumwa.
- 4th. Dudoma.
- 5th. Mwitikira.
- 6th. Zingeh.
- 7th. Camp in wilderness.
- 8th. Kitalalo.
- 9th. Mukondokwa.

“ On arriving near Jiwé la Singa, make direct west for Ugunda, leaving road to Unyanyembe on your right. There discharge your pagazis, and proceed with a few Wangwana alone to Unyanyembe to procure pagazis for the Tanganika, either Wangwana or Wanyamwezi.

“ After obtaining your porters at Unyanyembe proceed from Ugunda to Mpokwa, ten days; thence to Masikamba's, on Tanganika, ten days.

“ On arriving here you will be governed by such instructions as you may have received from the Committee and Colonel Strauch.

“ Bear in mind, please, that not *one* proposition here is to be followed if you suppose or know it to be conflicting with your orders from home. This advice, which I proffer to you, is only to be taken provided it is in harmony with your own official instructions. My sympathy with your work is a sufficient reason why I should trouble you with this note and advice.

“ You must be watchful and wary night and day; you must be patient at all times, both with your white and dark companions. Be kind to your blacks; do not tease or worry them with unnecessary orders, but such duties as are necessary, see that they are executed efficiently.

“ Construct a bush fence* round your camp each night after crossing the Kingani River. Rush not into danger by any overweening confidence in your breech-loading rifles and military knowledge. Be not tempted to try your mettle against the native chiefs, for you will certainly gain no honour, but possibly you may rush to your own destruction.

“ Be calm in all contentions with native chiefs; and one golden rule which you should remember is, ‘Do not fire the first shot,’ whatever may be the provocation.

“ Remember also, when purchasing anything or paying tribute, that the natives always demand nearly twice as much as they expect. This custom refers to Arabs, Wangwana, and natives in Africa.

“ Keep clear of all squabbles in which you have no interest.

“ Also, should your European companions disagree together, you should remember that if you take one side in preference to the other, you will have alienated the other's goodwill; as they are independent and intelli-

* Boma, or zareeba.

gent enough to settle it among themselves, suffer them to do so, and your own comfort and peace of mind will be thus secured.

“ In order to ensure peace, each European should sleep in his own tent, and only meet at meal-times. Then disperse each man to his own tent or duty. It is by the prolonged discussion of trivial matters, and unnecessary conversation, that most quarrels begin, any course, therefore, that will prevent quarrels had better be followed. Banish from your midst all reports, sayings, &c., that one European might bring against the other; for, even if true, it is evident that you cannot improve your condition by taking notice of them. If you allot each person his separate duty and see that it is done as chief of the expedition, in a calm and dignified manner, it will be clear to you that you have done all that you are instructed to do. It would only provoke anger to maintain a discussion upon a plain matter of duty.

“ You are all concerned in proving that the confidence of the Société Internationale was properly given to you, and it becomes a point of honour with each European to observe this faithfully.

“ I have now said all that I would gladly have told you in person; all I can say now is to devoutly wish God's blessing on your companions, white and dark, and on your enterprise, and subscribe myself

“ Faithfully yours,

“ HENRY M. STANLEY.

“ M. CAPTAIN POPELIN,

“ *Chief of the Second Belgian Expedition to Inner Africa.*

“ PROPOSITIONS FOR THE ORGANISATION OF THE SECOND EXPEDITION
TO UJJI.

“ 1st. An expedition to Ujji ought to consist of thirty Wangwana and 100 Wanyamwezi.

“ 2nd. The Wangwana may be obtained at Zanzibar at from \$5 to \$6 per month.

“ 3rd. They should be well chosen, respectable looking, and in good health and condition.

“ 4th. The leader should observe carefully whether any of the Wangwana are suffering from rupture, ulcers, dysentery, or whether they are slaves, or eaters of opium, if so they should be rejected.

“ 5th. The Wangwana should be armed with Snider, Remington, or Comblaine breechloading rifles.

“ To each rifle in the Expedition should be prepared 300 cartridges. Each cartridge-box should be about thirty inches long, nine inches wide, five inches deep; lids should be screwed; box lined with zinc or tin or soldered air and water-tight; box should not weigh, with cartridges within, over sixty-five pounds.

“ Each white man should have a boy for gunbearer, at from \$2.50 to \$3

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per month. If he is alone, then there should be two or three boys. Such boys, on arriving in camp, will become tent-boys, waiting or messenger-boys.

“To thirty Wangwana there should be four chiefs, the principal chief and three sub-chiefs.

“The principal chief should receive from \$10 to \$15 per month, and should be a respectable and experienced man.

“The sub-chiefs should receive a dollar or two more than the privates of the expedition.

“Three weeks ought to be ample time for the organisation of an expedition of this strength. When it is decided to begin organising, communication should be made with the Hindi Saywa at Bagamoyo about a house and the 100 Wanyamwezi porters, and such arrangements entered into as will secure good men. Probably it would be best to arrange with the Hindi that, for the safe arrival of the Wanyamwezi at Unyanembe, so much per head should be paid to him. It would be far the safest plan.

“If there are more than one white with this expedition, one should be detailed to attend to this last work at Bagamoyo, and should be competent to complete all these arrangements by the time that his friend at Zanzibar will have finished organising his party of Wangwana.

“Four days before departure, after seeing that all the cloth-bales are arranged properly, corded, matted and corded over again, and numbered, with a complete list of the various cloths contained in each bale entered in a book, the Wangwana should be called up to sign the agreement, and to receive not more than three months pay in advance, before a consul, or a respectable merchant of Zanzibar as witness.

“Two days before departure from Zanzibar a sufficient number of Arab dhows should be secured to convey the Expedition, stores, goods, animals, &c., to Bagamoyo. On arrival at Bagamoyo everything should be housed carefully in the building already rented by the month by the gentleman who was detailed for this purpose.

“If the Wanyamwezi have already been secured from Saywa, they should be mustered to receive their loads, and the day of the first journey mentioned to them.

“The first day's journey should not be further than to Shamba Gonera, three miles west of Bagamoyo.

“The next day should be a halt to see if everything is in proper order for the journey, and such necessary trifles as the following should be attended to:

“1st. Fifty rupees in silver should be kept as a reserve.

“2nd. Ten ten-dollars gold pieces should be kept in reserve.

“3rd. Twenty rupees in pice should be kept in reserve.

“4th. Not less than five days' rations should be distributed in rice to the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi, a day's ration being a kubaba each, or 1½ lbs. per man per day.

"5th. 200 lbs. of rice should be conveyed for a reserve for the whites. 1879.

"6th. All last words with the coast should be made at this place, because May 16.
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it would be impolitic to halt after moving from Shamba Gonera until three good days' journey have been made, because, besides consuming provisions heedlessly where provisions are scarce, it would be offering inducements to the weak-minded among the men to desert.

"After the first three days' march halt one day, then make two days' journey and rest. Thus make it alternately three days' march and one day's halt, then two days' march and one day's halt, as far as Mpwapwa.

"At Mpwapwa halt three days, and distribute six days' provisions to each man. In Ugogo take the northern route according to my latest map.

"All arrangements for tribute with the Wagogo suffer your chief to make, subject to your own approbation, always impressively advising him to endeavour to reduce the tribute as low as possible.

"Your temper will be much tried in Ugogo, but in this land of clamorous, greedy and extortionate natives it will be your duty to remember that your best weapon against them is patience and good nature.

"Beyond Ugogo the road is tolerably free from trouble, and, as you will have gained experience, it is unnecessary to give advice how to proceed."

With the above and various other missions, and the enlistment of a select body of sixty-eight Zanzibaris for the Congo Expedition, three-fourths of whom had accompanied me across Africa, my time was fully occupied.

The Sultan of Zanzibar showed great kindness to our new Expedition by loading the store-rooms of our steamer with abundance of provisions, while scores of fowls, geese, and ducks, besides half-a-dozen bullocks, insured a considerable supply of fresh meat.

Captain Hathorne, the American consul, and Mons. Grefulhe, a French merchant at Zanzibar, were most assiduous in polite attentions and profuse in their hospitality, and towards the latter part of May 1879 the steamer *Albion* departed on her long voyage to the River Congo, by way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER V.

EN ROUTE TO THE CONGO.

Bankruptcy of Dutch merchants at the mouth of the Congo; its effect—
Letter to Colonel Strauch—The Expedition charged with being
mysterious—Groundlessness of the charge—My personal conduct in
the matter—Accident to the *Albion*—Compelled to call at Sierra
Leone—An amusing misunderstanding—An old friend—Kind atten-
tions—Arrival at the mouth of the Congo.

1879.
July.
Zanzibar
to Aden.

As I have before related, the “Internationale Association Africaine” was organised in 1876 for the purpose of erecting a line of stations from the East Coast into the interior, as far as the interest of their subscribed fund would permit, for the benefit principally of such travellers as might by reverses be compelled to fall back to recruit and renew their efforts.

The “Committee of Study of the Upper Congo” by their very title only undertook the Congo River as the object of their work. There were several merchants connected with the latter society who had no connection with the other. At the outset the latter had separate and distinct objects in view, with the ultimate intention of embarking in a grander enterprise if the reports from the Congo region were favourable. But while I was on my way from Zanzibar to Aden, the Dutch merchants possessing a large establishment

1879.
July.
Aden.

at the mouth of the Congo, having embarked in various projects beyond their means, failed at a crisis to meet their engagements, and consequently were declared bankrupt. Had this great house been the solvent establishment it was generally credited to be, these merchants would have been by no means unimportant factors in the tentative enterprise about to be begun.

On arriving at Aden, however, I found a telegram awaiting me declaring that the said Dutch merchants had become bankrupts, and that one of the principal directors had fled to America, while another had attempted to commit suicide. The presence of these and other merchants had given a commercial character to the enterprise; and as the succeeding and more stable company, called the "Afrikaansche Venootschap," which was formed in place of the "Handels Vereeniging," solicited the committee to refund the subscriptions paid in by its predecessor, the committee availed itself of the opportunity to return every subscription to the merchants of all nationalities who had previously expressed by their various subscriptions their sympathy with the project.

There then remained connected with the "Committee of Study of the Upper Congo" only those who managed the affairs of the Internationale Association Africaine. Hence the committee at a later period, having satisfied itself that progress and stability were secured, assumed the title of "Association Internationale du Congo," which, be it remembered, was originally started with the philanthropic motive of opening up the Congo

1879.
July 8.
Gibraltar.

basin, and of exploring and developing, according to the extent of its means, the resources of the country around each station as soon as it was founded.

At Gibraltar, I received my final instructions, which bore of course considerable amendments to those I had originally received.

The following letter will prove this, and it will also no doubt enlighten the reader as to the ideas which we then entertained respecting our novel and unique enterprise before the expedition had arrived near the scene of its labours:—

GIBRALTAR, *July 8th*, 1879.

“DEAR COL. STRAUCH,—

“I have re-read your notes with care, and beg leave to remark upon them as follows, and in successive order:—

“1st. You say, ‘The best means would be of obtaining from the Congo chiefs concessions of ground, with privileges of making roads, and reducing as much land under cultivation as we should be able to cultivate.’

“A footing cannot be made on the Congo without having first entered into agreement or treaty with the chiefs either for commercial or philanthropic purposes. This must be done with tact and generosity, exercising large forbearance in all communications. Such privileges as they may grant to us must be paid for, and to meet all such exigencies I am liberally provided. I entertain no fear that the natives will place any impediment in my way, and precautions will be taken to prevent suspicion and ignorance, aggravating either party in the proposed treaties, to the destruction of our hopes. As the greatest danger falls to the share of the pioneer, so the burden of cost generally falls upon the promoter of a new enterprise. We are therefore prepared for the danger and the cost.

“2nd. You say, ‘The stations should be occupied by coloured men—freemen, under the superintendence of white men.’

“Indeed with any person but a genuine freeborn and free-living man nothing could be done in Congo Land, and I do not believe that in our direst extremity we should be willing to enlist the services or place dependence in any person or persons other than free.

“3rd. You say, ‘It would be wise to extend the influence of the stations on the chiefs and tribes dwelling near them, of whom a republican

confederation of free negroes might be formed, such confederation to be independent except that the King, to whom its conception and formation was due, reserved the right to appoint the President, who should reside in Europe.' You say also 'that a confederation thus formed might grant concessions (with power to make good what they granted) to societies for the construction of works of public utility, or perhaps might be able to raise loans like Liberia and Sarawak, and construct their own public works.'

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"I expect a permanent influence for good upon the people of Congo Land as a natural result of fair-dealing traffic at the various stations that we may establish; that this influence will be extraordinarily extensive I do not delude myself, for we labour according to our means only, and we have too many definite objects in view to deviate from our appointed path with the mere purpose of enlarging our influence around us. You must remember that though our path is long it will be for some time extremely narrow, and neither are our present resources ample enough to justify our seeking to widen as well as lengthen our influence. Along the line of our route you may rest assured that such influence as we may have will be due to our upright and strictly honourable commerce, or enterprise with such natives as may seek by self-interest our acquaintance. We shall require but mere contact to satisfy all and any natives that our intentions are pure and honourable, seeking their own good (materially and socially) more than our interests. We go to spread what blessings arise from amiable and just intercourse with people who hitherto have been strangers to them. I know the natives of Africa to be clever enough to appreciate this, and wise enough to wish to cultivate all material good. For this reason I apprehend no fears, when once the stations are established, that they will seek to destroy what we build upon fairness and strictest equity, but that for this good we may do them, they will immediately and at once form into a political confederation or union for the general benefit I entertain no hope; on the contrary, they will retain their own several chiefs, their own degraded customs, be as jealous as ever of every tribal right, and resent every foreign interference in their own customs, or personal modes of life. If we were able to introduce a sufficient number of persons already inoculated with European ways and manners as to form a balance of power, I might then expect that the task would not be difficult by the influence of members and wealth to bring the largest number of the tribes to acquiesce in what was ordained for the general welfare. All we can hope at present in brief is to win suffrage to live and move about without fear of violence, by patience, good nature, loyal friendship, and honourable traffic. Whatever progress we may expect of them can only be made in its own good time. Man, of no matter what colour he is, is a slow creature, dull and incapable frequently of judging what is good for himself, or unhesitatingly accepting another's judgment of what is best for him. Such

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chiefs as we may find *en route* we must accept as the tribes appoint for themselves, and make the most we can of them by generosity and tact. We must subsidise the various chiefs, each and separate, until they learn that it is for their own interest to conform to what we wish. We must endeavour to induce them to accept their neighbours as friends, on the ground that as they are our friends they must be their friends. It is a very simple policy, and one the African understands.

"4th. You say, 'This project is not to create a Belgian colony, but to establish a powerful negro state.'

"I understand that there is no intention to establish a Belgian colony, but your other alternative is far more difficult. It would be madness for one in my position to attempt it, except so far as one course might follow another in the natural sequence of things. I repeat we must leave the petty tribes as we found them, and leave each and all to observe for themselves what is acceptable. To such as seek the protection, comfort, and care of the stations, a kindly refuge will be granted, and whatever may be done to improve their condition, such will be given to the utmost of our power, with the utmost goodwill, with a view of not only consolidating the influence of the stations, but of improving our means of civilising such peoples as may come in immediate contact or relationship with us.

"5th. To the following note I would reply that over the stations, or the ground attached to the stations, the managers of the stations would have the moral right of considering themselves legitimate owners, and the natives would readily accede to this, as they are firm believers in the saying that every man's house is his castle, and every man's land his own.

"6th. You say, 'Each station should be a little commonwealth.'

"So it will be, but you might go further and say that though each station is a little sovereign commonwealth, yet it is but part and parcel of a larger commonwealth, which is ruled over by the manager appointed by those who founded, promoted, and sustained the unique enterprise.

"I beg you, my dear Colonel, with these remarks which I have appended to your notes at your own request, to believe me now as ever,

"Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) "HENRY M. STANLEY.

"COL. STRAUCH,

"Hotel Royal, Gibraltar."

Following the preceding letter it is necessary that I should make an explanation regarding the "silence and mystery" which we were accused of maintaining about our destination and intentions, as chagrined editors of

journals and magazines about this time often indulged in some extraordinary guesses as to the nature of my mission. 1879.
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It is my opinion that nothing could be more unjust than the accusation that there was an intention of



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mystifying anybody who had a right to know the object of the expedition then on its way to the Congo. I have constantly asserted that the conduct of the committee was singularly indiscreet in divulging its intentions to so many representatives of nationalities as

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were present at the Conference. That success was at all attainable after the indiscretion was exceedingly doubtful; for it was well known to those who reflected at all upon the circumstances that the so-called Geographical and Commercial societies were not intended solely to advance geographical knowledge, but also to further the political interests of their Governments.

The Committee was informed of this as of other facts, but yet its members conducted themselves openly, and without guile.

To me, indeed, it is a cause of wonder that we were able to effect anything, even to make a landing on the Congo. On the Council there were five nations represented, and a number of persons had been applied to for subscriptions whom we discovered afterwards entertained not the least sympathy with the projected enterprise. The Comité d'Études du Haut Congo ought, if we hold the scales of reason justly, to be censurable for their simple and credulous guilelessness, rather than for studious mystification.

At the same time, I boldly declare that I personally resorted to every method of withholding information respecting my mission, for the very good reason, that I wished it to succeed. I have restrained myself from writing to dear and valued friends, because it was dangerous to the interests of the work which I had undertaken to perform. It was for this reason that I maintained an absolute silence for several years respecting myself and my actions. If my friends still feel aggrieved at this, I have the consolation of feeling that

my conscience still approves my action; and my only regret is that I know the names of those who were not so consistent in this reserve, and who, while professing warmest sympathy and support, armed many an adversary against our mission.

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While off Goree an accident occurred to the crown of one of the furnaces of the steamer *Albion*, and Capt. Thompson was compelled to enter the port of Sierra Leone for repairs.

The following portion of the report to the President of the Association, dated Sierra Leone, 30th July, 1879, bears upon what followed:—

“These repairs nearly involved me in a little trouble—though it afforded me a great deal of amusement—with the colonial authorities. It appears that some people have been playing scandalous tricks with Her Britannic Majesty’s dark colonials, and importing to the equatorial islands of Princes and St. Thomas, under fraudulent pretensions, the loyal blacks of Sierra Leone. Consequently, when the hawk-eyed and vigilant Collector of Customs, Hansens, or Hansons, I believe his name is, discovered a small steamer like the *Albion* with so many coloured people on board, under charge of a gentleman named Swinburne, he was justified, if the responses were not direct, to attempt penetrating further into what appeared to him extremely singular; and my poor young secretary, not accustomed to be confronted and questioned by dread Government officers, soon grew confused, whereupon—but here Mr. Collector was invited to the cabin, and presently made aware that I was about to lead another expedition into Africa, and the fierce governmental wrath subsided, I am happy to say.”

Lest other consequences, the nature of which will be discovered by perusal, should result, I wrote the following letter to the Governor:—

“Confidential.

“SS. *Albion*, PORT OF SIERRA LEONE, July 1879.

“DEAR SIR,—

“I am informed by my secretary, Mr. Swinburne, that the Doctor Rowo whom both he and I met at the Volta with Capt. Glover’s forces in December, 1873, is His Excellency the Governor of this colony.

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If true, permit me to congratulate you upon the high position you have attained, and to assure you that I am glad to hear that the British Government did not forget, in its distribution of rewards and honours, one so highly recommended by Captain, now Governor, Sir John Glover, as yourself.

“I have been so troubled by fevers, which, though of no serious nature, have been very annoying, since my explorations on the east coast of the rivers Wami, Kingani, Rufiji, and Mombassa Creek during the height of the rainy season, that I have since been unable to visit any one, and to prevent good-natured attentions from my numerous friends *en route*, and in the hope that I should feel bettered by a rigid dietary before launching out on my next exploration, I have requested the captain to kindly conceal the fact that I was on board. Being an African yourself of large experience you will readily acknowledge that such a course of living is more likely to ensure good health on the continent than to beget bilious humours by self-indulgence. At every call port then I have instructed Mr. Swinburne what to do, so that I might be left free to cure the last remnants of the ague before exposing myself to new attacks.

“I dare say you have read paragraphs in the *Times* and other papers relating to this present expedition which I am again leading to Africa. Most of the men on board are my old comrades of the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald* expedition which came down the Congo in 1877. Some are from Livingstone’s expedition and my search expedition after Livingstone; the others are their friends. The Prince of Zanzibar was applied to, and he very kindly granted me permission to enlist such as I wanted, and he also very generously supplied me with all such stores as I needed during the voyage, besides letters of recommendation.

“I chartered this vessel in behalf of a body of philanthropists of whom the King of the Belgians is at the head, whose purpose is to open to the world of commerce and Christian missions the Congo river. As exploration from the western coast is impracticable unless a portion of the expedition consists of men acquainted with travel in these parts, it was thought best to re-engage a few of my last expedition who had personal experience with the natives along the Lower Congo, and with whom they had made firm friendship. Though an uncommonly expensive proceeding it was the only alternative that promised success, and I was compelled to adopt it. While on our voyage we have experienced several small misfortunes. I had intended to have explored the Ozi and Jub rivers, but in leaving Mombassa we lost our port anchor, and the increasing monsoon winds, and the death of our first mate, compelled me to defer this exploration until it shall please Providence to permit us another visit to the eastern shores. A few days also after leaving Gibraltar the crowns of our furnaces showed signs of weakening, but the engineers speak hopefully at present, and say that they will be able in a day or so to efficiently repair them.

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“Meantime if you in your eminent position can expedite our departure for the scene of our labours, I shall consider myself greatly indebted to you. I am anxious about our own healths as much as for the health of my men, who, though at present enjoying excellent health, one cannot say what a protracted detention on board may effect. I have been very fortunate in being able to keep the Zanzibaris in perfect health, by unremitting attention to their comfort so far, and I hope and pray that I may be able to do so to the end of our voyage. You can contribute to this greatly by the exercise of your powerful position, and such good offices as we may need. It will be a great favour to me also if you can permit me to remain *in cog.* for the present, as I do not feel well enough to explore Sierra Leone.

“With many apologies for the length of this letter, I beg to subscribe myself,

“Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) “HENRY M. STANLEY.

“To His Excellency Gov. SIR SAMUEL ROWE.”

“The Governor, one of the best colonial officers that Her Majesty has appointed to West Africa, was unusually kind to us, and through his influence we were speedily ready for sea. In the afternoon the Governor’s steam launch took us down to a pic-nic in a shady spot near the lighthouse. The people are in perfect health and spirits, and, when the ugly suspicions relating to them were strongest, preserved their composure and good humour admirably. The captain tells me we shall be able to leave on Thursday. I count twenty days between here and the Congo; if nothing breaks down we ought to be there in eleven days. It will then require some days to hear and digest and well consider all reports, after which I shall make a reconnaissance up river. I am devoured with a wish to set my foot on *terra firma*, and begin the great work. The prospect to me has nothing ominous, though I must ever regret that the mission has been so long deferred, and that so many impediments interfered with the execution of what was long ago determined upon.

“To the President, Col. STRAUCH.”

In the preceding pages I have told the story of two years. On the 12th August, 1877, I arrived at Banana Point after crossing Africa, and descending its greatest river. On the 14th August, 1879, I arrived before the mouth of this river to ascend it, with the novel mission of sowing along its banks civilised settlements, to peacefully conquer and subdue it, to remould

1879. it in harmony with modern ideas into National States,
August 14. within whose limits the European merchant shall
Banana Pt. go hand in hand with the dark African trader, and
justice and law and order shall prevail, and murder
and lawlessness and the cruel barter of slaves shall for
ever cease.

CHAPTER VI.

BANANA POINT.

Approaching land—Appearance of the coast—The majestic Congo—The factories—Our manly pilot—Banana Point—A good anchorage—Effects of tropic life—Advice as to clothing, food, and general behaviour—The “*petit verre de Cognac*”—Senseless abuse of Africa—Description of our boats—The eccentricities of the *En Avant*—Clamours among the staff—Expenses, pay, and precedence—Description of the factories—A factory dinner—Youth of the managers—The coloured helps—A busy scene—A varied collection of stores—Immense powder supply and its purpose—A melancholy spot—Banana Creek—Seething mud—Local origin of the name “Banana”—Prediction regarding the fate of the peninsula.

WHILE yet a full day’s steaming from our destination, we observed that the ocean became stained; the blue changed to a muddy green, which in a few hours changed to a pale brown, while weeds and forest débris languidly rose and fell on the low, broad rollers that seem to be continually advancing from the south-west towards the Continent lying a few scores of miles east.

About 9 o’clock on the morning of the 14th August, 1879, we were near enough to the shore to be able to define its features. To our left stretched a land very little in accordance with our ideas of tropical luxuriance. The sea-line was backed by low, reddish cliffs, and beyond these extended a gradually rising land covered with sere grass, dotted here and there with

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clusters of trees or groves, which, no doubt, marked the site of the small native villages; there were but few prominent hills to be seen anywhere; but it was noticeable that towards the interior there was a general uplift of the land, and a greater irregularity in its contour, until it culminated in a ridge of hills of nearly uniform altitude running N.N.E. and S.S.W.

Over the prow of the steamer, however, there was to be seen a large triangular mass of forest-land, probably about twenty miles wide at the base, both sides of which, as the eyes followed them towards the interior, seemed to be almost meeting in a point far inland, and parallel with these, a few miles off on the north, the hilly ridge already mentioned, having suddenly curved, ran due east, while nearly a similar line of hills appeared from the south curving in like manner and running eastward. Within the area thus described lay the valley of the Lower Congo. Through the centre of this valley and forested triangle flowed the mighty river, with an average breadth of about three and a third English miles, widening at the mouth to seven and a third English miles, that is from Banana Point on the north to Shark's Point on the south.

To the south the land extends with much the same appearance as that which characterises the boundaries of the Congo Valley northward, with the exception perhaps that the cliffs near the sea-line are more continuous and of a more rufous colour.

But it was now near noon, and gradually, as we approached, the Congo disclosed itself like a huge

valve; a broad stream of daylight has disparted the triangular mass of woods into two sections, and bearing down upon us we see a majestic stretch of river twenty miles long, of immense volume and force, whose power we are made to feel by the very slow progress we make, despite the full head of steam with which the *Albion* had been prepared for the ascent of the river proper.

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With Shark's Point, which lies now on our right, and its hook of land half enfolding Diegos Bay, with Point Padron and its monumental stone of the old Portuguese navigator far receding, and the long, high, scarcely penetrable wall of tall woods which darkly fringes the southern shore, we have nothing to do; for on our left, brilliantly white with lime-wash, on a projecting tongue of fine sand, squats low a long line of Congo factories, which occupy nearly the whole length of the sandy peninsula known as Banana Point. This sandy tongue is so low that the dark hulls of the shipping in the harbour seem to be riding on a plane higher than the ground covered by the buildings. High up, on most ambitious spars, above buildings and shipping, wave the various national flags of Holland, France, and Great Britain.

Abreast of the point a boat descends towards us bearing a pilot, the very sight of whose size and build is inspiring. He tells us he has been living on that low, spit-like projection of sand, and guiding the shipping in and out of the harbour of Banana for the past ten years. He stands before us a splendid specimen of

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robust and healthy manhood, over six feet in height and sixteen stone weight, with clothes so well-fitted and clean that they would have graced the boulevards of Nice. Let intending settlers on the Congo note this and other similar facts, for possibly by due reflection they may learn something of how to live in a tropic climate.

Banana Point is about two and a half miles long, extending from near the mouth of Mputu Creek to its extreme southern end, and tapering gradually from a mile-wide base-line to a point adapted for building ground scarcely 40 yards wide. It folds in a harbour into which ships drawing not more than 21 feet can easily enter, and its width varies from half a mile to a mile and a quarter, the water area being about 4500 acres good anchorage, easily accessible to the boats, launches and lighters from the various factories on the Point. It is an improvable place for the conveniences of shipping, the improvement being only a question of the expense of building wharves along a line of two miles to afford ample accommodation. The islands, also, between which Banana and Pirate Creeks flow, if improved as commerce grows, might be made useful to accommodate shippers.

In a short hour from the time when our genial pilot, Mr. Youngblood—whose physical system and nature, as I have before remarked, correspond with his name—came aboard, the *Albion* had glided quietly in and cast anchor abreast the upper end of the Dutch factories. When we were well within the still Congo

haven we began to experience the heat. The tall woods and mangroves that stretched from Huard Point to Bula-mbamba Point warded off the dying land-breeze, and some time would yet elapse before the cooler sea-breeze from the S.W. would rise to cool the now copiously perspiring body.

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From this moment of arrival the body undergoes a new experience, and a wise man will begin to govern his appetite and his conduct accordingly. The head that was covered with a proud luxuriance of flowing locks, or bristled bushy and thick, must be shorn close; the body must be divested of that wind and rain-proof armour of linen and wool in which it was accustomed to be encased in high latitudes, and must assume, if ease and pleasure are preferable to discomfort, garments of soft, loose, light flannels. That head-covering which London and Paris patronise must give place to the helmet and puggaree, or to a well-ventilated light cap with curtain. And as those decorous externals of Europe, with their sombre colouring and cumbrous thickness, must yield to the more graceful and airy flannel of the tropics, so the appetite, the extravagant power of digestion, the seemingly uncontrollable and ever-furnished lust for animal food, and the distempered greed for ardent drinks, must be governed by an absolutely new *régime*. Any liquid that is exciting, or as others may choose to term it exhilarating, or inspiring, the unseasoned European must avoid during daylight, whether it be in the guise of the commonly believed innocuous lager, mild Pilsen, watery claret,

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vin ordinaire, or any other "innocent" wine or beer. Otherwise the slightest indiscretion, the least unusual effort or spasmodic industry, may in one short hour prove fatal. It is my duty not to pander to a depraved taste, nor to be too nice in offending it. I am compelled to speak strongly by our losses, by my own grief in remembering the young, the strong, and the brave who have slain themselves through their own ignorance.

"*Un petit verre de Cognac?*"—"a glass of small beer?" "What can they matter?" ask the inexperienced pleadingly.

To me, personally, nothing! To you, a sudden death, perhaps—a *coup de soleil*! A frantic and insensate rush to the hot sun out of the cool shade, an imprudent exposure, may be followed by a bilious fever of who-knows-what severity, or a rheumatic fever that will lay you prostrate for weeks, perhaps utterly unfitting you for your work and future usefulness. You were inspired by that *petit verre* of Cognac—which had you not taken, you might have been more deliberate in your movements, and more prudent than to needlessly exert yourself in the presence of an enemy so formidable as is the tropic sun to a white man's head, when sensitised by the fumes of Cognac.

Should you recover, you will blame Africa. "Africa is cruel! Africa is murderous! Africa means death to the European!" And your stupid unreflecting friends with their cowardly jargon in Europe will echo the cry—simply because a weakling like you could not resist

your *petit verre* at midday. Must all this continent be subjected to the scourge of your vituperative powers? 1879.
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“A man cannot exist on tea and coffee, or be continually drinking soup and water!” whines one whose propensities are alarmed.

I do not demand that you should confine yourself to tea, or coffee, or soup—or water, or lemonade, or seltzer, Apollinaris, or whatever other agreeable liquid you may wish to quench your thirst. I only suggest that if you wish to enjoy Africa, and do your pledged duty, avoid stimulants, under whatever name they may be, during the day; in the evening moderate indulgence with your dinner in clarets, Madeira, or white wines and champagnes is not harmful but beneficial. At the same time this advice is not especially intended for you; but for young men desirous of distinguishing themselves for their ability to live and work in Africa. The brave man is he who dare live, and will not yield to death without a contest.

But enough—at the present time I see our officers coming aboard to hear the news from the *Albion*.

By this time the officers of the expedition, consisting of an American, two English, five Belgians, two Danes, and one Frenchman—quite an international group—had discovered that the long-expected *Albion*, with her passenger list made up mainly of Zanzibaris, had arrived, and they came aboard to pay their respects.

The steamer *Barya*, after discharging her cargo and passengers, had departed for Europe. The cargo was most miscellaneous in character, as may well be

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imagined, since the expedition was for the purpose of founding permanent establishments. In the capacious hold of the good steamer there had been about twenty huts, besides the chief's chalet which was to crown for years a conspicuous coign—the hill of Vivi—and a small flotilla of steamers which now rode each intact, and proud of its brand-new coating of gray paint and gay striped awning fringed with red. This flotilla consisted of—

Steel twin screw-steamer *La Belgique*, 65 feet long, 11 feet beam 5½ feet draught, 16 nominal horse power; measurement, 30 tons.

Espérance, 42 feet long, 7 feet beam; 6 horse power nominal; screw.

En Avant, paddle boat, 43 feet long, 7 feet 11 inches beam; 6 horse power nominal; draught, 11 inches.

Royal, screw. Mahogany lifeboat built by White, of Cowes; 30 feet long, 6 feet beam, fitted with mahogany cabin, plate glass, blue silk hangings, equipment rich, being the special gift to the expedition by His Majesty the King of the Belgians.

Steel lighter, 60 feet long, 7 feet beam, 4 feet deep; capacity, 12 tons.

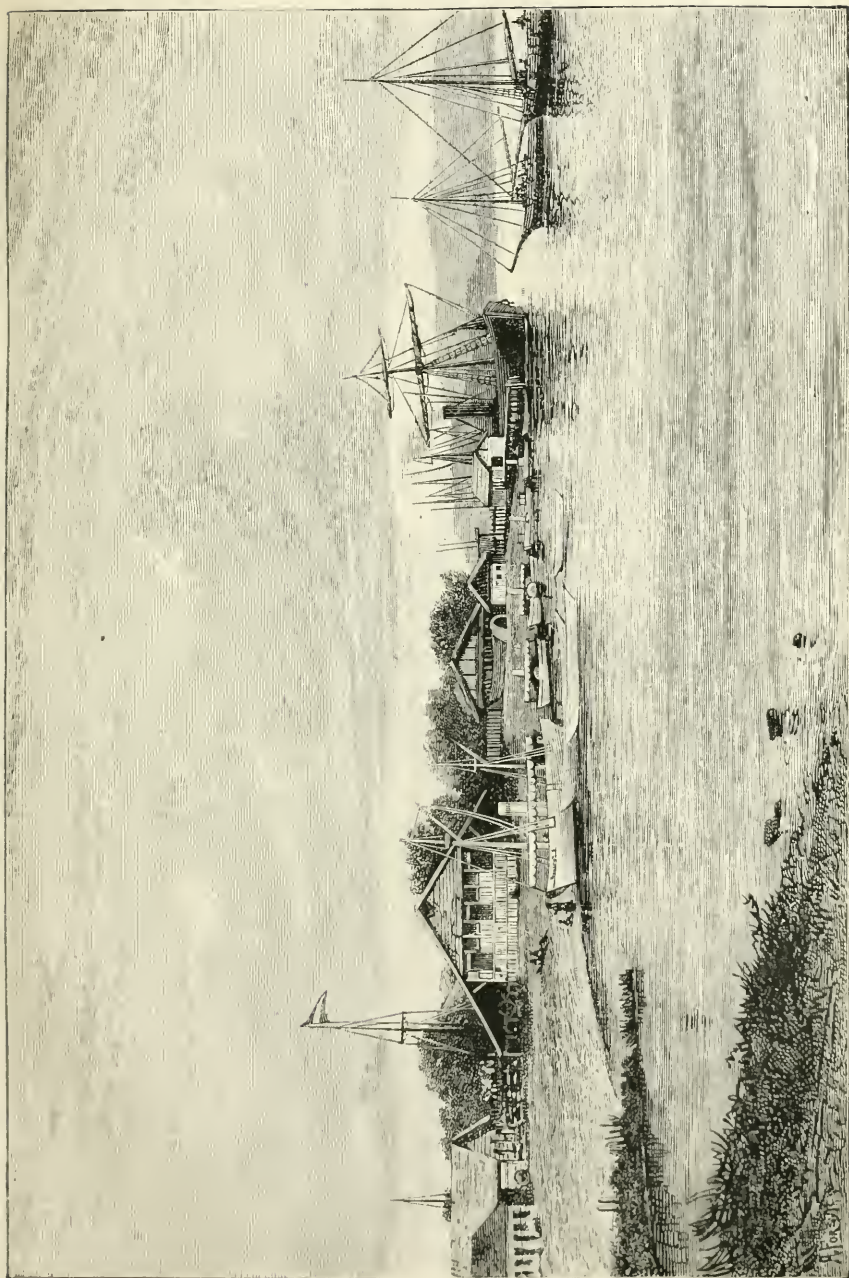
Steel lighter, 40 feet long by 6 feet beam, 3 feet deep; capacity, 6 tons.

Jeune Africaine, screw launch, 24 feet long, 5 feet 10 inches beam.

Woolen whale boat, 33 feet long, 6 feet beam; capacity, 3½ tons.

The total cost of which was £4725, exclusive of freight.

All these boats in a line along the shore made a very pretty sight. The *Espérance* was so far advanced that she was actually at work, snorting loudly as she darted about to test her machinery. By closer examination, however, I discovered much work to be done before the flotilla could ascend the powerful stream safely. The *Belgique* required a fender all round; the *Espérance* was almost unmanageable—rudder too narrow, gunwale too low; the *En Avant* was guilty of extra-



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THE FLOTILLA OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXPEDITION AT BANANA POINT, NEAR THE DUTCH FACTORY.

ordinary freaks, and as stubborn as the donkey is generally supposed to be. At one moment she had over ten atmospheres of steam, and rushed madly on, while we, expectantly watching the first signs of an explosion, were ready to jump overboard; but suddenly the gauge indicated descent, and the paddle-wheels could scarcely revolve, while the rudder never had the slightest control of her movements. The poor engineer was in a most painful plight, for he was being tested as much as his steamer. All the engineers of the flotilla frequently assembled to discuss the causes of this mysterious behaviour of the much-abused boat. The builders ought to have been present to hear the severe criticisms of the Board. Her gunwale was also too low, her rudder too narrow, and the back-plate of the boiler had to be plastered with mud to cause a draught in the furnace at all, despite the continued blast from the escape pipes. The boat did not gain our good opinion until she had nearly driven her first engineer to the verge of suicide, given unspeakable mortification to her second, and impressed her third with a deep and bitter sense of utter failure. The fourth mechanic was an Italian named Francesco Flamini—a quiet, painstaking man. Being informed of the steamer's eccentricities—and of the failure of each engineer, with the various changes and experiments that had been made, he pursed his lips and puckered his brow, and meditated. It was interesting to watch him. Finally he opened the furnace door and gazed inside, and presently lifting his head, he said—

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"I will make this steamer travel as quickly as any other," and—to cut the story short—he did. He merely shifted the firebars higher up, and kept a regular supply of water in the boiler. Ever afterwards she performed her duty. She travelled to Vivi, breasted boldly the rapids above Manyanga, pioneered the way to Lake Léopold II., and was the first to cleave the waters of the Biyeré, and the first to steam up to Stanley Falls. Oh, an epic poem might now be written of the brave little boat! At the same time I do not quite exempt her builders from censure for having despatched her to the Congo without a sufficient trial.

I have long since shuffled off the mortal coil of worries and anxieties that gradually revealed themselves to me as day by day we laboured to get these boats ready for the rough service they were destined to perform. I had no efficient skipper to take charge of this work, and I have never been honoured with the assistance of an efficient second. I therefore am not going to worry the reader with a nauseating criticism of any particular man's weaknesses, though I prefer not to pass over in silence the least exhibition of worth. Generalities, however, may be pardoned, else how will the character of our work be ever understood? To neglect these might subject me to the imputation of being interested in withholding information, a charge which might detract from the veracity of the narrative.

First their contracts and rank were complained of by the various assistants. Almost all of them clamoured

for "expenses of all kinds," which included, so I was made to understand, wine, tobacco, cigars, clothes, shoes, board and lodging, and certain nameless extravagances. One said that he would not stay on the Congo unless these were granted to him freely; another asserted that if he was expected to drive a steam-launch unassisted, he must have higher pay, and that if he was to be detailed for the interior, his pay should be increased still more. Another—an engineer—asserted that he was engaged as sub-commander of the expedition; that he, a descendant of all the —, would never have ventured into Africa upon such a miserable stipend; he had come for honour, reputation, fame; he would write to the newspapers, &c.* Another engineer complained that he was not accorded his proper rank; being in charge of the engines of the 30-ton steamer, he certainly was equal to the general accountant of the expedition. The gentleman in charge of the smallest steam-launch thought himself superior to the sailor in charge of a rowing boat, and considered himself disparaged by being requested to mess at the same table as the latter.

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All this was, of course, the result of raw inexperience and misapprehension, heightened, perhaps, by the mischievous practice of imbibing strong wine at their midday meal.

The two Danish sailors, Martin and Albert, were the only two who had no complaints, and who seemed contented with their lot.

The excited men, however, were gradually soothed.

* This was a threat frequently used.

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Their tender susceptibilities were considerably flattered, and after a short time harmony was restored, with the promise of explaining to the Committee at the first opportunity. As for quarrelling about rank, it was absurd. Were we not all brothers, comrades, partisans in a grand international cause, the vanguard of civilisation? &c. "Where is the man with a soul so dead to honour, to fame, to immortality?" &c. The first mutiny was hushed, and "all hands turned to."

The "Dutch House" has been mentioned more than once. In 1879 the term stood for the *Afrikaansche Handels-Vereeniging*,* or African Trading Company, of Rotterdam; Messrs. Pincoffs & Kerdyck had been lately the enterprising managers. Young Mr. Kerdyck, the brother of the elder Kerdyck, had appeared at Banana Point in 1869, and after purchasing the ground, and a few buildings from the French firm of Regis & Co., had proceeded to establish, on a permanent basis, a business which rapidly grew into such grand proportions that the buildings, with their yards, sheds, and courts, cover a space of about 700 acres, all pure sand, lifted about four feet above high water.

A large number of people are employed, both white and black. The whites may be best seen at dinner, ranged on the sides of two long tables. A glance at their faces serves almost to reconcile one to Africa. It may be said to be assuring when we are asked to partake of the hospitality. For, despite the abundance

* Towards the end of the year the *Afrikaansche Genootschap* succeeded to its business.

with which the tables bend, hearty appetites generally contrive to reduce the portion left for the kitchen considerably before the dinner is over. When I was first ushered into the dining-room and saw the array of plates, the *tout ensemble* was to my view extremely like to a Port Said *table d'hôte*.

There are very young faces to be seen at the table, and a few veterans. They started their tropic life when young, some at sixteen years old, but mostly all between seventeen and twenty. The chief manager, Mr. A. de Bloeme, director of nearly eighty commercial factories, I was told, was only twenty-seven, and he had already counted nine years of service. Mr. Antoine Greshoff, now manager of the commercial factory of Boma, was only twenty-two, and he was in his fifth year of service. Mons. Muller, another very young man, almost beardless, had experienced seven years of Congo life. Mr. Gray, however one of the veterans of the coast, had been "out" sixteen years, without having once returned to Europe. And here he stood to rival Mr. Youngblood, the pilot, as a healthy representative of how a European could endure the tropics.

The coloured help of this establishment requires a full-grown village to house its numbers. The people with their wives and children represent every tribal district along the coast to Cape Lopez, and distant parts of Interior Ngoyo, and the land of the Bateké and Basundi. Kruboyes—strong-limbed, broad-chested, fine-muscled men of the labouring class—are also here by the score. Along the beach or on the piers they may

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be seen in loin-clouts and hats with brims of ample prominence and girth, and a grotesque variety of caps, heave-yo-ing upon heavy weights, rolling lime-washed casks of palm-oil, cooking the rich, yellow butter of the *Elais guineënsis*, running it into other casks; at the coal yard loading trucks, bearing sacks of palm-kernels or shelled ground-nuts. Under the lengthy sheds are the boat-builders building new lighters or dingeys. The Kabinda cask-makers are hammering down the iron hoops with a din that shocks the ears. Along the beach the boats come and go, or the galliots enter, laden with fresh water from the south bank, or with African produce from Ponta da Lenha and Boma, and perhaps from Mussuko, higher up the Congo.

Scattered at corners of sheds, or in heaps along the beach, are the iron refuse of years of business of this large and prosperous establishment; ancient anchors with broken flukes, ancient howitzers and carronades with no one knows what history, and heaps of old cable, iron bars and hoops, amidst a miscellaneous débris of old metal. Under another large shed are perhaps stored 5000 tons of coal, for this House has the monopoly of coaling the men-of-war and mail and casual steamers.

To examine the interior parts of these lengthy plank buildings is a good day's work. In them may be seen enough to make a Manchester cotton manufacturer weep with pleasure, for there may be, piled up high in bales upon bales, a million yards of cotton, from the finest to the flimsiest quality; huge dry-goods cases,

where the British Government seems to have disposed of the old red coats of their army years ago. In another store Birmingham and Sheffield might rejoice at the sight of the iron kettles and pots and pans, the tons of cutlery, the thousands of flintlock muskets and percussion guns, and the stores of brass bells. In another place the millowners of Rochdale, looking at the piles of red and blue savelist, might have cause to wish that there were more enterprising Dutch Houses to buy from them the cunning labour of their looms, and to disperse it over broad Africa.

At the extreme end of the Peninsula of Banana is the powder magazine, containing enough powder apparently to salute the dead for a century to come; but no, we shall be informed, just enough to last until the next ship comes—"expected shortly." This might be alarming at first if we did not remember that almost every child that dies receives a salute of honour of five shots, while a woman has ten, and a man twenty: for a chief ten or twelve barrels might not suffice. When employed for such harmless purposes, we are tempted to regard the dangerous compound in the light of a beneficent element of trade.

Close by, and between the powder magazine and the white factory buildings of Banana, is the cemetery, where many a one sleeps fast and long, whom not even the explosion of all those tons of powder would awaken again to tedious life. Here on the shore the waves of the Atlantic beat loud and solemn, dirge-like, mourning the loss of those who appeared in the tropic land only

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to pass to their final rest. It is a place to be avoided by those apt to be afflicted with presentiments. The sound of those waves, the view of that dead sand and the blank waste of sea-waters, which you feel are so wide and stretch so far, the thought that you cannot, if you would, sail away on them—all are likely to engender a profound melancholy; for those silent mounds seem to menace yourself—you, so ignorant of how to live in this land which has already slain so many as strong, if not stronger, than yourself. Away from the scene, to the habitations of the living!

The Dutch know how to make their young men comfortable. The *table d'hôte*, with its varied abundance, may be cited as one proof; the neat frame houses, lofty and cool, another. They have a medico at hand who possesses a well-stocked dispensary; they have a billiard-table; they have a number of riding-asses; and though the sand enclosed by the buildings is by no means tempting to a pedestrian, still the beach is as firm as asphalt, and the cool sea-breeze from the South Atlantic is grateful after a windless day.

Beyond the larger area occupied by the Dutch House begins the establishment of Daumas, Beraud & Co., who trade in the same produce and conduct it in a similar manner to the Dutch method, though on a much humbler scale. Further north, and separated from this by a few rubbish heaps and stagnant pools, is the establishment of the Congo and Central African Company on a still smaller scale. When we have seen all these, the features of Banana are described,

and the traveller for the interior will wish to depart as soon as possible.

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The mangroves of Huard Point across the harbour, and which cover the low mud deposit which separates Banana Creek from that of Pirate Creek, are not worthy of exploration, neither are the dull, sombre, monotonous creek-banks, which you will see if you ascend either creek, worthy of regard.

If you ascend up Banana Creek, there is deep water sufficient for small vessels, and you will emerge out of the creek somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ponta da Lenha. A journey up Pirate Creek, a famous route in slave times, will take you finally in the same direction. If the tide is low, the view of the seething mud, alive with crabs of all sizes, which enter in and emerge out of their holes incessantly, will be rather depressing than otherwise. If you loiter in this waste of fœtid mud, be warned that you endanger your health. Those scraggy roots of the mangrove are like so many forked radish standing on the tips of their roots; however fantastic they may be, the sense of dreariness and desolation and homelessness raises such a chilling feeling—though this, I admit, depends on personal temperament—that an ascent up the Congo, the cleaving of that tawny and powerful and billowy flood in a swift steamer, is far more exhilarating.

I have never been able to discover why this low peninsula of sand, whose highest crest is not twelve feet above low-water, and only six feet above high-water, came to be distinguished with the title of Banana, as

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the name is suggestive of a tropic plant we shall, in that district, look for in vain to-day. I can well imagine why, but this is not history. I can imagine that before the advent of the modern establishment, which has so overgrown the Point, that Regis & Co.'s factory was situated nearer the centre; and towards the Point, possibly where the Dutch flagstaff stands, a few banana plants throve, just like the palms which flourish in the same neighbourhood at the present time.

Three hundred years ago, if old maps are to be followed, the peninsula was not so long. A mere blunted-hook shaped cape existed, called Cape Palmas, and it may very possibly be so again—at least the Dutch have a suspicion that it might happen, and they have taken precautions. Stakes and piles and stone débris protect the inner shore of the point, and many a ship-load of rocks has already been carried and piled along the sea-board.

Once or twice in my life I have predicted successfully, and reason now suggests a disastrous combination of a hurricane, or long-enduring tornado from the westward or north-west, damming up the Congo in the month of December to the overflow of that low point, and with the receding tide scouring the Banana peninsula clean down to the firm rocks that first attracted the sands and sediment to form this prolongation.

CHAPTER VII.

UP THE "MIGHTY" CONGO.

The flotilla proceeds up the river—Braving the giant stream—Silence on the wooded shores—Kissanga—Ponta da Lenha—Dutch factories—Guarding against floods—The dangers of hospitality—Depth of the river: its volume—The dry and rainy seasons—Tidal action—Fetish rock—"The d—l had done it"—Ma-taddi Nzazzi, "Lightning Stone"—Boma, the principal emporium of trade—Means of communication—Loneliness and cheerlessness—A refreshing change—African sunshine—The blood-curdling history of Boma—Horrors of the slave trade—A terrible punishment—The trade of Boma—The "wicked white man"—Progress of Boma—Historical treatment of the river—Hungry whites—Baffled by the stream—"Hippopotamus? that's a rock, mun!"—A dead shot—Departure of the SS. *Albion* for Europe.

SEVEN days after the arrival of the *Albion* in 1878.
Aug. 21. Banana Creek, the expedition flotilla was ready for Banana Pt. ascending the Congo. The *Albion* herself had been beached, scraped, scrubbed and painted, and much other work required by serious and sober prevision had been performed. On the morning of August 21st, the steam whistles sounded the signal, and we all steamed out of Banana Haven. It was an event that may well be called the inauguration of a new era for the Congo basin, just as a grander array of mighty ships in the year 1869 inaugurated the union of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean.

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The Lower Congo has been ascended many a time since the date of its discovery, but it has never been described satisfactorily. For my previous omission in 1877 I could well be excused, for my fatigues had utterly prostrated me, and it was the blue Atlantic that I yearned for—I and my poor fellows.

But now, strong with health, both they and I look upon it with different eyes. The voluminous flood, which we had followed all the long way to its spacious bourne, and had seen under all aspects—now tranquil as a summer's dream, anon raging with horrent-creamed crests above deep brown hollows, engulfing our unwary mates, menacing our frail low barks—smiled on us to-day, as with calm but interested glance we gazed down secure from high decks on its placid surface. We have forgiven it long ago; we have buried the past, for time has softened our memories of its treachery. We feel still that it is a dangerous river to be trifled with. It has awful power when ruffled by impeding rocks, or when its waves rise up, remonstrant to the breeze, and fall heavy and sullen. But we also have power now—power gained by knowledge and harsh experience. We will brave the giant stream with steel cutters driven by steam!

With the sea astern, we head up the long stretch, over three miles wide, along a course whose depth varies from 60 feet to 900 feet, and with a current in mid-stream of five knots. On either hand the dark-green walls of mangrove, intermixed with palm fronds, are apparently impenetrable, though the charts

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Bulambemba Pt.

tell us that many a lazy creek traces its winding course amid the cool and silent shades of embracing leafage. In an hour we are abreast of Bulambemba Point, on the north bank, which was and is known still as Fathomless Point, though it is not accurately described by that term. There is, however, abundance of water, for our pilot edges the steamer towards it; and finally straightens the steamer up river, keeping about half a mile off the shore, along the northern bank. It is a low land, or a banked deposit of rich, damp, foetid alluvium and many towering trees, which shelter a thick bush and scrub most uninviting to look at. A break here and there shows the entrance or *débouchure* of a narrow creek, within the mazes of which a flotilla of narrow piratical canoes might well hide. It is devoid of all animate nature: not a bird is seen, not a movement breaks the melancholy interest with which unconsciously we regard it. Neither on the north bank nor on the south bank, nor yet on the river, is there aught to disturb this lifelessness of sleeping nature. The river-flood glides on serene in one unbroken, unruffled mass, but yet with an unmistakably resistless, though silent energy. On the wooded shores there is a solemn loneliness as of death; on the tranquil mass of ceaseless moving water we only see the peace of an undisturbed slumber.

When about 14 miles from Banana we steer, to avoid the shallows of Scotchman Head, towards a cluster of factories, known as Kissanga, situate on the south bank, seven miles higher up; thence close in shore for a few

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Kissanga.

miles, and then, when the factories of Ponta da Lenha appear well in sight, we strike straight up the deeper branch of the Congo, which runs by these, thus avoiding the less known Sonho branch, and the more intricate channels winding erratically between the island groups of Draper, Monkey, Robson, Stocking, and Farquhar. These various names of uninhabitable forest-clothed mud-deposits were first made known to us through the survey chart of Captain Maxwell, 1793. Though they are meaningless enough nowadays, they do as well as others would, since there are no remarkable peculiarities distinguishing one islet from another. They are all wooded densely, as well as the banks. North, south, and middle channels might serve better to describe the channels than that of Maxwell, which stands for the north, Sonho in place of the south, and Mamballa for the middle.

Kissanga is situate in a semi-circular clearing on dry, black vegetable soil, and close to the water's edge, for the convenience of factory business, such as rolling 15-cwt. casks of palm-oil aboard the launches and galliots, and the quick discharging of cargo. There are three factories even here, but the stranger is apt to wonder where the customers come from; for behind the buildings there is scarcely sixty yards of open ground, and beyond these rise the living wall of dark-green forest, with its interwoven creepers and palmate leafage and broad-leafed plants for undergrowth. A more searching investigation along the bank will discover the mazy lagoons which pierce the shore, and lead

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Kissanga.

to firm foot-paths on the main, which reach to the villages of the Mushirongos, that are freely scattered on the level grassy plain or rolling country behind the forest screen. The Sonho channel washes the southern shore, and the strong current soon brings the trading natives with a cargo close alongside the factory landing-place, while by hugging the shore the ascent is easy for narrow canoes.

Exactly four hours brings the *Albion*, *Belgique*, *Royal* and *Esperance* to Ponta da Lenha, or Wood Point, which also is a decided misnomer, when all the shores are curtained with a tropic sea-wood, and every inch of the islands appears to be cloistered by impenetrable masses of dark-green groves. Here are three factories, each consisting of a mass of plank and other structures, some roofed with tarred felt, and others thatched.

The Dutch are, as usual, far ahead in the style, arrangement, and solidity of their structures. They are perpetually improving, building, and solidifying their landed possessions and establishments. At Banana they have lavished thousands of pounds in their industrial war against flood encroachments, and here, warned by the increasing force of the Congo against the frail substratum of their island, their Dutch instincts have been roused, and they are busy driving piles—massive teak and red-wood piles—deep in the mud, to restrain the inroads of the impetuous current.

Under the broad and commodious verandahs of their

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Ponta da
Lenha.

islet home is a delicious cool place on a hot, glaring sunny day. There you may sit at ease watching the brown river flow swiftly by, angered just here by steep bulk-heads, and venting its muttered wrath with a moaning gurgle. The view of the background of jungly forest formed on one of the Draper Islands just half a mile away, and the steady-flowing river, brightened and gleaming, is soothing to the eyes, and the mysterious unanalysable sounds issuing from the dark tall forest close behind us woo one to drowsiness, although antidotes of seltzer, or good hot tea, are to be had from the ebon-hued servitors of the Dutch House. The master of the factory, too, on these occasions places his time at the disposal of the guest, as though he were a *maître d'hôtel*. I regret to have to record also that stronger liquids, the bane of Western Africa, are only too temptingly displayed and proffered, through a spirit and a general custom of mistaken hospitality. To the thirsty one, slightly fatigued, or suffering under a sense of trifling lassitude, these invitations so readily given are almost irresistible. It may be that people might in time be educated by such suggestions as the above to withhold, and never offer these baits to inebriety and debility unless they are urgently requested to do so, when, of course, they are to be excused.

How much do sailors, engineers, and the illiterate class of men reason about what is beneficial? Or when were such people educated in the philosophy of living, and the proper uses of that lusty life with

which they have been endowed? Even the climates they were born in they scarcely understood; but when, with their tender, pale, and untanned skins, and their wealth of fat, engendered by ever-existing plenty, they appear at the tropics, with its meagre diet and lack of variety, how can they be taught that the lassitude they feel, after hours of copious perspiration, is only caused by Nature making her effort to live under the conditions so suddenly imposed upon her?

Ponta da Lenha, or the Wood Point, is thirty-four statute miles, or twenty-eight sea miles by the steamer's track, from the anchorage in Banana Creek. Though situate on an island, it is within easy reach of the natives of the mainland north, who bring their palm-oil, kernels, and ground nuts, live-stock and vegetables, to their favourite factories to exchange for cotton cloth of all qualities and colours, cutlery, powder, and guns.

As far as this cluster of barter establishments the SS. *Great Eastern* might easily enter from the sea, and lie snugly alongside the Dutch wharf. Men-of-war—British, Dutch, Portuguese and French—have frequently ascended to this place. It is well protected from the sea-breeze, as one may see by the slight north-east curve we made from above Kissanga. A few miles above, however, a shifting bar prevents the ascent of ocean steamers. The local pilots are not unanimous as to a safe draught—some say 12 feet, others 10 feet: it depends principally upon the skill and local knowledge gained by the pilot. In 1882 I ascended in the *Hurkaray*, drawing 15 feet aft, safely and without

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touch, and descended drawing even 17 feet 6 inches without accident. Others, again, have not been so fortunate; various tedious delays have been caused to vessels drawing 12 feet.*

All these discrepancies will be removed as the requirements of navigation demand more reliable knowledge. My personal opinion is that the maximum depth that could be obtained in the rainy season would be 22 feet, and in the lowest of the dry season 16 feet.

In order to understand why there should be such a difference between the depth during the rainy and the dry seasons, let me observe here that a certain section of the River Congo above Stanley Pool, after nearly an entire day's experiments, showed that in the early part of March, when the river was nearly lowest, a volume of 1,440,000 cubic feet of water flowed per second; and, by taking the altitude of high level as plainly visible on a high cliffy rock, my calculations prove that at least 2,530,000 cubic feet of water must flow every second at the height of the rainy season. Before this water reaches the sea a multitude of rivers have joined their tribute to this volume, a quantity which only the Amazon can surpass. Nay, if old Captain Maxwell's chart of 1793 is to be relied upon, I find, on calculating his items of soundings and current and breadth, that a few miles above Boma a volume of 4,382,000 cubic

* The following vessels have reported differently:—H.M.S. *Ariel*, 1875, reports 3 fathoms as lowest; *Torch*, 1872, 2 fathoms; *Firefly*, 1880, 4 fathoms; French ship *Sagitaire*, 1883, less than 13 feet.

feet per second is attained! I do not by any means vouch for the accuracy of his soundings, and I think that the force of the current may have been ascertained by rough guess.

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Then, if a river becomes nearly doubled in volume twice a year, it is important to know what months are the dry and rainy seasons.

Briefly, this not being the place for all the information gathered, I may state that a sensible rise of the river begins at Boma in the latter half of March, and is full rise between the 1st and 31st of May; after this there is a gradual decline until the beginning of August, from which time there is no change until about the 1st of September. The rise from March to May inclusive is called the lesser rise.

From the 1st of September to between the 15th to the 25th of December is the greater rise. Between the 15th of January and the 10th of March there is a steady fall, after which time the river is changeless, until the lesser rise recommences at its usual date.

Besides the due observation of the month for the ascent, the effect of the tide ebb and flood must be taken into consideration. At Banana the tide rises 6 feet; at Ponta da Lenha about 21 inches—others say 18 inches. At Boma the effect of it is but 2 or 3 inches. The ebb races near the mouth at the rate of a few knots per hour, and lasts nearly as long again as the flood. With all this, it must not be supposed that the sea is admitted into the Congo. The flood is simply the effect of the pressure of the sea upon the

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current of the river, which, checked in its velocity, rises to the height above mentioned.

After a night spent in comfort at Ponta da Lenha, although the entire flotilla had not made its appearance—for the *En Avant*, which should have been most forward, was decidedly *en arrière* on this day—we departed from the landing-place and steamed up towards Boma in due order, the *Albion*, though but a small steamer, a veritable elephant compared to the dainty mosquito flotilla, which made far more noise with their high-pressure engines than a dozen *Albions* would have made.

It was a cool early morning, and the sun had not ventured out from behind the thick banks of light-grey clouds, where he lurked pale and rayless. The absence of his warmth gave rather a chilly, gloomy aspect to the stolid lifeless banks, with their continued monotone of colouring—a dead green-black, without sheen or movement—except that which a stray *calamus* made as, brushed hither and thither by the chill morning breeze, it aimlessly sought the support of a stiff stalk or limb, or that made by the ever-nodding water-reeds.

As we continue steaming upward, gradually the dense bush looms up less tall and dark; it becomes lower and scantier, while the palms on the islands become more conspicuous. The sea-loving mangrove, with its sickening ooze and fantastic centipedal roots, has quite disappeared, and now grassy plains, strangely silent, yet waving and nodding wildly, recede inland towards the

high land which we saw from the sea trending eastward. The hills of which it consists form an irregular ridge deeply indented in slope and summit-line. Looking at the south bank, after getting above Stocking Island, we see similar plains stretching towards a similar hilly ridge; and following both ridges with our eyes, we see them away up river, a few miles above Boma, apparently meet, and the course of the river is untraceable

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THE FORESTED BANKS OF THE LOWER CONGO.

by a stranger. And here for the first time we can well see the enormous breadth of the stream, for from bank to bank, clearly exposed, it is about four and a half miles.

At 10.30 A.M. we were passing within a few hundred yards of the rock called Fetish (bewitched), a low and isolated hilly headland, topped with large masses of granite, cliffy in its river front, having in its outlines something of the appearance of a huge monumental

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Lenha.

stone. To the rear and on the sides stretches an extensive and low-lying rich grass plain, a feeding-ground for the hippopotami, though the inhabitants of a few villages which are in the neighbourhood have endeavoured, with ill-success, to cultivate some ground.

In the old sailing days, I am told by the pilot, few cared to approach the neighbourhood of the Fetish Rock. Whether from sheer bewitchment, or the eccentricities of the ever-boiling flood, tradition becomes piquant when reciting the odd adventures that have befallen the helpless ships; how they suddenly were sheered off their course and curvetted round and round with lazy see-saw motions of prow and stern, and were swung far off after the dance, with distracted sails and slack ropes and braces, while the pale sailors gazed upon one another blankly, and finally swore "the d—l had done it." I myself tell the pilot that I believe all this, "for, my friend, it was a wicked time altogether, for then white men believed that to buy and sell their black brothers was a work sanctioned by God."

Steamers, however, pay no heed to the contemptible whirlpools, though they are noisy, and we proceed upward without a flaw in our course, having now deep water under our keels. Looking round for wonders, we are shown a feature on the crest of a tall hill on the northern shore, said to be the Lightning Stone, by natives known as Ma-taddi Nzazzi, and sometimes also as Limbu Li Nzambi, the finger of God. It is merely the core of the mountain rock, revealed ages ago by

the washing away of the soil from the smooth dome-like summit, and to-day it stands, not a poor resemblance to a lighthouse, or some monumental structure.

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

Precisely four hours of continued steaming from Ponta da Lenha brought both *Albion* and *Belgique*, with their respective barges, alongside the wharf of one of the Dutch factories of Boma.

A few hundred yards from the pier, Boma, the principal emporium of trade on the Congo, was well and fully seen from end to end, curving along the bended shore. It consists of a congeries of factories, that is, a number of detached buildings used as stores or sheds, or workshops, flanking the dwelling-house of their owner, or of the chief factor of some English, Dutch, French, or Portuguese company established in Europe, which has sent its agents to scatter these trading stations at every available point along both banks of the river. There were not quite so many in 1879 as now in 1885. These various companies have several factories, especially the Dutch and English and French. The central depôt is at Banana Point, where the goods from the ocean steamers are received, unshipped, stored in the go-downs or stores, and distributed by the private steamers belonging to the central establishment. The Dutch possess the *Prince Hendrik*, *Carl Nieman*, *Banana*, and *Morian*. The three first named are capacious steamers, able to steam to Europe. The *Morian* is a 40-ton tug, employed to tow galliots, ships, barges, and lighters to the upper portions of the Lower Congo. The *Prince Hendrik*

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Boma.

and *Carl Nieman* collect the produce from the coast factories, and at stated periods the ocean steamer arrives from Rotterdam and Madeira to Banana Point in twenty-five days, and, after a short stay in port, departs, loaded with rubber, oil, gum, kernels, ground-nuts, ivory, orchilla weed, coffee, and various other products.

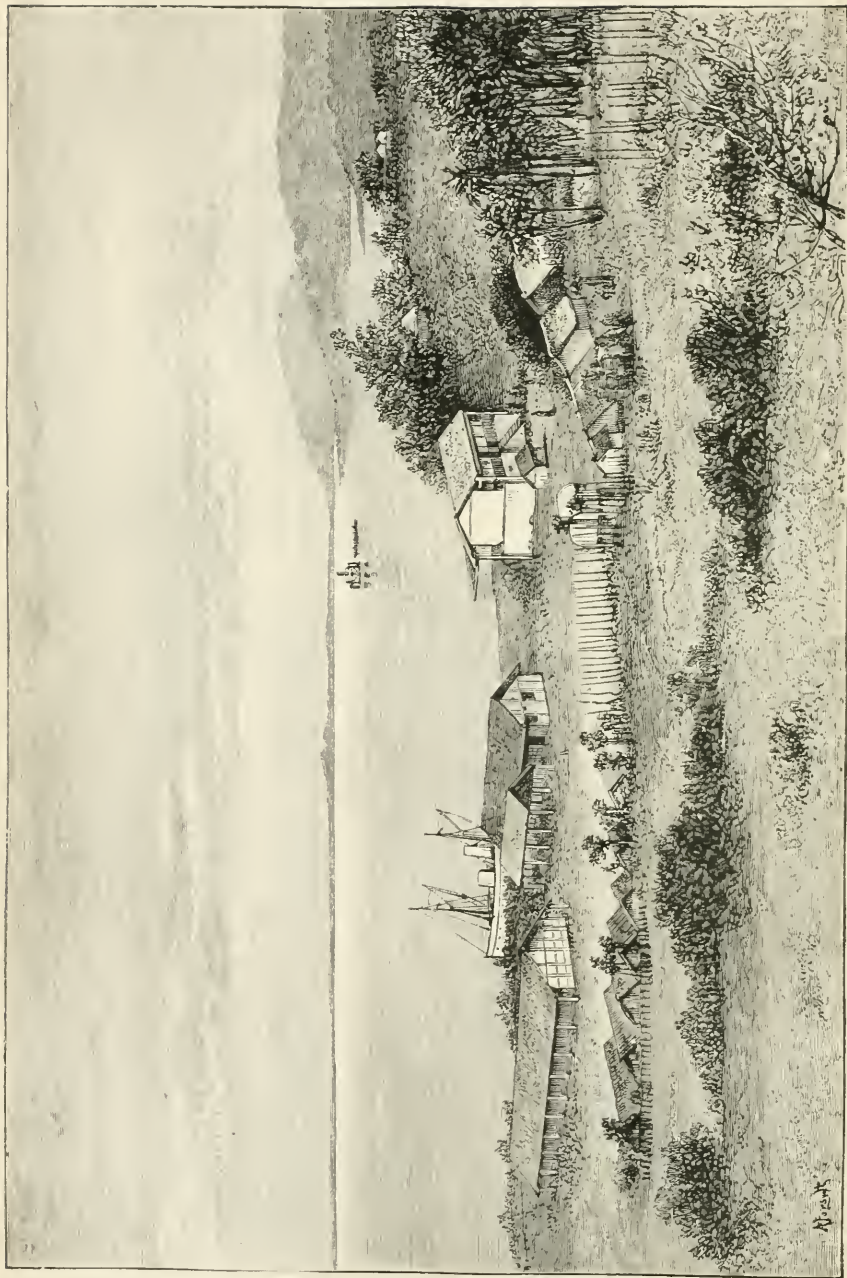
The English house keeps its river and coast steamer, the *Kabinda*, 250 tons, collecting from its scattered factories the African produce, ready for their Liverpool steamer, the *Angola*.

The Congo and Central African Company employs its river steamer, the *Albuquerque*, of 250 tons, in the collection of produce, but this house, I believe, ships by the English mail steamers, which call once a month.

The French and Portuguese employ galliots or schooners, launches, and canoes, and ship by sailing vessels frequently.

If we add to these various vessels that ply up and down the Congo, between Banana and Boma, the native canoes belonging to the aboriginal chiefs, the Congo cannot be said to be quite devoid of evidences of trade-movement.

Notwithstanding, the general prospect, whether over river or land, is not prepossessing; the eye is dissatisfied, it hungers after more evidences of man and commerce; probably the human gregarious instincts are shocked, or chilled by the unaccountable feeling of loneliness. Look resolutely away, or over the factories at your feet, from the crest of yonder hill, and you



VIEW DOWN RIVER FROM BEHIND THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT BOMA. (From a photograph.)

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will understand why. There is a grand sweep of massive hills lifting and falling to the north; a long undulating line of hilly land is visible across the river, stretching away into the grey distance; there is a mighty breadth of living water slowly moving towards the sea, but I can detect no boat, large or small, just at this present moment, on any part of its hundred square miles of surface. Over all the vast area of land, visible upland and plain, I see no aspiring tower or dome, or chimney, nor even the likeness of a human structure. Unfortunately not even a column of smoke threads through the silent air to suggest the thought that I am not alone. All is nature, large, ample, untouched and apparently unvisited by man. From all I can see I may have been the first man, black or white, who has ever stood on the ungrateful soil under my feet. Truly this would be the impression of the view only a few miles removed from Boma; but here I can turn my eyes at will to recall my unreal fancies, to gaze down upon the consoling and warm view of the Boma establishments ranged along the northern bank, with their tall flagstaffs and white-washed residences, and the long sombre thatched roofs of the stores and sheds, with sufficient leafy trees scattered about, and the tapering masts of steamers and sailing vessels, topped by the gay national flags, all combining to make a pretty picture worth a sketch.

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

The feeling of loneliness and cheerlessness, touched upon above, is intensified through the fact that the heavy lines of hills, and broad expansion of plain, lack

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

the deep dark masses of forest in ever-living exuberance which we are ever apt to associate with the tropics. The grotesque baobabs, thinly scattered with their feeble crowns of leafage on bits of terraces and tabular bits of hills, in no way compensate for the general and unlovely nakedness of the view. At this season—August—all nature appears parched, sere, withered, voiceless, except along the various channels of the Congo. This almost entire absence of vegetation is due to fires, which during every dry season consume the robust crops of grass. It is also attributable to the minute hilly sections into which the land has been cut by heavy rains, and the steep and rapid drainage of every slope and rounded summit which sweeps away the débris of dead vegetation before it has had time to affect the soil.

A month or so later the first rains fall, and the aspect appears much more gracious and soft, for the grass peeps out at once young and tender and green; and lo! the land under the influence of moisture and temperate sunshine, has been transfigured into a fairer development. When suffused with a vivid green, it rivals the softness of English Northumbria, rejoicing animal nature, bringing out the birds, and herds of cattle, and flocks of goats, which before had been missed from the scene.

When speaking of African sunshine, it must be remembered that there are different qualities of sunshine. For instance, there is the hard, white, naked, undisguised sunshine of North-eastern America; there is

1879
Aug. 22.
Boma.

the warm, drowsy, hazy sunshine of the English summer; there is the bright, cheery, purified sunshine of the Mediterranean. African sunshine, however, always appears to me, with all its great heat, to be a kind of superior moonlight, judging from its effects on scenery. Once or twice in this book I write of "solemn-looking" hills. I can only attribute this apparent solemnity to the peculiar sunshine. It deepens the shadows, and darkens the dark-green foliage of the forest, while it imparts a wau appearance or a cold reflection of light to naked slopes and woodless hill-tops. Its effect is a chill austerity—an indescribable solemnity, a repelling unsociability. Your sympathies are not warmed by it; silence has set its seal upon it; before it you become speechless. Gaze your utmost on the scene, admire it as you may, worship it if you will, but your love is not needed. Speak not of grace or of loveliness in connection with it. Serene it may be, but it is a passionless serenity. It is to be contemplated, but not to be spoken to, for your regard is fixed upon a voiceless, sphynx-like immobility, belonging more to an unsubstantial dreamland than to a real earth.

If you think of this attempt at analysing the cause of this unspeakable loneliness, when next you gaze upon African hill-scenes you will perhaps admit the truth of these remarks. You will perceive that it is purely a want of sympathy between you and them, owing entirely to the strange sunshine. If you doubt it, view the same scenes in the months of October

1879,
Aug. 22.
Boma.

and November, and bear witness to their vivid colouring wrought by the spring-tide of Nature.

Boma (Mboma) has a history, a cruel blood-curdling history, fraught with horror, and woe, and suffering. Inhumanity of man to man has been exemplified here for over two centuries by the pitiless persecution of black men, by sordid whites. The natives formerly were purchased by thousands, forcibly expatriated, enchained by dozens, packed closely in the holds of slave-ships, and shipped to the Brazils, West Indies, and North America, whence they never returned. Whole fleets have been maintained to carry on the slave traffic, and have anchored in this neighbourhood. The miscellany of merchandise, and the stores of gin and rum in their holds, have induced the people of Boma to seek by all iniquitous means to gather the victims of superstition, folly, ignorance, and of violence from all parts inland. As this evil spread abroad, other neighbouring districts, Ponta da Lenha, Nokki, Mussuko, and all the river and coast towns, despatched their emissaries until there was not a village in all the wide space between the sea and the meridian of Stanley Pool which had not cause to curse the evil that had suddenly covered the land with mourning and woe.

Now do you wonder, as you look about over the large area of wilderness and sterility, that so much of those rich plains, now covered with mournfully rustling grass, lies untilled? Had this land but the population which has grouped itself in crowded numbers along

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

the Upper Congo and its upper affluents, modern Boma would have been a city of some magnitude; for the legitimate trade which has sprung up since Britain moved Europe and America to tenderness and compassion, had sufficed to have stimulated the many, as it has the few relics of vanished tribes now living, to honourable industry in developing the natural resources of the land. Oh, if in the coming times, which I see with eyes inspired by faith, the land shall be redeemed from its present torpid deadness; when generations shall be born under the benign influence of civilised institutions, when the land has been helped by the fostering care of a Government, and the plains and the valleys shall rejoice in fatness and plenty, then let that nation that initiated the slave-trade in these regions beware the pen of the Congo poet!

Modern Boma, however, in 1879 could only show one man who knew through personal experience what old Boma had been. He, and another living at some obscure factory lower down, had been guilty two years before of having committed a crime, which I doubt even the annals of old Boma could match. His stores were burnt one night, much stealing of gin and cloth had become common—the dissatisfaction among the slaves he owned being shown by this method of retaliation on their unkind master. The guilty parties were discovered. The master caught them, encircled their necks with iron-collars, rove a short chain through the collar loops, and riveted the end-link, which was split purposely, over another link of the

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

chain near the middle of the gang. The slaves being thus secured, their hands were bound behind, and then they were put into a boat and rowed into mid-channel, where they were hustled over the side one after another into the river, and, thus chained and fettered, were soon drowned.

A few hours after death the bodies floated down with the flood, and were stranded somewhere below on a sand-bank, to be discovered by Captain Hopkins, H.B. Majesty's Consul, during one of his tours of inspection and while bound up river, who, on examination of the chain, found the name of the owner on it.

Since the commission of that crime modern Boma has been free from stain and guilt. Its trade is now very innocent—the butter of the oil-palm, rubber from the forests, kernels from the oil-nuts, nuts from the ground, copal from old deposits, ivory spoils of the elephant, &c., have sufficed to keep the natives busy in the collection of them; and the barter of cottons from Manchester and Glasgow, woollen-savelist from Rochdale, blankets from Yorkshire, cutlery and guns from Sheffield and Birmingham, crockery and hardware and beads and brass-wire from various parts of Europe, gin and rum from Holland and Hamburg, tobacco and fish from America, have been remunerative to the British, French, Dutch and Portuguese traders who have established themselves in the neighbourhood of the once great slave mart of the Congo.

Granted that some of the traders of modern Boma have not acted always in consonance with the strictest

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

principles of justice and equity in their dealings with the natives, yet the happy results visible from their influence throughout a wide area inland prove that they have more frequently been swayed by the desire to be upright than otherwise. As we note the character



GROUP OF NATIVES—MEN, WOMEN, AND YOUTHS.

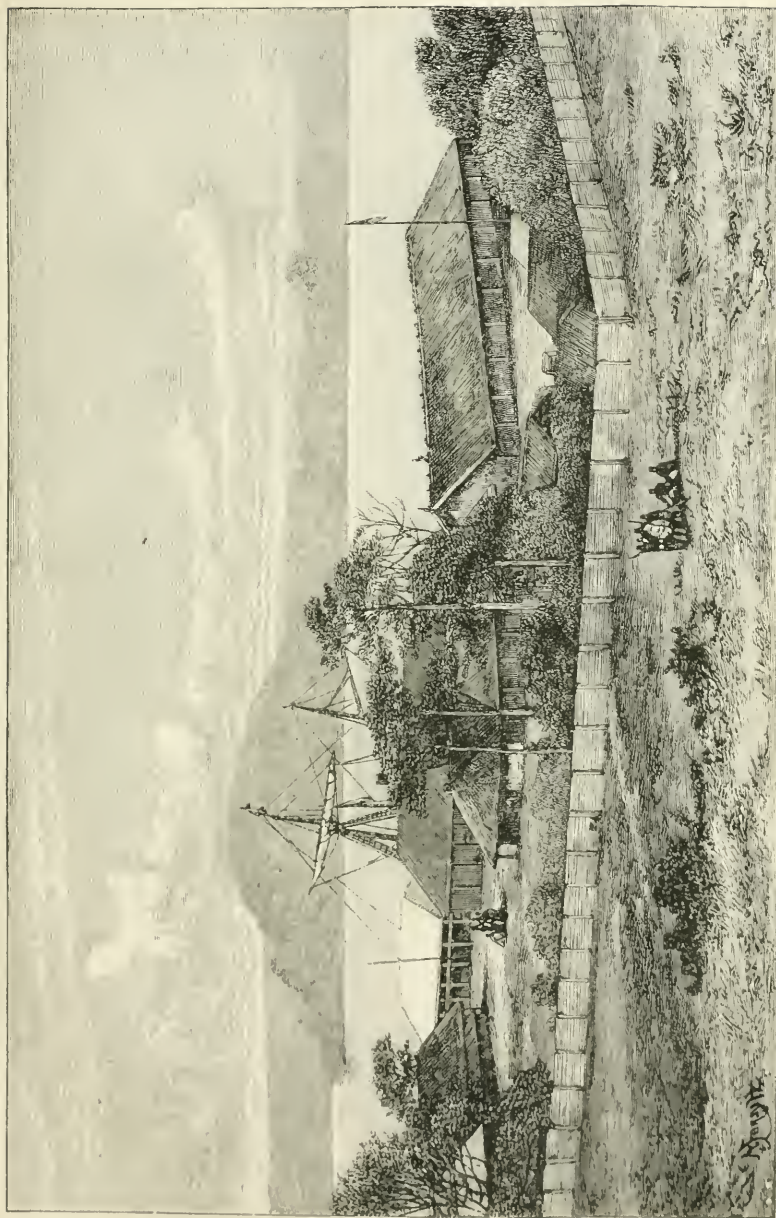
of the present intercourse between whites and blacks, we become convinced that no ill-will exists; we see that the natives do not seem embittered or soured, but, on the contrary, that a pleasant familiarity and confident bearing marks their behaviour as they tread the river street of Boma. Though they would be

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

powerless to resist the auxiliaries that a union of traders could call to its aid, the natives, on closer investigation, are found to be secure against tyranny, oppression, and persistent evil-doing of the whites, by the very interests which have compelled the traders to make their homes here by the Congo riverside. The fierce and sharp competition which exists between the traders to secure the largest trade, and which finds vent in the undertone of talk at their various tables, supplies a better protection for the natives than a whole fleet of cruisers could afford. The wicked white man, with foul-mouthed vituperation, is shunned and tabooed and is boycotted completely. His name and character are known along the byways and highways of the trade carriers. A reduction of trade and absolute ruin follows, which speedily drives him away, and the liberal and kindly white reaps the advantage.

The fear that the traders in general have been hardly dealt with compels me to do them this justice. Missionaries, who possibly have misrepresented them, may have been vainly seeking an arcadia at Boma and other places. Instead of creating one for themselves far removed from the busy centres of commerce, the missionaries follow in the steps of the traders, and grumble that the traders do not sacrifice what they have gained to the sentiments by which they themselves are governed.

Since 1879 Boma has considerably increased in size. The French Catholic mission has established itself on a



A PORTION OF BOMA, OPPOSITE THE ISLE OF BUKA MBOMA. (From a photograph.)

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low hill on the river banks, separating the English factories from the other European emporiums of trade. The banks of Crocodile Creek, which serpentine a course by a low meadow near the lower end of Boma, have been altered. On the eastern side of the creek is the Association Accountant's frame *châlet*, the property of the International Association, and near the machine-shops, coal-sheds, "go-downs," and the coloured employés' little village, all of which a Decauville railway connects with a new iron pier projecting well out into deep water. On a breezy plateau a mile off, commanding an extensive view of the valley of the Lower Congo, is the commodious hospital of the International Association, a residence in which I know by experience is not by any means disagreeable; nay, rather desirable if the mind is occupied. Finally, on the western side of the creek, Boma is extending; two factories being already established, and there is every reason to believe that it will grow more, with what rapidity depends of course upon the development of the interior.

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

The reader will have guessed, by my omission to mention the fact, that, though the Congo in volume is equal to the Nile, the Zambezi, and the Niger together, it is utterly barren of classic associations. Let not the stress made upon this be too great. It is true that Livingstone once humorously said that he would not be made into "black man's pot" for it. As this great and dear sacrifice is not required of us we propose to be more tender in dealing with it.

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

Neither roving ancients nor wandering moderns of great renown have visited it. No grand event is connected with its name; nothing has ever been performed in connection with the Congo to make its history particularly interesting to those who are not engaged in commerce or some special study of it. No military, naval, or scientific enterprise of any magnitude is associated with its name, if we except Tuckey's expedition. It has a dismal local history that arouses a gruesome feeling when we recall the slave-trading days. Ships of war of many nations have ascended the river; they have anchored for a short time abreast of Boma, and have then sailed away. British consuls and other European naval officers have visited Boma frequently, and of late years some have even ventured as far as the lowest of the Livingstone Falls, known as Yellala. Dutch, English, French, and Portuguese traders have made noble efforts to obtain the largest trade in local produce. Among authors and wandering *littérateurs*, Captain Richard Francis Burton and Joachim Monteiro are known to have visited the Lower Congo; and lately Mr. H. H. Johnston, a young traveller of promise, has written a charming account of his travels to Bolobo; but even the former, who is unequalled in the art of exhausting any topic of interest to him, has failed to discover one fact connected with the history of the Congo to make a lasting impression on account of its intrinsic worth. It is owing probably to this extreme historical barrenness that the poet Camoens' stanza relating to it is so often quoted:—

“Alli o mui grande reino está de Congo,
 Por nos ja convertido á fé de Christo,
 Por onde o Zaire passa claro e longo,
 Rio pelos antigos nunca visto.”

1879.
 Aug. 22.
 Boma.

TRANSLATION.

“Here the great kingdom of Congo lies,
 That we converted to Christian faith,
 By which the Zaire flows clear and long,
 A stream unseen in ancient days.”

Camoens, *Lusiads* V.

The island opposite Boma has been farmed by the Dutch from the princes of the mainland, and I am told that the gardens are very thriving, and that European vegetables take to the soil kindly. In the gardens of Boma some of the traders have really distinguished themselves in horticulture. Oranges, citrons, limes, papaws, guavas and pineapples, are among the fruits obtainable in the season; while European and sweet potatoes, tomatoes, onions, turnips, lettuce, cabbage, beet, carrots, and beans, thrive sufficiently well. The eucalyptus has also been tested, but it has been found, after growing to 15 feet high, to perish, probably owing to an exposed position.

Fresh meat from bullock, sheep, goat, and fowls, including ducks, may be also obtained, so that with rice, wheaten bread, and the help of a good cook, a European has no cause to regret Congo life, provided discretion governs his conduct regarding “pegs,” and cold draughts are avoided.

Meantime, while acting as guide to the reader, we must not forget the absent steamers of the international flotilla. The *Albion* and *Belgique* had arrived simul-

1879.
Aug. 22.
Boma.

taneously, after four hours' steaming from Ponta da Lenha, but it was fast upon 11 P.M. before the English boat *Royal* was heard puffing bravely, towing the paddle boat *En Avant*, and half an hour later before the *Esperance* appeared with the 40-foot steel barge.

The whites on board were terribly hungry, and savagely out of humour, but a bountiful repast dulled the disposition which was sharp previously for wordy warfare. All agreed, however, on the safe neutral ground of blaming the builders of the *En Avant*, for these were the days before Flamini's genius came to the rescue and converted an apparently worthless craft into a marvel of utility. A shorthand reporter present on that evening, among the raw lads of Denmark and the young gentlemen from Belgium, might have enabled me to publish for public benefit, and especially for the use of future navigators, the various discoveries made among sand-bars and blind water-alleys; lovers of natural history too might have been highly amused, if not instructed, about the merits of vari-coloured mosquitoes, their size, and the peculiar effect of the bite. Though I know something of Africa, I was not aware of the extent to which susceptible natures could enlarge trivialities. Inexperience evidently possesses microscopic powers of enlargement. However, I have but a poor memory sometimes, and I fear I cannot rehearse the stories related that evening with due justice.

The next day after arrival at Boma the *Albion* continues to discharge her cargo, and the *Belgique* is also emptied. On the 25th the latter is despatched down to

1879.
Aug. 26.
Boma.

Banana Point for another cargo; and the 26th, having cleared the *Albion*, she is also despatched down the river for the wooden huts, lumber, machinery, and hardware.

On the 28th the *Albion* returns to Boma, with her decks lumbered and holds full, and on the 30th, having employed the day before in steaming up the Congo to explore for a new camp, with a Kabinda native for a pilot, she is steamed up to Mussuko on the south bank, four hours above Boma. So convenient was the landing-place of Mussuko, that we could tie the steamers alongside the shore in three fathoms of water.

While cargo was discharged in afternoon, Captain George Thompson of the *Albion* and myself proceeded up river in the life-boat *Royal* on reconnaissance, and without a pilot, to secure another camp to move to when the goods should all have been brought from Boma to Mussuko, and if possible to employ the *Albion's* services to transport the 600 tons of material lying at Banana Point and Boma.

Two hours and a half brought us to the little islet marked Zunga-chya-Idi on Tuckey's chart, the island being opposite the mouth of the little river Lufû, issuing from the north shore.

Viewing a fine green grassed plateau on the north bank, about two miles higher up, and which rose some 300 feet above the river, we ventured from the cove near the Lufû and dared the stream. Ignorant of the proper course that ought to have been taken, and having a profound belief in the powers of steam, we steered the tiny launch for nearly the centre of the river,

1879.
Aug. 30.
Mussoko.

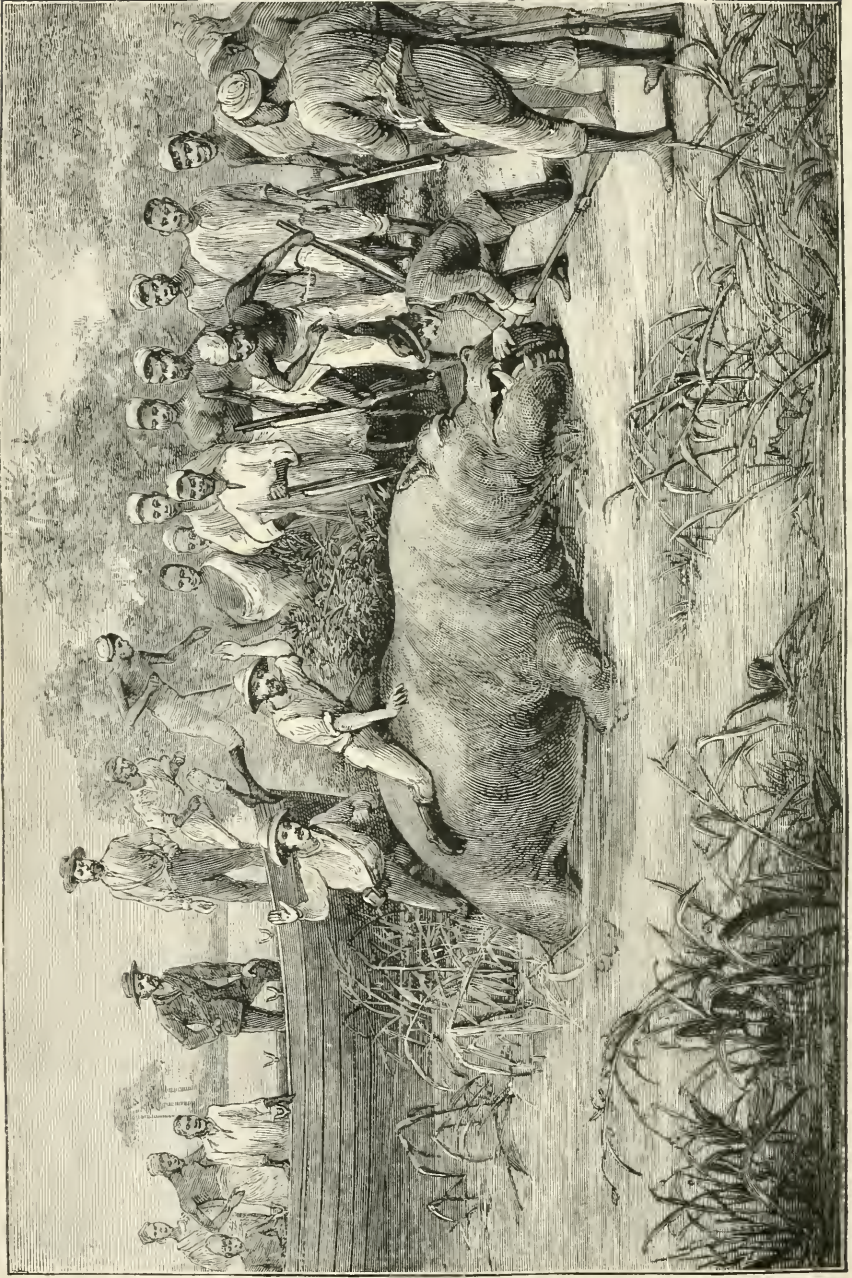
where we kept her with a full head of steam for several minutes struggling against the mighty current. Now, if you place a bottle cork in a basin of water, and stir the water violently about, you may form an idea of the style of current at this particular place. The efforts of the little steamer to make headway in the whirling bubbling cauldron were frantic. We were swung and pirouetted about by the volumed force, belched upward, sideways, and as many yards back as we had advanced in the subsidence of the whirl, and presently found the bow rising before us on an uplifted ridge of water, and again we were swept backward to become once more the slight plaything of the wrathful and tumultuous waters. With our faith in steam power considerably diminished, we retreated, baffled, and went racing down the river towards our camp.

Wishing to give our worthy skipper a little taste of the pleasure of African game shooting, on arriving half-way down Palmyra Reach, we searched for the hippopotami which we supposed usually haunted the shore near by, for the sake of the succulent grasses that grew on the low-terraced land. Nor were we disappointed. A hippopotamus was sighted, body in the water, head resting on a bank, either profoundly asleep, or lost in deep meditation.

“That a hippopotamus?” cries sea-bred Thompson.
“That’s a rock, mun!”

An Express rifle was fired into the animal’s brain, and not the slightest movement followed.

“There,” cries the sea-wise skipper. “I told you.



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“ALBERT, IN A FRENZY OF DELIGHT, MUST FIRST DESTRIDE THE CARCASE, THAT HE MIGHT WRITE TO HIS PAPA AT COPENHAGEN.”

You've fired at a rock sure enough this time. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" he asks with a beaming look of triumph.

1879.
Aug. 30.
Mussuko.

"Well, we shall see. Gently ahead, boy"—to the coloured engineer; and a few turns of the screw brought us aground, which enabled Mr. Thompson, who was a jewel of a sea-captain, but a lubber among hippos, to distinguish between a hippo's head and a rock; but who was not quite satisfied until, like another Thomas Didymus, he had buried three fingers in the wound.

I will pass over the complimentary remarks uttered by George Thompson, Captain of the SS. *Albion*, and introduce the reader by a sketch of the scene that followed, when the young Danes and Scotchmen on the *Albion* were brought up in the whaleboat to drag the beast ashore and cut the meat up for distribution among our people.

Albert, in a frenzy of delight, must first bestride the carcass, that he might write to his papa at Copenhagen, how he bestrode a hippopotamus, and Martin must spank the broad rump with open hand to his own grief; and there is opening of the jaws to judge, without peril, of the cavernous extent, count the solid molars and gleaming tusks, which could have nipped the strongest man in twain had the beast been alive, and many other freaks which curious inexperience is prone to indulge in.

Until September 13th, the *Albion* was busily employed, with the *Belgique*, in conveying the multi-

1879.
Sept. 13.
Mussuko.

tudinous effects with which we proposed to effect a permanent lodgment on some unknown point on the north or south side of the river. As fast as the goods and effects were brought to the landing-place at Mussuko they were discharged on the shore by relays of our force, while others stored the perishable materials within the factory, the coarser articles being piled in order near the landing-place. The SS. *Albion* of Leith was now released from river duty, taken down to Banana Point, coaled for her long voyage, and sent home on the 17th, direct to Europe. She carried our letters, containing the reports of our first movements up the Congo, wherein I felt we must congratulate ourselves upon the fact, that in thirty-four days we had advanced to our first base of operations about ninety miles from the sea, with all our materials, with our flotilla in working order, and every promise of future success.

CHAPTER VIII.

UP THE CONGO : FROM BOMA TO VIVI.

Buka Island—Chinsalla Creek—Prince's Island—Burial-place of officers of the Tuckey Expedition—Vinda-le-Nzaddi village—Mussuko—Number of trading establishments—Navigation of the Congo—Ultimate point of navigation—Reconnaissance for a site for our chief station—Amount of steam-power required to breast the current—Dédédé, the merry chief, tells us of a site—Castle Hill—"Sure, it is beautiful, this!"—A fiery clearance—Amiable natives—Features of the district—Access and routes to the station—Arrangements for a "palaver"—Advantages of the Vivi country; its exploration—The five chiefs of Vivi and their men-at-arms—A splendid market for old clothes—The "palaver"—A tight bargain—Congoese shrewdness in trade—Lingenji, the boy trader of Bolobo—"Are not Vivi and Nsanda one?"—The bargain closed.

VIEWED from Boma upward we are scarcely able to trace the direction from which the Congo flows to widen out into the expansive broad-bosomed stream we have become acquainted with in our ascent from Banana Creek. The hilly ridges on the north and south shores—that were not visible until we were within about fifteen miles of Boma, but which had still run easterly in almost parallel lines with our course some distance inland—are seen to almost meet just above Boma, and isolated spurs, or rocky points sharply projected from the hitherto uniform lines, impede the view up stream.

1879.
Aug.
Boma.

Steaming upward from the factory-lined shores of

1879.
Sept.
Buka Is.

Boma, and keeping well off the shore, we deflect our course gradually to the rising grove-clad head of Buka Island, or the Isle of Crocodiles, as it was anciently called by the natives. The north main shore has curved in a southerly direction from the east. Approaching Buka Island we see on our left the narrow sinuous Chinsalla Creek, separating the main from Prince's



ISLAND ON THE LOWER CONGO.

Island, and enter a deep channel between the west end of Prince's and the east end of Buka Islands. A glance at the sketch will show the nature of the vegetation and trees which clothe the slopes. It is this gap between the two islands that dispart the Congo into the two broad branches visible at Boma.

Rounding Prince's Island to the east we see the Congo flowing in one united river towards us through

a deep trough, the sides of which slope roughly upward to the height of 300 feet, and above Nokki gradually rise to 900 and 1100 feet. Confined to the average breadth of about 1400 yards, its force is increased to a current of four-and-a-half knots an hour, while 150, 200, and even 300 feet soundings are obtained at the narrower portions.

1879.
Sept.
Prince's Is.

Prince's Island is the burial place of several of the officers of the Tuckey Expedition, and in it are also buried the remains of the Boma chiefs. The river sides of the islands are clothed in a luxuriant tropical tangle out of which many a palm and its feathered fronds arises graceful to the view. On the creek side may be found a grassy terrace, over which a narrow path is traced by the natives. Its summit is jagged and uneven; the grey rock peeps out bare amid the heads of vivid crowns of trees.

When we have well passed Prince's Isle, the view to the stranger is enticing enough to lead him to expect that round the sharp rocky points something unusual will requite him for the time given to the ascent. But the utter absence of artificial scenes throughout all the rude and rough prospect soon makes him feel that once seen the view is in no way worth a second trip.

Those steep slopes of red clay earth thickly strewn with grey blocks of stone and quartz; those ever repeating conformations of almost precipitous spurs alternating with gullies scantily green with poor bush; those narrow bits of terraces adorned with a palm or two, with bluffly river frontage and long line of

1879. dark naked grit-rock, and the deep broad brown-faced
 Sept. river confined within its rocky bed and sides by two
 Mussuko. almost uniform lines of high hills, cannot offer anything
 that is very agreeable to the eye. We are never freed
 from a faint feeling that all we look upon verges upon
 the desolate; there is an unmistakable poverty in the
 aspect, and in August, when the grass is bleached white,
 there is a visible thirstiness.

The point on the southern side seen at the end of the
 first reach, is that known as Makula, and in the centre
 of the concave opposite is the village of Vinda-le-Nzaddi
 or "Vinda by the River." When we have swept past
 this the long view up the river is rendered more attrac-
 tive by the factories of Mussuko, where the concave is
 now on the southern shore, and the point opposite to
 it is distinguished by the curious name of Fiddler's
 Elbow, a designation which perpetuates a freak of
 humour on the part of old Captain Maxwell, 1793.

By the time we have arrived at Mussuko, the slopes
 of the river gorge are perceptibly higher and steeper,
 but as we round the bend of Mussuko to look up the
 river the north shore seems gradually to subside in alti-
 tude to a clump of low hill-tops, at the foot of which was
 once a village called Sanda Congo. This reach of river
 is known as Palmyra reach, from a number of flourish-
 ing palms on the narrow terrace which extends be-
 tween the base of the hills and the river. The northern
 or right side of the river is here very foul with rocks,
 but the southern side is free as far as "Diamond"
 Rock, right opposite Sanda Congo bend.

By skirting Diamond Rock, within thirty yards, or as the safer plan, when a mile below Diamond Rock, striking obliquely across the river until well clear of the troubled waters which impinge upon some rocks near the centre opposite the Diamond Rock, a vessel of any draught can safely pass upward into the next reach at the head of which the factories of Nokki are fully in view.

1879.
Sept. 26.
Nokki.

Opposite Nokki, on the north point, is Nkongolo, where the International Association have now erected a two-storied ch[^]alet and some store-houses, but in 1879 there were only two factories above Boma, that of Scott's at Mussuko, and Faro's at Nokki. In 1885, however, there are nineteen establishments (only six of which are on the north), commercial, religious, and philanthropic, between Yellala and Boma, which have considerably animated the hitherto lonely river trough.

Although in the old slave-trading days many a sailing vessel had no doubt ascended the Congo, even as far as Nokki, later navigators had not been so bold, and in 1879 the traders were not confident in their assertions that the *Albion* could ascend as far as Mussuko. But now, in 1885, the steamers dash boldly up to the landing place of Vivi, and a sturdy pilot possessing nerve and local knowledge may take a vessel with a draught of fifteen feet to Vivi as easily as to Boma.

On the 26th of September the quick and powerful steam-launch *Esperance* having been prepared, was

1879.
Sept. 26.
Nokki.

steamed up from Mussuko landing-place at 1.30 P.M., with provisions enough on board to feed a party of three whites and ten coloured men for a more deliberate and final reconnaissance which should fix for ever the ultimate point of navigability, and the site for the principal station of the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo. At 2.20 P.M. we passed Nokki, and the first view of the reach before us proved clearly that the river trough was now assuming the appearance of a cañon, for, from immediately behind Nkongolo station to the end of the reach, the north bank is a cliff gradually rising from 600 feet to 1000 feet, from the verge of which there is almost a sheer drop down to the water. The south shore, though lofty behind Nokki, appears to sweep down gradually to the Point of Tunduwa.

The *Esperance* passed rapidly upward close to the bank in almost still water, her speed increasing as we drew near Tunduwa Point owing to the back current. Keeping within ten yards of the shore, we turned up the reach leading to Vivi, to breast which current as it rushes down the narrowed cañon requires nine-knot power, otherwise it will be useless to attempt journeying further. At the foot of the Vivi reach, the river is scarcely 600 yards wide, though of an unusual depth, possibly 300 feet. Confined within this narrow gullet, and before emptying into the broad-like expansion called Mayumba Bay, which bathes the base of the cliffs just mentioned, the river in the centre acquires great force, and has too swift a current to be attempted by any

1879.
Sept. 26.
Vivi.

ordinary nine-knot steamer. But by clinging within biscuit-throw of the south shore, and watching sharply the curve of the point, the steamers of the Association and the *Kabinda* of 250 tons, and the *Morian* of 40 tons, have been able to master the difficulty. But there is no reason why a 5000-ton steamer should not pass if she possessed sufficient power, and was handled by an intelligent and experienced pilot.

As we ascended along the southern shore the current perceptibly slackened as the river slowly widened again, and we made good headway. Half way up the reach, from abreast of a low green grassy terrace, we struck across the river to the north side and crept up without difficulty to the mouth of the Lufû River, which separates Ichimpi and Chionzo District from that of Vivi. It being 5 o'clock we encamped on the eastern side of the Lufû on Vivi territory, to make a thorough inspection on the morrow.

Calavanga Islet, mentioned by Tuckey, lay just below us a hundred yards off. The smaller rapids of Vivi—into a whirlpool of which Tuckey's punt disappeared—sounded its wild moaning unchanging rhythm almost abreast of us; the Nomaza Cove, of the same navigator, is in full view nearly opposite, just above Matâddi Point (Rocky Point); and some 900 feet above us towers the steep mount now known as Castle Hill, on account of its slight resemblance to a castle wall when seen from a camp above. As it finally proved that we were in close vicinity to the site of our future greatest entrepôt, Vivi, I may as well, then, summarise the time that

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will be employed by a nine-knot steamer steaming from Banana Creek to Vivi :—

	H.	M.
Banana Creek to Ponta da Lenha	3	30
Ponta da Lenha to Boma	3	30
Boma to Mussuko	3	45
Mussuko to Nokki	1	15
Nokki to Vivi	1	10
	<hr/>	
Sea to limit of Navigation	Hours 13	10

Dé-dé-dé, the singing and gay chief of the Nsanda village from which in 1877 I despatched a party to obtain relief for my starving caravan, had been met by us in Boma with his lingster Nsakala, and by an all-powerful gift had been bribed to accompany us in the search for a station. According to him and his fellow-voyagers there would be no difficulty at all in finding a capital site within a few hours' march of Nsanda. As I had already ascended as far as I thought safe, I was in considerable doubt of this statement. At the same time, tempted by his assurance and led by curiosity, I had arrived thus far, and on the morning after our arrival at the Lufû my friend was requested to show the spot he thought would suit me. He took me to the crest of the little hill behind our camp, led me to a spot whence a clear view was obtainable, and with his finger pointed out a deep water passage, a little to the left of the track followed by the *Royal* in her vain attempt to ascend the tumultuous centre. As he professed to have a full knowlege of the course up, we embarked on board the *Esperance*, which had already full steam.

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Not five minutes later we were in the seventy-foot wide channel struggling up bravely. On our right a few yards off was the central body of the river, heaved into a watery ridge which every minute dissolved into a congeries of whirlpools, and colliding glassy masses that presently embraced wildly, and became involved under the vexed surface, and ever and again upheaved anew in circular mounds which rolled down by pressure from above into the broader quieter water below. On our left was a number of rocky islets forming little nooks and watery recesses at the present low stage of the river, but which during high water are covered with spray, and have to bear the rage of many strong streams seeking reunion with the parent flood from which they have for a time been parted. With a long pole we kept sounding constantly and carefully this deep channel, to be informed of its future utility. Thence emerging after a short time, we sped on at a quicker rate through an undisturbed river to a broad sandy landing-place at the foot of an isolated level-topped spur, projected straight river-ward from the slope of Castle Hill. The river-head of this hill dropped precipitously down to our standpoint, a depth of over 300 feet, as I guessed, its eastern side to a depth of about 100 feet, its western side to the sandy beach on which we stood, with a long sweeping slope.

It was at the base of this cliff-faced rock, which frowned so grim and silent above us, that Dé-dé-dé proposed we should take up our position and build an emporium to which all the world of Inner Africa could

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come and trade. A sand plot, one hundred yards long and fifty yards deep, which to our strange eyes led nowhere except to a grassy forest some fifteen feet high, or back again to the deep forceful river, or up that tall, upright grim rock!

“Which way, my friend Dé-dé-dé?”

“Why cut the grass away and build. Sure, it is beautiful, this!” he replied.

So we set fire to the grass, for in its present density it was not penetrable. Piercing it with a score of ten-fathom-long tongues of flame, in an hour the fire was running wild up the slopes of Castle Hill, had gone raging clear over the western slope and summit of the high bluff and dipped into the little valley on the eastern side, where, sheltered from the wind, it dallied and smouldered.

Meantime we had enjoyed our morning meal, and reminded of what a wise man had uttered once, “Honour to him who makes a road through the impassable,” plunged up the steep slope before us, and after a short but severe struggle, we had made an ascent of 343 feet, so our aneroids and boiling apparatus proved later, and had surmounted the isolated hill.

The view we obtained was worth the struggle of the ascent. We found ourselves on a curious platform, 250 yards long by 45 yards wide, almost level, and habitable, with improvements, 343 feet above the river. Two sides of it—the river and the eastern—were absolutely unclimbable; on the western it was tedious, though a road might improve that, and from the

landward end of it the Castle Hill sloped up stiffly steep to about 650 feet higher. Across the ravine, which bounded this platform on the east, was a nobler plateau, probably a square mile in surface, which made me envious.

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From a rocky coign overlooking the river, and from whence I viewed the whole as on a map, I began to



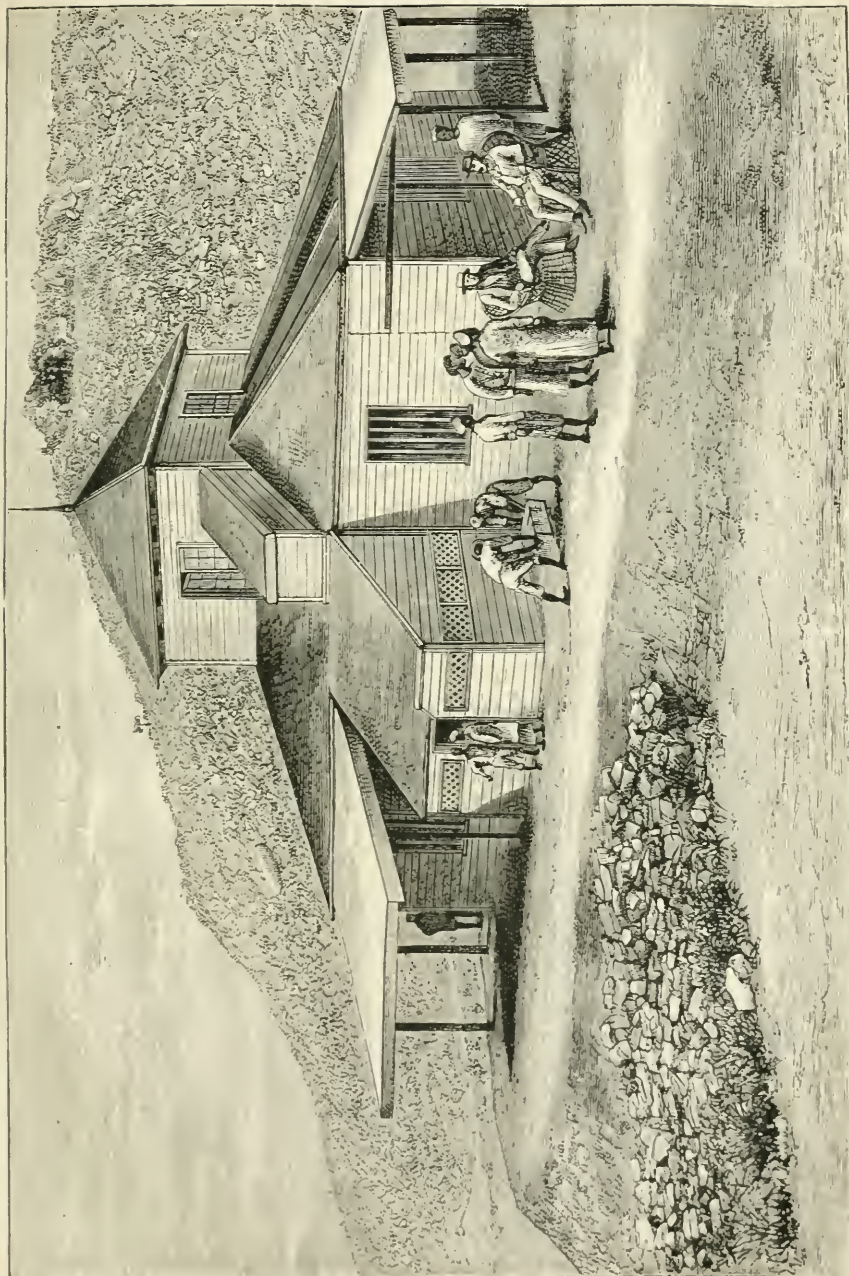
DOWN THE RIVER FROM VIVI.

study the value of this platform, and rehearsed to myself what I wished to discover. I had fancied I should want a place easy of access from the sea, a neighbouring population of a conciliatory tendency, salubrity of position; a spot whence a feasible route to the interior could be made. While pondering over the problem, some of the aborigines from Chinsalla, a village in a

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hollow to the left of the larger plateau, presented themselves before me, and ere long I had one of my ideals resolved by the unmistakable amiability manifested on their features.

I turned my thoughts again to the river. Down as far as Mayumba Bay and Tunduwa Point, up to the cliffy river-front of the gigantic mountain mass of Palaballa, the whole of the south bank was visible. Nu-ampozo River, opposite to where I stood, whitening over rock and boulder in its steep bed, tumbled into the Congo. Nomaza Cove of Tuckey was 1500 yards from us in an air-line, the river in its narrowest part here was about 900 yards wide. On our side, beginning from above river, was the broad terrace of Vivi, of the same altitude as the hill from whence we observed; then came the ravine of Nkusu, with a dry stream-bed in its bottom; then our hill, sloping down into an amphitheatral sweep, which would have been more useful but for the river-front of it bristling with irremovable rocky islets. Behind or north of this low bottom rose Castle Hill, 950 feet high, whose curious rocks near the summit in detached horizontal layers resembled antique and decayed walls. Bounding, on the west, the amphitheatral sweep at the base of Castle Hill, rose the jagged buttress whence we had first gazed on this very hill; while beyond and below this flowed the Lufû into the covelet fronted by Calavanga islet, and from the narrow Lufû River rose in a grand mass the large unbroken and stupendous Chionzo Plateau, on the airy summit of which we saw a grove of palms,



HEAD-QUARTERS, VIVI STATION, AND CASTLE HILL. (From a photograph.)

waving, we were told, over the village of Ichimpi. Taking it all together it was not an uninteresting view; there was a certain solemnity about the massive, bold, and silent features that I could well have dispensed with. But I had come for practical purposes; and the artistic will be appreciated according as it suits my interest.

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Mentally reviewing the various sites I had reserved for comparison with the very highest I could find, I knew of none to compare with the present one for salubrity. For here, on this comparatively narrow rock platform, was all the quick drainage that was needed. Insalubrity—whence could it arise here? The artistic—what spot on the lower river can match this? “The station must be left with a small garrison while you wander far inland; forget not to provide that,” whispered prudence. Well, if anything is defensible against people only armed with flint-locks, certainly this position will be almost impregnable.

Accessibility from the sea-ward? Feasibility of route into the interior?

The accessibility must be provided for by a more thorough exploration of the waters. If Tuckey could sail his naval sloop into yon Nomaza Cove, surely we in the days of steamers may drive our *Belgique* through that current without impediment or trouble. And as for a route into the interior, I think that will depend on our own industry, though it looks—hemmed in as we are by that massive 1100-foot high ridge of Vivi—a dubious and a difficult task.

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But, before deciding, I will have a look at the approaches to that larger terrace from the river side; and I must have a touch at the bottom of those wild waters and of the north and south channel again. So we descended into the Nkusu ravine, a hundred feet below us; we crossed the now dry bed of it, and, making our



NATIVE HOUSE WITH A FAMILY GROUP.

way up a high tangled mass of tall grass and reeds, we arrived panting on the longer terrace. After a rough survey we again descended to the river, and the huge rock masses there visible and the general inaccessibility entirely extinguished our hope that we, with our small force of labourers, could render it easier of

access within a reasonable period. Then Massalla, the lingster of Chinsalla village, in the hollow north of the terrace, invited us to his house, and, while partaking of his hospitable draughts of fresh palm-juice, we listened to the gossipy revelations he made regarding the chiefs of Vivi district. From him we learned that there were five chiefs, each of whom had a village and was independent of the other, though Vivi Mavungu, who dwelt with his immediate dependants upon the highest crest of Vivi mountain, was the acknowledged senior.

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The deep cool shade of the umbrageous trees, the effect of the effervescing draught of palm juice, the amiability of the villagers, the visible signs of the fertility of the soil all around the small village and between its dwarfed dwellings, were fast encroaching upon my affections, creating a liking for the locality, and sapping that cynical indifference with which I had at first associated Vivi with the scene of our preliminary labours.

Would Massalla be good enough to collect the chiefs of Vivi at our encampment near the landing-place, to hold a "palaver"? I would meanwhile ascend to the summit of Castle Hill, take a wider view around, descend again to the steamer, and with the *Esperance*, a sounding-lead, and long sounding-pole, make a sufficient survey for present uses. To this proposition Massalla, encouraged by the friendly females who had thronged about us, gave a willing assent.

A stiff climb up a steep rugged incline to another

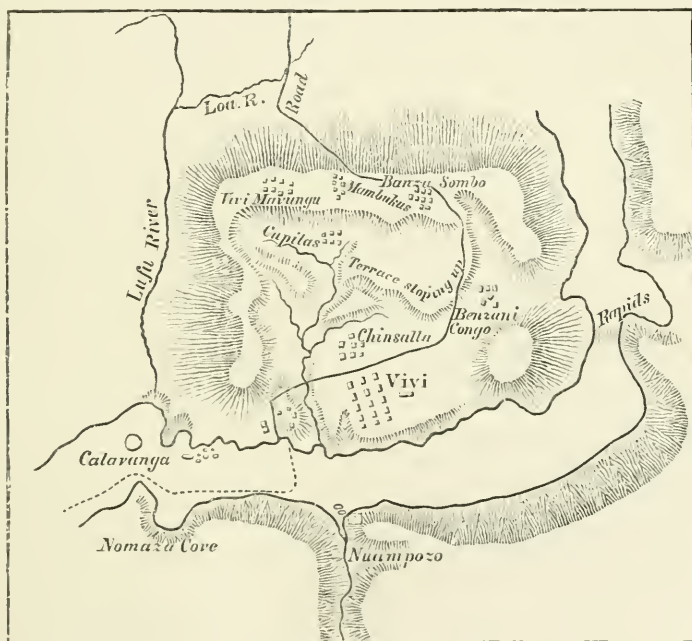
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terrace or platform, 150 feet higher than the first we had explored, and a longer, steeper ascent, lasting over half an hour, brought us just beneath the bluff rock walls we had compared to an old castle ruin. A few minutes later brought us to the crown of the Olympian height dubbed Castle Hill. As the eye swept rapidly over the view of massive and glorious sweeps of land and numberless detached hills, with the winding Congo a thousand feet beneath us, the cool breeze fanning our perspiring faces hot from the ascent, we felt ourselves repaid in some degree for the toil of coming. For the land, with its rude and bold irregularities of lofty hills and profoundly deep ravines, the general admirable careless disorder, in which it had been fixed by potent agencies, and worn by ages of hard baking and tropic rain-storm, the whole being lightened by the broad waving band of silvered water beneath, made a prospect which won from us an ungrudging compliment upon its solemn melancholy beauty. But it had not the quality of fixing the affections. The churlish soil had rejected the copious wealth of water, and its intrinsic value, through its merciless ruggedness, and the departing water had revenged itself by washing away every bit of vegetable humus that each dry season had left for its nourishment, while it exposed large patches of brick-red ungrateful clay, interspersed amid equally large patches well strewn with quartz.

The larger terrace near Chinsalla village below us appeared adapted for cultivation and settlement,

judging from our examination of the ample fold of ground of which it formed a part. The rocky platform below us looked like a short pier projected from the slope extending from us for the purpose of throwing a bridge across the Congo. To the westward the noble outline of Chionzo Plateau spread as far as the eye could note in gentle waves of grass-covered

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SKETCH MAP OF VIVI.

land, topped here and there by palmy clusters or groves of cottonwood. Behind us, or northward, Vivi ridge, now like a giant mountain hump, two or three hundred feet higher than Castle Hill, was fully revealed as above.

Along its spine were scattered a few tall groves,

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under whose shade we knew, later, were nestled the dark people of Vivi.

In imagination I supposed myself planted on the larger plateau within the loop formed by the mountain masses of Vivi ridge and Castle Hill on one half, and the river, deep down, forming the sides of the other half. It appeared to me as though I should be imprisoned within it if a means of exit were not found towards the interior. I therefore rose and strode rapidly along the spur of Castle Hill, climbed up the easy gradient to the higher Vivi ridge, where from a commanding spot I obtained a view of a land whose noble scene was most impressive.

I now began for the first time to grasp the details of the topographical situation. The slope facing inland of Viva ridge declines easily along; one of the spurs extending from it down to the valley of the Loa, a tributary of the Lufû, whose course is from the northward in a cleavage of a tableland down towards the foot of Vivi ridge, and, joined by the Loa, it winds through a rocky and narrow ravine, along the base of the slope of Castle Hill, to empty in front of Calavanga islet—thus forming an unmistakable divisional line between Vivi district and the great, broad, tabular mass of Chionzo Plateau. The parted plateaus caused by the sunken line of the Lufu offered in their expanding wide levels nothing very terrible or unpromising to the formation of a wagon-road over them; the plateau of Kulu, cut by the Loa, was equally good. As I critically examined the scene, I judged that the valley of the

Loa was much of the same altitude as Chinsalla plateau, on or near which the first station might possibly be constructed, and a road skirting the contour of Castle Hill ridge leading from the pier-like platform first examined, or the Chinsalla terrace, seemed feasible.

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The mind works rapidly and eagerly when its interest is excited. As fast as the eye searched for all these details the mind leaped into the future. I already viewed the completed station, the broad, well-travelled turnpike-road, the marching columns of tradespeople, the stream of traffic, and the incessant moving to and fro of multitudes. But, alas! when the memory reverted to the scanty band of labourers which were awaiting my decision, I could not conceal from myself the fact that all these bright scenes were unrealisable and impossible through our poverty of labour-power.

An hour's descent from my wind-swept altitude returned us to our encampment on the sandy beach at the base of the pier-platform, fully fatigued, though, after the hunger was satisfied and the limbs rested a short time, my interest was now excited by the desire to see the last problem—that of accessibility by river from the sea—solved before the chiefs of Vivi should assemble to discuss the political questions.

Accordingly we proceeded in the *Esperance* straight into the stream. Turning her head down the channel we had ascended, and, shutting off steam, we floated with the current, sounding quickly with a twelve-foot pole on either side of the bow, while with a similar

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pole other soundings were taken at the stern; and, having reached Calavanga islet, we turned her head up for another course of soundings and to familiarise ourselves with the channel. We then steamed up along the shore, and with pole and line ascertained the depth up as far as the turn leading to Upper Vivi Rapids; then across the river to the foot of the mighty cliffs above the Nuampoza River on the south side. Judging that the depth about here must be unusual, twenty yards from the bouldery base of the cliff I cast my line, and found fifteen fathoms. Another cast at seventy-five or eighty yards from it—a long length of line vanished, and, though we were floating down stream, I discovered that my line floated upward of me much faster, so that we would have to steam ahead a little to keep up with it; and when brought up rigid I found the lead was inextricably fixed in the rocks beneath. I measured what was left in the boat, and perceived that there must be a depth of ninety fathoms of water at this spot. We discovered two facts in connection with this: viz., that there was a strong under-current of water flowing up stream in this bend, while the surface-water flowed downward, and that the bottom, deep as it was, was covered with great rocks, which could only be caused by a yet greater depth midstream and below, which prevented the deposit of alluvium there.

Our last piece of water-exploration was performed by descending with the current along the south shore from just below the Nuampoza covelet. We found that by

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keeping well in shore, away from the vicinity of the boisterous waters in the centre, that the river was perfectly clear to a great depth, and that for the helmsman locally experienced there was no difficulty to hinder the navigation of any ship possessing greater power than the current.

At 4 P.M. we returned to our camp on the beach (having exhausted ten hours in very useful work), to meet the five chiefs of Vivi district, who, encircled about by about two score of armed men, and led out to me by the smiling Massala, were in due order and according to precedence introduced to me.

No. 1, the senior lord of Vivi, by name Vivi Mavungu of Banza Vivi, son of his father of the same name, stood out, short of stature and club-footed, with an affected scowl of defiant truculency, which he had intended for one of bland amiability, dressed in a blue lackey's coat, a knit Phrygian cap of vari-coloured cotton, and a lower-cloth of gaudy pattern.

No. 2, Ngufu-Mpanda, of Banza Sombo, a hale old man with gray hair—a veritable Uncle Tom—in an English red military tunic, a brown felt hat, an ample cloth of check pattern round the lower portion of his body, anklets of brass wire, and a necklace of elephant hair wove through a few fetish relics for good luck. Like Vivi Mavungu, he brought his hand up to his hat, bent his body in a not ungraceful salutation, and “scraped a leg” like a sailor.

No. 3, Kapita, a humorous-looking elder, of short height, befrocked in a dark blue soldier's coat, a good

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cloth round his lower half, ankles and neck being adorned in a fashion similar to the above-mentioned. After a salute, which likewise was an imitation of a sailor's, he retired to make room for—

No. 4, Vivi Nku, who was not very sober, but rather hilarious in manner, and degraded in feature, in a black cloth frock-coat and black silk hat, and his nether parts encircled by an ample robe of crimson savelist.

No. 5 was Benzani Congo, a handsome, well-formed young man, in a dark brown coat which belonged once to a London club, a nether robe of spotted blue cotton, neck, ankles, and wrists ringed around with brass wire.

The men-at-arms were not bad-looking. The profits of trade had sufficed to furnish them all with decent outfits of either printed cottons or unbleached domestic, while a striped cotton cap of jaunty Phrygian pattern was sported by nearly all, except a few who preferred the English felt or straw hat. Their weapons were flint-locks, branded "Tower."

Short as was my view of this concourse of Vivi aborigines, I foresaw a brilliant future for Africa, if by any miracle of good-fortune I could persuade the dark millions of the interior to cast off their fabrics of grass clothing and don the second-hand costumes visible, say, in Whitechapel. See what a ready market lies here for old clothes! The garments shed by the military heroes of Europe, of the club lackeys, of the liveried servants of modern Pharaohs, the frock-coats of a lawyer, merchant, or a Rothschild; or perhaps the grave garb of these my publishers, may here find people of the rank

of Congo chieftainship to wear them, and strut about *en grande tenue* while on ceremonious visits.

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Since this period my views have been confirmed by larger experience, and I have seen many thousands of dark Africa's sons who would not feel it to be a dero-



NATIVE CHICKEN SELLER.

gation of their dignity to wear the cast-off costumes of the pale children of Europe, but would put themselves to some little trouble to gather enough raw produce to give in legitimate exchange for them, that they may wear them rightfully and nobly.

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And now—some on native mats, laid over a large space under the shade of a wide-spreading tree—the chiefs are seated in the fore-ground ; decorously behind, at a respectful distance are the men-at-arms. Massala, the lingster or spokesman, is requested by scowling Vivi Mavungu to address the words of welcome to me ; and a clever interpreter, learned in the English as well as in the dialect of Vivi, conveys them to me in very complimentary form, as thus :—

“ We, the big chiefs of Vivi, are glad to see the mundelé (trader, formerly, but now applied to every white). If the mundelé has any wish to settle in our country as Massala informs us, we shall welcome him, and will be great friends with him. Let the mundelé speak his mind freely.”

I replied : “ State that I am glad to hear them speak so kindly to the white man. To-day I do not want much. I want ground to build my houses, for I am about to build many, either here or elsewhere. I want ground enough, if I can get it, to make gardens and fields. Vivi is not good for that unless I go far up ; but what I do get I want for myself and people, and the right to say what white man shall come near me. At Boma the chiefs have cut the ground up small ; there is no room for me. I want plenty of room, and that is why I have come up here. I want to go inland, and must have the right to make roads wherever it is necessary, and all men that pass by those roads must be allowed to pass without interruption. No chief must lay his hand on them and say, ‘ This country is mine ;

pay me something ; give me gin, or cloth, or so many guns.' You have heard of me, I know, for Dé-dé-dé, who is here, must have told you. What I saw on the road to Boma must not be repeated here. You have no roads in your country. It is a wilderness of grass, rocks, bush ; and there at Banza Vivi is the end of all life. If you and I can agree, I shall change all that. I am going to stop here to-night ; think of what I have told you, and I will listen. To-morrow you can return at the third hour of the day, and speak."

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After a little consultation together they returned homeward, taking with them Dé-dé-dé and Nsakala, my friends of 1877, and Massala, the lingster. Each of the chiefs begged for, and received, a bottle of gin.

About half-an-hour before sunset we were made aware of a curious structure, like a broad high raft, in the middle of the stream about a mile below, that vomited forth black volumes of smoke, and seemed rooted to the spot. Through a glass I could distinguish it as the *En Avant*, which had managed in some unaccountable way to ascend so far on an errand that we could not divine, unless some calamity had happened during my absence at the camp. Again I sped down river eager to know the cause, only to find that the boat had come thus far in the effort to bring me a box of goods I had vainly been in search of before leaving Mussuko. One of the Zanzibaris employed in my first reconnoitring trip had shown the way ; and, with the scientific help of the chief engineer of

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the flotilla, the *En Avant* had disclosed her dormant capabilities.

After hours of cold dispassionate arguments with myself that night, while seated on the sand in the moonlight, I came to the conviction that I could not better my choice of position, but that industry well directed, and plans vigorously pursued, might vastly



CONGO FROM LANDING-PLACE, VIVI.

improve what Nature had so carelessly left in disorder. I then retired to a sound and well-deserved rest, and rose next morning at daybreak, to pace the shore with mind alert and busy—too busy indeed considering the smallness of the force of men with whose assistance I proposed to perform such marvels.

Punctually to the time appointed the Vivi chiefs, and their armed retinues appeared tricked out in Congo fashion's garb, second-hand military and lackey coats,

and gay cottons. All the men were sober and cleanly. The mats were unrolled, and the decorous demeanour suited to the important palaver was assumed, when suddenly at a signal from the lingster, the salute was given, none rising until the senior in rank had risen, bowed, and resumed his seat.

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The conference began by the lingster, Massala, describing how the chiefs had gone home, and consulted together for a long time: they had agreed that if the Mundelé would stay with them, that of all the land unoccupied by villages, or fields and gardens, I should make my choice, and build as many houses, and make as many roads, and do any kind of work I liked; that I should be considered as the "Mundelé" of Vivi, and no other white man should put foot on Vivi soil, which stretched from the Lufû up to the Banza Kulu district, and inland down to the Loa River, without permission from me; no native chief of inland or river-side should molest any man in my employ within the district of Vivi; help should be given for work, and the people of Vivi, such as liked, should engage themselves as workmen; anybody, white or black, native or foreign, passing to and fro through the land, should do so freely, night and day, without let or hindrance; if any disagreement should arise between any of my people, white or black, and the people of Vivi, they, the chiefs, would promise not to try and revenge themselves, but bring their complaint before the Mundelé of Vivi, that he might decide upon the

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right and the wrong of it; and if any of their people were caught in the act of doing wrong, then the white man shall promise that his chief shall be called to hear the case against him, and if the crime is proved, the chief shall pay the fine according to custom.

“All this,” continued Massala, “shall be set down in writing, and you shall read it, and the English lingster shall tell it straight to us. But first we must settle what the chiefs shall receive in return for these concessions.”

Now the territory of Vivi consists of twenty square miles at the utmost. Its productive part was already occupied and cultivated, with the exception perhaps of 500 acres. The rest was all mountain, rock-strewn slope, dry river course, jagged hill-tops, and patches of terraces too much torn up by winding nullahs to be made useful. It was mostly barren, mean, worthless. But then I, like the traders, was not in search of an agricultural district. I needed a port, a point of debarkation for the interior. Being the Ultima Thule of navigation, labour being so scarce, and the bold sloping walls of the cañon being continuous and so relentlessly high, I must needs accept the position, and by industrious energy attempt to tame its prevailing wildness, and put a veneer, however thin, on the present undoubted ruggedness. As a matter of fact, therefore, it was for the sake of what a road from Vivi might promote, not for what Vivi in itself was worth, that negotiations were made.

In the management of a bargain I should back the Congoese native against Jew or Christian, Parsee or Banyan, in all the round world. Unthinking men may perhaps say cleverness at barter, and shrewdness in trade, consort not with their unsophisticated condition and degraded customs. Unsophisticated is the very last term I should ever apply to an African child or man in connection with the knowledge of how to trade. Apply the term if you please to yourself or to a Red Indian, but it is utterly inapplicable to an African, and this is my seventeenth year of acquaintance with him. I have seen a child of eight do more tricks of trade in an hour than the cleverest European trader on the Congo could do in a month. There is a little boy at Bolobo, aged six, named Lingenji, who would make more profit out of a pound's worth of cloth than an English boy of fifteen would make out of £10 worth. Therefore when I write of a Congo native, whether he is of the Bakongo, Byyanzi, or Bateké tribes, remember to associate him with an almost inconceivable amount of natural shrewdness, and power of indomitable and untiring chaffer.

Four hours were expended before the bargain was concluded, and I found myself obliged to pay £32 down in cloth and a rental of £2 per month. The papers confirming this agreement were drawn up in due form, and signed by the respective parties concerned in the transaction.

The following quotation from my journal that even-

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ing sums up this day's work truthfully, and even now, with larger knowledge of the locality, not much improvement is needed.

"I am glad we have so happily concluded the negotiations. My friend Dé-dé-dé of Nsanda pleaded and argued hard, so much so indeed that Vivi Mavungu became suspicious at last, which caused Dé-dé-dé to fall at the feet of each Vivi chief, with finely affected warmth and action, crying out, 'Are not Vivi and Nsanda one? why should I seek to do hurt or harm to Vivi?' We had the usual scenes of loud applause and silence in the court."

"I am not altogether pleased with my purchase. It has been most expensive in the first place, and the rent is high. However, necessity has compelled me to it. It is the highest point of navigation of the Congo opposite which a landing could be effected. The landing-place is scarcely 300 yards long, but if the shores were improved by levelling, available room for ships could be found for 1500 yards.

"The great difficulty is to be found in the steepness of the hill slopes, though engineers and skilled workmen with effective tools would make light work of it. A city of 20,000 inhabitants might be accommodated on the larger plateau, with sufficient landing conveniences. It ought to be healthy (unless the air exhaled here is impregnated with malaria), and with hydraulic machines for lifting water to the plateau it might bloom like a garden. I have not as yet measured its

actual extent of level, but I should say from my memory that it must be a mile long by half a mile wide. Chinsalla village is in a gentle hollow between this and the first spring of the land rising to Vivi Mountain; around it palms flourish, cool water is found, and it possesses quite an acreage devoted to gardens and fields."

1879.
Sept. 27.
Vivi.

CHAPTER IX.

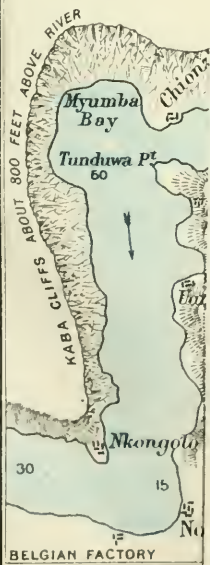
THE FOUNDING OF VIVI: A STORY OF WORK.

An unpromising field for work—"He makes his mark, and many marks make a road"—The signal given—Work offered to the natives: their astonishment—Road-making—Transport of stores—Mapping the sites of houses—I gain the name of *Bula Matari*, "Breaker of Rocks"—Garden-making—Duration of our working day—Native fondness of grog—Completing the head-quarters—Extracts from descriptive letters to the President—Officers and men at Vivi.

1879.
Sept. 29.
Vivi.

A MORE cruel or less promising task than to conquer the sternness of that austere and sombre region of Vivi could scarcely be conceived. Its large bold features of solidity, ruggedness, impassiveness, the chaos of stones, worthless scrub, and tangle of grass in hollow, on slope, or summit, breathed a grim defiance that was undeniable. Yet our task was to temper this obstinacy, to make the position scaleable, even accessible; to quicken that cold lifelessness; to reduce that grim defiance to perfect submission; in a word, to infuse vigorous animation into a scene which no one but the most devoted standard-bearer of Philanthropy could ever have looked at twice with a view to its value. Our only predecessors in this region had been men despatched

Ichimpi
1100





SKETCH MAP OF
VIVI STATION
 AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY
 by compass.

Scale: 1 Eng. Statute Mile.



Note: - Heights in feet above the river, Depths in fathoms

Boundary between Portuguese West Africa and Congo Free State

Stanford's Geogr. Estab.

on an errand of geographical exploration, or tourists who had hastily passed through to view the Falls of Yellala. Trade had shunned it, religious zeal saw no fit field here for its labours; perhaps its grimness of feature had daunted the zealot. But let us see what wakeful diligence, patient industry, and a trustful faith can make of it; the power of man is great, though he is a feeble, perishable creature; with little strokes but many, he has before this performed marvels; his working life counts but a handful of hours, but with every hour—industry inspiring him—he makes his mark, and many marks may make a road.

1879
Sept. 30.
Vivi.

With such views we began. The *Esperance* was despatched with the steel lighter down to Mussuko for men, and provisions of rice and beef, and on her return back again for machettes, hoes, picks, and shovels, crow-bars and sledge-hammers; then again more men, and more provisions, and a third time for more men, tools, provisions, tents, awnings, canvas sheds. When we numbered a hundred workmen, the slow, laborious work before us was commenced by tracing a line through the half-consumed reeds—from the beach to the summit of the rock platform—now known as Old Vivi Hill. In order to see clearly what gradient could be given to it, this tracing had to be at least fifty feet wide, running at right angles, for the comparatively short length of the Hill (750 feet) did not allow of more angles without a work which would have absorbed months of road-making alone. When measured with a tape-line, the road determined upon from the

1879.
October 1.
Vivi.

beach to the straight was 1965 feet. We divided this into sections, and made five working squads. At a signal we saluted the dawn of the new era with the inspiring sound of striking picks, ringing hoes, metallic strokes of crowbars, and dull thudding of sledgehammers, which rang out on the morning on the 1st of October, 1879, brisk and busy, foretokening the manner and spirit in which we intended to prosecute the first great enterprise up the Congo.

The chiefs of Vivi were here in gay robes and bright colours; their retinue was for the first time without arms; they stood empty-handed with brawny muscles which made me envious, and suggested other thoughts.

The spirit of industry had been aroused. "See, oh chiefs!" I said, "I have begun. My young men are at work; have you no help to give me? Look at your strong-armed young fellows standing idle, and I have abundance of cloth bound in the bales below, brighter handkerchiefs than any you have yet seen, gay strings of beads and shining brass armlets for the womankind; collect fifty people, and prepare the top of the hill for me to live upon, cut down the grass, clear the ground of stones, and mark your welcome of my coming among you thus, and to-night at sunset the wage due shall be paid, and a demijohn of good rum shall celebrate the event!"

My clever interpreter, for at this period I knew not the Ki-Kongo dialect, put the above in perhaps still more forcible language. The effect of it was seen in the universal smile which lightened their features, as they all looked at one another inquiringly. But pre-

sently they were striding towards their respective chiefs, man, woman, and child, to discuss the reality of the offer.

1879.
October 1.
Vivi.

What! they who had to delve and dig in their gardens and fields, and plant the fruitful arachide, and collect the palm-nut and crush it to extract the precious kernel, and boil the yellow butter of the palm, then load it in canoes, and float it down to Boma, and spend days in the sale of their produce, and wearily paddle against the stream and brave the danger of the current during dreary days, to have a white man in their midst offering to buy what strength lay in their arms and willingness in their spirits for labour!

It is an event which neither they, and certainly not their fathers, had ever heard or dreamed of. Its very novelty unexpectedly startles them to demand of each chief the meaning and significance of the offer. The thing was totally destitute of precedents, might there not be mixed in it some small danger of which they wot not?

I watch the speaking groups; I see the grave faces of the chiefs as they appear to be imbued with the gravity of the proposition as explained eagerly by the speaker, now and then lighten up with smiles as though they would pooh-pooh some ridiculous alarm suggested by a timid creature. I see the face also of my interpreter, which is like a book; there is a good-natured contempt on it as he hears the vain alarms loudly uttered. At last I note a growing conviction on the faces of the chiefs that after all it might be of great good to them,

1879.
October 1.
Vivi.

an enrichment in a small way of the community at large, productive of a trifling interest to them in the shape of bottles of gin, social drinks, and—who knows?—perhaps a slight increase to their store of cloth currency.

The upshot of it all, after due bargaining, is that I count sixty-five men, women, and children of Vivi on the summit of the hill, clearing its face of the rough stones so thickly strewn, and cutting the scrub bush and levelling the ant mounds. I, on the search for omens, like the men of old on the verge of enterprises, take this sight to be a happy augury of the future.

As yet I had brought no European upon the scene, though four assistants were waiting orders below, besides those employed on the steamers running up and down, who were familiarising themselves more and more with the river track. For I had some small dread of their coming to such a work and viewing a scene so barren of accommodation, so depressing in its slow and tedious advance. Besides, the force was too small, and the task at present did not warrant any subdivision. All hands were fresh and healthy, and a European would be almost a hindrance rather than help. The *Belgique*, also, day after day required a number of Europeans and labourers to load her at Boma and discharge her at Mussuko, while the *Royal* the *En Avant* and the *Jeune Africaine* needed many improvements and repairs before they could be employed in the strong current between Mussuko and Vivi.

Between the 1st and the 13th of October, we continued our work, and a road of sufficient breadth for the transport of the more portable effects to the summit of Vivi Hill was completed, though before the wagons could be hauled up in safety many days of labour had yet to be given to the operations. The *Espérance* meantime had been twice a day regularly to Mussuko and back, bringing each time three tons of miscellaneous stuff to the landing-place.

1879.
October 13.
Vivi.

On the 13th of October the *Belgique* began running up; then the Englishmen, Mr. John Kirkbright of Birmingham, and Mr. A. B. Swinburne of London, were ordered up to the scene, while Mr. Augustus Sparhawk of Boston was brought up from Boma to Mussuko; his duty, with the assistance of Mr. A. H. Moore, being to superintend the camp and the loading of the *Belgique*. The *En Avant* was brought up to act as carrier between the landing-place of Vivi and the beach above the covelet called Belgique Creek (a cove of still water half a mile above the Lufû mouth). The *Royal* was retained at Vivi to act as a despatch-boat between Vivi and Mussuko. The *Belgique* towing the large steel lighter commenced transporting the wooden house and iron stores so well constructed by Francis Morton & Co. of London. On her arrival at Belgique Creek a force of men marched down from the camp at the landing-place and, quickly discharging the cargo, she was released to depart for another load, while we began to transport the house sections and build them in a pile on the *En Avant*, which, when loaded, steamed close in shore

1879.
October 13.
Vivi.

to our landing-place, where another force of men quickly unloaded her, and conveyed the sections of huts to the neighbourhood of the camp.

The Kabindas, Vivi natives, coast labourers, aided by a few Zanzibaris, conveyed them up the new road to the



SPECIMENS OF OUR EMPLOYÉS.

summit of Vivi Hill. A day or two after, my tent was taken up and set for the first time on the future site of old Vivi, which, clean cleared of rocks and scrub, was now revealed in all its length and breadth, naked and brick-red of colour, except where the face of it was disfigured by massive boulders rolled down from some

part of the overhanging height, and which were too ponderous to be touched by the untutored hands of natives.

1879.
October 16.
Vivi.

Now, with paper and pencil, and the outline of the top of Vivi drawn according to scale, did I proceed with due regard to safety from fire, and to defensive qualities as a provision against result of rupture when absent, to map out the site of each house and store. Then I bethought me of a garden—the place looked so devoid of grace and completeness without it—and for the sake of giving a finish to the plan a long oval was drawn which should represent an enclosure wherein, some time hence, verdure might give relief to eyes aching from sun-glare, and wearying of the view of white-painted structures and a brick-red plaza. When this was done the carpenter and his assistants were appointed to begin the construction of the wooden huts; an engineer, disgusted with driving an engine on a three-ton launch, was detailed with a few men to erect the iron stores; a force of men was set to excavate an oval basin 150 feet by 40 feet 18 inches deep in the hard, sterile face of the platform. With the earth from this excavation we levelled the ground, and made the foundations for the houses uniform. Gangs of men with crowbars and sledge-hammers were engaged in prising the larger boulders over the precipitous steep to the depths below, and pulverising others for road beds, which should be presently covered with a few inches of clay soil.

It is for this work of pulverisation of rock that the

1879.
October.
Vivi.

Vivi chiefs, wonderingly looking on while I taught my men how to wield a sledge-hammer effectively, bestowed on me the title of Bula Matari—Breaker of Rocks—with which, from the sea to Stanley Falls, all natives of the Congo are now so familiar. It is merely a distinctive title, having no privileges to boast of, but the friend or “son,” or “brother” of Bula Matari will not be unkindly treated by the Bakongo, Bateké, or By-yanzi, and that is something surely.

As fast as a portion of the garden basin was excavated the natives of Vivi, male and female, were engaged to carry the rich black alluvial soil from the Nkusu valley on the eastern side of the hill at so much per hundred boxes of earth. In this operation there were many attempts made to defraud me of my due weight of earth, but a Zanzibari policeman at the head of the road examining each box soon prevented that trick. Five thousand boxfuls of earth for twenty days represent roughly 2000 tons, with which I formed 2000 square feet of a garden, wherein, after dressing and levelling and forming narrow alleys, I planted my nine mango, a few orange, avocada pears, and lime plants I had brought from Zanzibar. Beds of carrots, onions, lettuce, parsnips, turnips, cabbage, beets, tomatoes, were made; some papaw seeds were planted, and a palisade was constructed around it. Thus I formed my garden, which, under careful watering, soon showed green, and in a few months repaid me not only by its pleasant verdure, but contributed much variety of vegetables to the table, limited as it was. In January, 1883, I

gathered eleven large mangoes, the first year's production of fruit, and the stones of them were planted at Léopoldville to be in 1885 ten feet high.

1879.
November.
Vivi.

With the exception of Sundays, we worked hard every day from 6 A.M. to 11 A.M., when the great gong of Vivi told of breakfast and rest from work. At 1 P.M. work was resumed, and lasted till 6 P.M. The native workmen and Kabindas at sunset were treated to a small glass of grog well mixed with water. Their fondness for it was shown by the manner in which they scoured their gums with the alcoholic liquid. The chiefs require two glasses, as well as the lingsters, and the lords of Vivi during this busy period took particular care on various pretences to linger near the rum bucket, that they might have a trifle of a taste before saying "Good-night," and crawling up to their cool villages on the top of Vivi mountain.

The good-natured Committee at home, under the idea that we might need some time to lift the *Belgique* on the stocks for repairs and painting, had despatched to us some large timber 12" \times 12".

The beach of Banana Point, however, afforded a much better place for this than anything we could construct in the neighbourhood of a strong current. Therefore, when the head-quarters, the residence of the chief of Vivi Station, was about to be built, this timber sawn up into thick planks, with the addition of some extra planking, enabled me to erect a two-storied *châlet*, with cellar beneath, for bottled wine, beer, and liquor, and tinned provisions. The unmanageable and unbreakable heads

1879.
December.
Vivi.

of rotten sandstone and mica which cropped out at the river end of Vivi Hill, were covered out of sight by building a wall across the face of the hill, and filling up the space with waste stones and rubbish ; surfacing all with a smooth layer of the reddish soil. In the centre of the upper platform thus made, the Vivi head-



VIEW OF VIVI HEADQUARTERS FROM NORTH.

quarters was constructed, facing and commanding a view of the entire plaza and garden.

At the opposite end were the Zanzibari lines, stables, with sheds for hay and bran, and at the foot of the lines were the poultry houses, and goat and pig yards, where also were the blacksmiths' and carpenters' sheds.

Perhaps the following quotations from letters to the President of the Comité d'Étude du Haut Congo will

serve to throw a more vivid light upon our work at this period than any retrospective summary that I could draw up:—

1880.
Jan. 8.
Vivi.

“VIVI, CONGO RIVER, *January 8th*, 1880.

“MY DEAR COLONEL,

“Yesterday we completed head-quarters, but we have got to paint it. We shall certainly be through, so far as I am concerned with the principal and lower station, in a short time, though there will be work enough for the Chief of Vivi and his party for a very long time yet.

“As we are now rapidly rounding off our work on this station, I like it more than ever, and am quite satisfied with it as being the best place on the river, above the highest mercantile establishment, which is about ten miles below us.

“Though we are on a hill 340 feet above the river, limited in area, something similar to the Acropolis at Athens, we look across a narrow valley fifty metres wide and forty metres deep abreast of head-quarters, and command a view of a tolerably level terrace or plateau sufficient for a city I should estimate of 20,000 inhabitants, while if it spreads itself into the depressions and valleys, there is space enough to construct a much larger one, with gardens and parks *quantum suff.* between the Congo and the mountains, while picturesque scenery meets the eye at every point.

“Small and humble as our lower station is, it is the most imposing place on the Congo, and the first view of it, as people tell me coming up the river for the first time, is very striking. They say, head-quarters appears like a castle or a church, and a missionary from across the river said it was like a town with a grand promise. ‘Certainly,’ said he, ‘much superior to what it really is when you are once here.’

“We have also a garden in the centre of the Acropolitan Station, wherein are planted nine mango trees, six papaws, three *avocada* pear, six oranges, seven lemons, three guavas, and where presently will be sewn the flower seeds, Eucalyptus, etc.

“In order that you may fully appreciate this garden or park of ours, you should be told that our Acropolis consists principally of a rotten micaceous stone on the surface, while beneath lies the hard unpromising gritty trap of the Congo region, and that we had to clear and expose its bald head, on which it was evident that Nature never would consent to nourish verdure.

“It would have been unspeakably intolerable if our infant station were to have no shade, and last month I remedied this matter by depositing two thousand tons of the richest black hothouse soil, that the adjacent valley, prolific in its grasses, afforded. Now I have the satisfaction of seeing the papaws springing up visibly, the mango leaves deepening their

1880.
Jan. 8.
Vivi.

greenness, the lemon assume a fresher tint, the guavas on the verge of sending out new twigs, and the oranges giving every promise of repaying our trouble; and, astonishing to relate, the palisade I had closely planted around the tiny park have now six-inch long twigs in full leaf, and almost hide the marks of axe and saw by their leaves.

“The natives round about daily visit us and watch our progress with pleasure. They and I get along very amicably together, and our intercourse is of the most happy character and irreproachable in its peacefulness and spirit of felicitous concord. If continued in this manner without the meddling of strangers, the fabulous arcadia cannot compete with it in its fewness of squabbles.

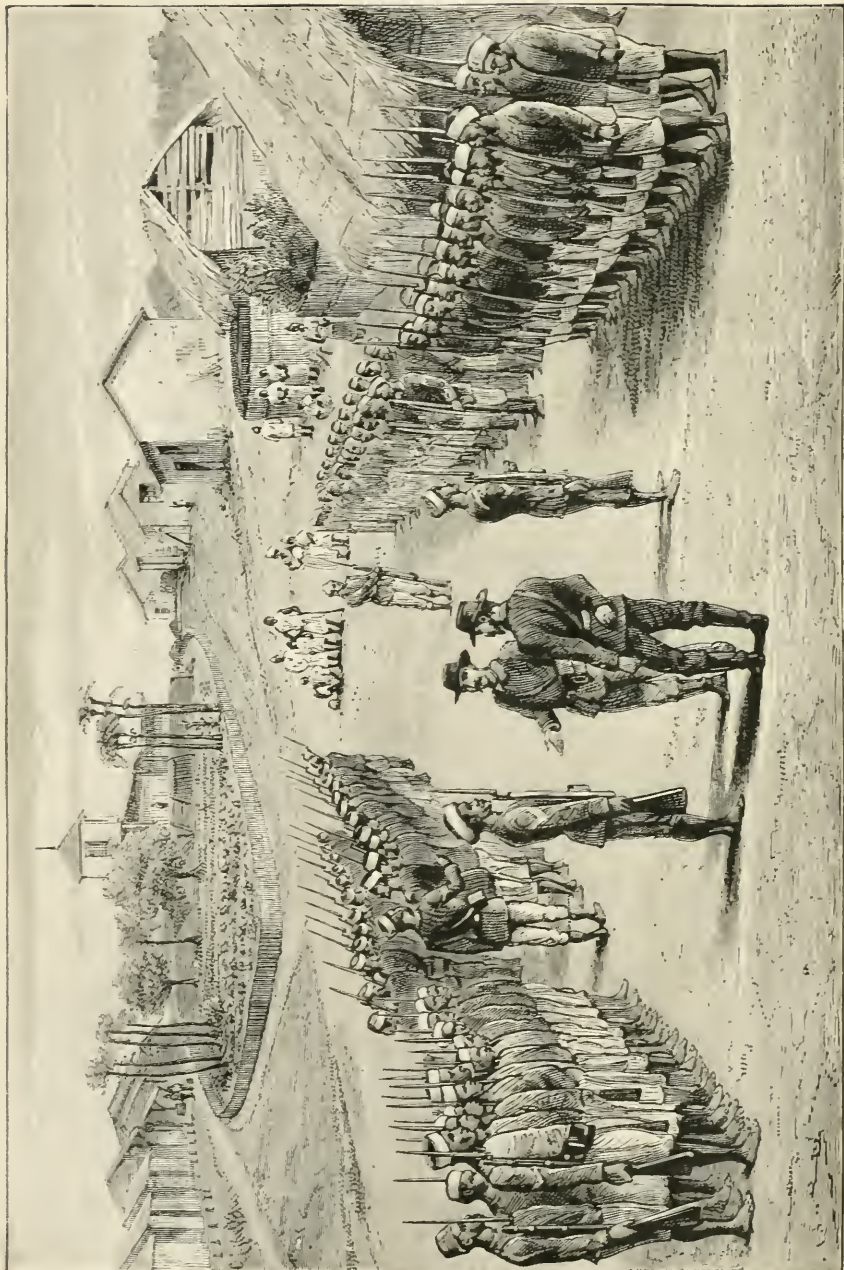
“There is no slave trade in any part of the country in our vicinity. It may chance that a chief may have two or three domestic slaves, but you will better understand what I mean, if I say that a miserable face betokening suffering, sorrow, discontent with its owners’ lot, I have not seen in all this district of Vivi.

“I have great pleasure in informing you of the arrival of Mr. Deanes, 2nd Engineer of the *Albion* and François Flamini, an Italian Engineer; both are of very good character, with considerable promise of work about them.

“I feel assured that these will not worry me about ‘expenses of *tout nature*,’ that they will be prompt in obedience, respectful in demeanour, active in your interests, assiduous in their duties; and they will not threaten me with what they will do in case of non-compliance will preposterous demands, or for expostulating with them upon neglect of duty; that they will not think it beneath their dignity to be seen in their shirt-sleeves, as I divest myself of coat and devote myself to manual labour from the rising of the sun to its setting. I like to feel that I am accompanied by a band of men to whom I have not to preach daily about the glorious dignity of doing one’s duty.

“You will appreciate this fact better when I tell you that I have not seen the *Belgique*, nor Captain L— R— G— A—, since the 16th of October, two months and twenty-three days. These people have kept our steamer down at Banana all this time on the pretence of repairing her. By the bills sent to me occasionally I am informed that I am in debt in a sum of £75 for medical attendance. The Europeans with me are uncommonly well, but it is perhaps because they are not permitted the freest access to Portuguese wine.

“I have no particular preference for any nationality here. Duty is our law, rule and guide. Be he Dutchman, Greek, Turk, Portuguese, Dane, Belgian, Englishman, or American, is perfectly immaterial so long as he works according to his agreement. We are here charged to perform a task which I believe is a sacred one. While the task is unfulfilled there is no place here for the trifier, laggard, indolent, peevish, undisciplined man, hostile to his work.



THE INTERIOR OF VIVI STATION. (From a photograph.)

“With the feeling of immense relief I regard the departure of —— whose conduct has revealed to me an amount of selfishness that has been a novelty to me from its intensity and peculiarity.

1880.
Jan. 8.
Vivi.

“I hear the merry sound of the hammer struck on the anvil by the capital blacksmith just arrived. I must also note the arrivals of the mules and donkeys with an abundance of fodder.”

Nearly a month later a letter to the President records my impressions after the station was completed, and the end of the first stage was attained.

“CONGO RIVER, Feb. 6th, 1880.

“MY DEAR COLONEL,

“I write by this mail to say, first, that our lower station is complete in all details, and that we finished its construction on Saturday the 24th of January. The houses were all erected, painted within and without, and ornamented sufficiently to suit a modern taste befitting our work, and this country, the roads on both sides of the hill (i.e., from the landing-place to head-quarters, and from head-quarters down to the Nkusu rivulet, where we get drinking water) were also in perfect order, the garden in the centre and surrounded by the station, completely arranged, flower mounds, vegetable beds, and grass plots, &c. About 600 tons of miscellanea conveyed from the landing-place stores to the station magazines, provisions emptied from their cases and stowed away in the capacious cellar under head-quarters, the dry goods, cloths, beads, were arranged at the head-quarter stores, which are separate from the station magazines, a large and commodious stable had been built for the mules, and upon everything that you might have cast your eye upon you could see nothing but what was in order and proper to its necessity.

“This work was begun October 1st, 1879, ended January 24th, 1880. Time, 3 months 24 days. It was also commenced in the hot season when Europeans, like S ——, collapsed, and through the rainy season.

“My gratification was such that I thought all hands assisting in the work deserved a holiday and suitable gifts. Accordingly each of our working people and Kabindas, 206 total, received four yards of cloth, and the 25th and 26th days of January were allotted to them that they might rejoice and rest after their arduous labours before commencing the second stage.

“The Europeans, twelve in number (one being sick and four absent with the *Belgique*), were banqueted by me out of my private stores and at my personal expense, and fortunately just before our holiday, Mr. Blandy, my friend at Madeira, had sent me three cases of fine wines for ‘auld lang syne’s’ sake, and with other private stocks, I was able to make a very decent show of hospitality. Besides which I had purchased

1880.
Feb. 6.
Vivi.

three bullocks at Boma, which you will have to pay for, and out of these we had something like 800 lbs. of good beef for the first time on the Congo. This quantity divided permitted three pounds of beef to each person white and black, and sufficient to give the native Chief of Vivi a plentiful share in cloth and liquor, who came in great state, with numerous followers, to receive these goods.

“On Sunday the 25th our banquet took place, and everything passed off agreeably. The first toast was ‘His Majesty the King of the Belgians,’ the prime mover and the best supporter of the ‘Expédition du Haut Congo.’

“Second Toast, ‘Her Majesty Queen Victoria’ and the ‘President of the United States.’

“Third Toast, ‘The Contributors to the support of the Expedition du Haut Congo,’ &c.

“On the 27th we began our work on the bridge over the Nkusu and inspecting the launches, overhauling them, clearing and landing the *En Avant* on shore, for dismounting engines and boilers, putting transport carriages together, and placing the *Royal* on the great wagon ready for removal, for I have resolved that she shall be the courier of the flotilla.

“Monday the 2nd we began our road-making for the interior, and to-day we have reached the plateau two and a half miles distant. Once on the plateau we have a tolerably level country for about ten miles, but as the people cannot work very fast after walking five miles, this road-making must be postponed for the present until I shall have reconnoitred the ground and selected the most feasible route; then we shall move on in a compact body with our provisions, step by step as we make the road, and shall not return until the way is clear of obstacles, brushwood and rock. Meantime, while we are absent, Mr. Sparhawk, Chief of Vivi, will prepare bags for carriage of rice, beans, peas, flour, which articles we will economise, of course, as the country will enable us. He will also have them packed up ready into suitable man-loads, so that when a party is sent back for provisions there will be no delay.

“It is going to be a tedious task I perceive very plainly, and a protracted one to make a road fifty-two miles long, then to come back and transport a boat which may be moved only a mile a day perhaps, then to come back hauling the heavy wagon with us to transport another heavy launch and move on a mile a day again, then back for another heavy launch and repeat the same operation for three boilers three times, by which we see we have to drag the heavy wagon nine times over a fifty-two mile rough road, total 936 miles, before we can embark for our second station without counting the delays caused by constant parties conveying provisions.

“Through the radical change in the food, people do not seem to have the same energy as they have in temperate countries, and animals seem to share in the degeneration. I have tested the mules on a small water-cart,

carrying ninety gallons of water, freight, exclusive of cart, 990 lbs. Three mules were required to draw this cart up a slope one foot rise in six feet. Now if it requires three mules to draw 1000 lbs., how many are required to draw three-and-half tons (weight of *Royal* with boiler, engine, &c.)? Answer, twenty-two and a half mules power.

"I have with me 130 efficient working men, who may be calculated to assist in dragging these enormous loads, but as each can only draw at a dead pull, without assistant power fifty lbs., this total man-power amounts to 6500 lbs.

"Total man and mule power available	8000 lbs.
Weight of <i>Royal</i>	7840 ,,

Difference for powers	160 lbs.

"But some men will pull well and long, others will shirk their work. Do not 160 lbs. make up a very small reserve in power?

"If the country were level, or we had a turnpike road, such power would ensure a small steady progress; but as I said before, this is a hot, tropical, and very rough country mainly, through which there are no roads, and the rise between our station and the plateau is nearly 1000 feet in two and a half miles, and there are three very steep hills between. The first has a rise of 343 feet in a length of road 1965 feet.

"I postpone further remarks upon the future until I shall have returned from my reconnoissance to Isangila. Things brighten somehow always when you examine them closely, and venture upon them boldly. Yet it was due to you to give you a few of my ideas upon a subject that is never out of my mind.

"Of white men I have enough for the present.

"Agreeably to your request I took advantage of the presence of the Chiefs of Vivi during our holiday to impress upon them the necessity of naming a day on which we could discuss an important question. They named Sunday, February 1. On this day Mr. Sparhawk and I rode out to Vivi Mavungu's place (the principal village), and after partaking of a slight breakfast, this question and many others of less importance were seriously discussed.

"They were reluctant at first to concede what I wished; but arguing that, since I was the first 'mundelé' (merchant) who came to Vivi and chose to build on it, despite the 'bad river and the big hills and big rocks,' and had, without any help from any other white mundelé or native, broke down the big rocks and cut a broad road through the hills which, by next Sunday would be brought right to their doors on top of the plateau (my promise has fortunately proved true), it was but right that, after doing all this, and paying all that they had asked, and every promise made them strictly and justly performed at the end of every moon, and not a single

1880.
Feb. 9.
Vivi.

1880.
Feb. 6.
Vivi.

thing of the value of a grain of Indian corn injured by us; and also as it was a condition on first coming, that I should be considered as the only *mundelé* of Vivi and Nsanda, that all the chiefs of Vivi should make an agreement with me that without my permission or consent no other white man should be permitted to reside on any portion of Vivi soil.

“The reasons I gave for this demand were: the difficulty of keeping a country quiet where there was no law or force for that purpose, when a number of mixed characters, with varied ideas, suddenly entered into a new country. Though *Senor Fernandez* was only a guest of mine at my camp, and had no right to deal with the natives of Vivi except as my friend, yet they themselves had come in a body with about thirty warriors to demand that he should be sent away. They also saw how Boma was sometimes disturbed. The merchants gathered together to punish some villages behind it, and perhaps only one of those merchants had a grievance, and one man and one grievance were easier dealt with than a number of men with a number of grievances. Supposing now those sixteen whites at Vivi were all independent, and had their own shops or stores or factories, let them imagine how difficult it would be to keep the peace between them and the natives; why, each man probably would talk about burning villages and killing people: but now that they are all under one man, there has not been the slightest misunderstanding between us. If they required more whites I could furnish them with more. I said if they wanted to see more houses we could build them.

“They demanded for this concession that I should trade in ground nuts, which was their principal wealth. I could not accede to their demand, but I promised I would introduce a white man to them, with whom they could trade.

“There evidently must be money in this trade, or else the merchants along the Congo and the great *Afrikaansche Company* could not continue their business. Vivi is happily situated as regards trade; it is the very highest navigable point, and our road into the interior, if continued far enough, might bring such a stock of this article (ground nuts) of trade, that would overwhelm us. In return for this article, the natives require various odds and ends of articles as follows:—

“Common muskets, locks ringing smartly.

“Gunpowder. Gun-stones.

“Machettes (common).

“Butcher-knives.

“Small paper backed gilt framed looking-glasses.

“Table knives, white bone and ivory handles.

“Table spoons. White iron.

“Crockery consisting of cheap fancy wash-basins.

“Pitchers, figured. Jugs, white, brown and figured.

“Tumblers and other fancy glass ware.

“White glass bottles, quarts and half-gallons.

- “Mugs, large and small, some holding as much as a quart and a half, and two quarts, fancy figured.
- “Fish-hooks. Needles.
- “Hoes (Dutch).
- “Hatchets.
- “Tin plates. Tin pans.
- “Cast-iron pots from one gallon to five gallons. Sheet-iron pans.
- “Fancy cheap boxes, painted and figured neatly but cheaply, size from 12" long by 9" broad by 8" deep; some papered inside.
- “Fancy paper boxes, with little looking glasses inside of lid, &c.
- “Brass ware. A few brass pans. Trays, figured. Brass rods.
- “Brass anklets, figured.
- “Brass wristlets, two ends ending in dogs or dragons or crocodile heads, thickness half-an-inch diameter.
- “Anklets from $\frac{3}{4}$ " to $1\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter, thickness of metal.
- “Brass collars.
- “Cloths, just such as come out to West Africa; calicoes, printed and figured or striped of all colours, red, blue, green, brown, purple.
- “Handkerchiefs, red-figured.
- “Red, blue, and green savelist or thick flannel.
- “Cotton singlets or under-shirts, white and striped, and fancy flannel shirts.
- “Velvet smoking caps; yellow, red, blue braid and tassels.
- “Straw hats, ribboned black, blue, or red.
- “Caps, military or fancy. Felt hats. Red fezes.
- “Red knitted caps, flannel and cotton. Blue ditto. Striped ditto.
- “Blankets, common figured.
- “Coats—British, Belgian, French cast-off uniform coats.
- “Lackey coats.
- “Blue cotton velvet cloths 7 feet by 6 feet.
- “Counterpanes, cheap cotton and figured.
- “ „ red, blue, or green.
- “Table-cloths, cheap. Some figured flannel-cloth carpeting.
- “A few toys, like Jack-in-the-box, monkey trick, &c.
- “Malacca canes, 5 feet 9 inches long, head $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, banded with figured brass, strong brass butt at end with iron, and strongly riveted to the brass. Each cane must differ from the others. They are admirable as presents to chiefs.
- “Superior machettes.
- “Cutlasses. Cavalry swords in scabbards.
- “Umbrellas (gingham), a few cheap, silk or alpaca.
- “Small brass bells.
- “Tyrolese hats, with a few gorgeous peacock or common ostrich feathers dyed red or blue and white.
- “Such is the varied miscellanea required for African trade. The

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number of articles or quantity is not great, but it is the great variety where judgment and some amount of taste is required. The Upper Congo would be the country that would require the greatest variety. These fancy articles bring more than ordinary goods, though their price is less; but it is judicious to have a proper mixture of goods. I advise you to keep this letter at hand, for you might need it, and though hurriedly written it is copious and intelligible enough for future reference.

“In your letter of November 30th, you talk of ‘agricultural advantages;’ indeed we have ample concessions of this kind so far as verbal promises go, and the soil in the valleys and on the plateau is *very rich*.



VIEW OF VIVI STATION FROM THE NORTH.

“We have not many *Euphorbia* at Vivi or in its neighbourhood; it requires rather a sterile and rocky soil or nooks to nourish *Euphorbia*. Here and there are a few specimens, but they might be easily planted on the river side of the hill of Vivi Station and in the glen below.

“I beg to assure you that if it depended on me I would have no more to do with rum than with poison, but the traders have so supplied the people with rum that without it friendship or trade is impossible on the Lower Congo. Our Kabindas, the people who will be left in charge of the station, will not work without rum. They have daily rations of it;

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they will have it, and it is a constant topic of discord between us and them, and though out of one gallon of rum we make two gallons (with water) while others make three, according to custom, they are constantly exclaiming and quarreling about its weakness.

“Relative to your information about the French Expedition going over from the Ogowai River to Stanley Pool, or the missionaries going there, I beg leave to say that I am not a party in a race for the Stanley Pool, as I have already been in that locality just two and a half years ago, and I do not intend to visit it again until I can arrive with my 50 tons of goods, boats, and other property, and after finishing the second station. If my mission simply consisted on marching for Stanley Pool, I might reach it in fifteen days, but what would be the benefit of it for the expedition or the mission that I have undertaken?”

Vivi station being thus completed, and in excellent order, was a veritable ornament to the hitherto lonely region. Beautiful in situation, and with its snow-white cottages and chalet visible from afar, the joy of all Vivi district, I turned it over formally to the guardianship of Mr. Sparhawk, its future chief, who acted as my principal agent in the Lower River, with an expressed hope that he would do the utmost in his power for the perfection of the roads leading to the landing-place and towards the interior.

The officers at Vivi consisted of—

Augustus Sparhawk	. . .	Chief of Vivi.
John Kirkbright	. . .	Second Chief of Vivi.
A. H. Moore	. . .	Storekeeper and Caterer.
A. B. Swinburne	. . .	Secretary.
Frank Mahoney	. . .	Waiting orders.
Captain, Engineer, and Mate	. . .	SS. <i>Belgique</i> .
Mate and Engineer	. . .	<i>Espérance</i> .
Mate and Engineer	. . .	<i>En Avant</i> .

And the muster-roll of the *personnel* at this day at Vivi consisted of—

12 Europeans; 81 Zanzibaris; 116 coast natives: Kabindas and Sierra Leones; 6 interior natives. Total 215.

CHAPTER X.

VIVI TO ISANGILA : A RECONNAISSANCE.

Looking out for a wagon route—The gardens of Banza Sombo—The valley of the Loa—Banza Uvana—Fine view from Kaishandi—We visit our friend Dé-dé-dé—Reception of thirty chiefs and their retainers—A conference—Mysterious councils and final decisions—Distribution of gifts—A dear bargain—A deserted plateau—The Bundi valley—A fine retreat for a recluse—Adventures with buffaloes and elephants—Harassing search for a herd-track—"Mabruki, are you hurt or dead?"—A lucky fall—The course of the future road revealed—Rest at Ndambi Mbongo—Difficulty of our task—A tropical nest—"Tuckey's Furthest"—Faithful "Mirambo"—The penitent chiefs of Isangila—Future operations—Proposed railway—Infusing confidence—Extracts from letters to Colonel Strauch.

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Vivi.

WITH a sufficient escort I set out from Vivi for Isangila on the 21st of February to explore the country for a feasible wagon route past the lower series of the Livingstone Cataracts, which consist of the Yellala, Inga, and Isangila, and various intervening rapids.

From Vivi Station we suddenly dip down 100 feet lower into the Nkusu Ravine, across which there is an immediate rise of as many feet to the larger plateau of Vivi, on which is found a habitable level of 1,200,000 square yards, at this time devoted to a small bean-field and to waste grass. In a gentle hollow flush

with palms, and shady embowering trees, is the village of Chinsalla, in which our native lingster, Massala, lives with his family and friends. Beyond this begins the first steep rise which has to be climbed to reach the summit of Vivi mountain. On our right, in a continuation of the hollow of Chinsalla, is the village in which lives Benzani Congo, the most good-looking among the chiefs of Vivi district.

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Feb. 21.
Chinsalla.

After a journey of two miles and a half nearly continuous ascent, we find ourselves in the gardens of Banza Sombo, on the top of Vivi mountain, at an altitude of a thousand feet above Vivi Station, or nearly 1350 feet above the Congo river. We have only time to give a glance at the bean and ground-nut gardens of Banza Sombo, when the path, which is but a foot wide, plunges into dense grass exhaling a strong odour of wild pig, and which in time of war affords fine ambushments against an enemy. Following it in its erratic course along the spine of the mountain, the path to the north diverges from that going to the village of the senior chief of Vivi, and descends steeply 1000 feet along the northern slope of Vivi mountain, in which descent we are agreeably entertained with far-reaching views of the groves of several native Banzas, or villages, such as Banza Uvana and Banza Kulu to the front and right, Ichimpi and Chionzo to the left, and north-westward the dark tall groves of Nsanda villages.

At the foot of the Vivi mountain we are in the valley of the Loa, a stream that winds clear and cool from between the plateau of Banza Lungu and Banza

1880.
Feb. 21.
Banza
Uvana.

Kulu, at nearly the same altitude as that of Vivi Station Hill, which we might have reached by skirting Vivi mountain, without the fatiguing ascent and steep descent, had the natives been pleased to have made a road. By following their path, however, we have been forced to travel thus far about seven English miles.

From the Loa stream we soon begin to rise again by a gentle gradient, which continues until we have gained the village of Banza Uvana, at an altitude of 500 feet above the Loa valley, in three miles. From this village we have a fine view of Nokki, Palaballa, Congo la Lemba hills, all on the south side of the Congo, and from end to end the northern face of Vivi mountain is revealed, its western face falling smoothly down to the Lufu river, its eastern side dangerously precipitous to the Congo.

From Banza Uvana the path leads northerly to Banza Lungu, along the summit of a fine plateau of deep rich soil, but now nourishing only the rankest grass; the cultivated portions forming only an eightieth part of rich productive land, and those devoted to wine and oil-producing palms, ground-nuts, a few square feet for tobacco and vegetables, such as cabbage, brinjalls, tomatoes and sweet potatoes.

Beyond Banza Lungu we came, at the fourteenth mile of our journey from Vivi Station, to Banza Kimpunzu, situated in the bottom of a grassy gorge called Muzonzila, about 500 feet below the plateau surface, which in rainy seasons contributes a stream of the same name to join the Lufu.

After a night's rest at Kimpunzu we crossed the gorge, and a steep ascent of 500 feet enabled us to breathe the cooler air of another grassy plateau, and to find ourselves in the village of Kaishandi, whence we obtained a more extensive view than we had previously enjoyed. From south to west were visible the groves of Vivi Mavungu, Banza Sombo, Banza Chionzo, and Ichimpi. Kaika Sanda, about a mile distant, Muvanga about three miles and a half off, Mpangi five miles away, and from south to east were those groves which indicated the villages of Banza Uvana, Banza Lungu, and Banza Kulu.

1880.
Feb. 22.
Kaishandi.

It is from such points as this of Kaishandi that we can first obtain an estimate of the value of the country. While imprisoned in the tall grasses and scrub, from the depths of which nothing is seen but a strip of grey or pale blue sky, one is only sensible that he is walking over tolerably level ground by looking at the narrow strip of black road beneath his feet; but when we arrive at a clearing, the eye hastens to obtain a general idea of the surrounding country, and such advantageous points as Kaishandi enable him to obtain a valuable lesson in topography. We also first became conscious that a good road is possible of construction, despite the sudden and startling descents and ascents we make, by following the native path, which has been made for the convenience of communication between neighbouring villages.

At Banza Kaishandi we are well in Nsanda district. Leaving the village and passing over a beautiful breezy

1880.
Feb. 22.
Banza
Nsanda.

plateau thickly studded with villages, we arrive in an hour at the populous town of Banza Nsanda. Here is the residence of the senior chief, Samuna, who is so corpulent that he cannot travel afoot, but must needs be carried about in a litter. Beyond Samuna's, after a delightful walk over the level plateau, we come to the Muzonzila gorge once again, and at the bottom is the new-built town of our friend Dé-dé-dé, who made our acquaintance in 1877, and who still wears the grey coat I gave him two and a half years ago.

We must halt here, because Dé-dé-dé is a constant friend, though given overmuch to the drinking of gin, and fond, unsatisfied, expectancy of gifts. The guides of Vivi must be changed here also for the more experienced travellers of Nsanda. The fact of my arrival at Nsanda has become generally known; and various chiefs have sent their boys to me to say that I must expect friends and visitors. It is politic to submit to any trifling delay of this kind, for I shall presently have to obtain workmen from them to make the great wagon-road into the interior.

Knowing beforehand that the gifts expected by so many this day will amount to a large sum by night, my trusted servants have been busily sorting and arranging the various piles ever since daybreak. First comes Sadika Banzi, lord of an untenanted district extending from the Mpagassa gorge south to the Congo—fully six miles; the Mpagassa stream bounds his territory southward, while an uninhabited wilderness lies between him and the Bundi five miles northward. He has a retinue of

cotton-clothed youths armed with lengthy flintlocks, and his gift to me consists of a goat, six chickens, a bunch of bananas, and a large gourdful of palm wine, which last we are expected to finish during the social call.

1880.
Feb. 23.
Dé-dé-dé's.

Next comes Nkamampu, of Banza Kinlélé; Kinkela-Nku, of Mpwélélé; Masiku of Masanda, or the Night of Nsanda, each with their goats, their fowls, their banana bunches, and gourds of palm wine, which is of different degrees of sourness, therefore undrinkable by me, but for them it is fit, because it is inebriating. Banza Kulu, whose chiefs command the Yellala districts, is represented by the chiefs, light-coloured Ntété, and Ngombé, and the chief and elders of Banza Lungu are not long behind those of Kulu, and they are introduced to me under the names of Matanga, Nkingi, and Mariatta. But Banza-Mgangila is resolved to make an imposing show of forces, and chiefs, and arm-bearing youths, for here are Ntolulu, Nezau, or the elephant; Ngombe, or the ox; Malélé, Nevangi, Mavangu, Nempambu, and Makweta. Banza Uvana is represented by Luzalla Kindunga, and Nsakala Mpwassa, the first remarkable for the finest beard—though not the longest—of any man between Vivi and Stanley Pool. Kinkela Ndunga represents Banza Chibweta; Ngandu, or the crocodile, is from the outermost village of Nsanda; and from far Ndambi Mbongo, near Isangila, have come Ndambi Mbongo himself, with his confederates Lusalla, Kisungwa, Magwalé Mwaka, of Mkimbwete, in all fully thirty chiefs, men of might, influence, and renown in the Lower Cataract region, with altogether about 350 souls follow-

1880.
Feb. 23.
Dé-dé-dé's.

ing them as retainers, slaves, bearers of the gifts to the strange white man who passed through their country from some unknown quarter eastward some six rains ago, and who has now built a town at Vivi with a view of settling amongst them as a friend. These thirty chiefs represent a population of about 12,000 souls, who are thinly scattered over an area of about 1000 square miles. Many villages have not come in yet. Nsanda is thinly represented, Chionzo and Nsekélélo have no one here, and many a low-lying village in the gorge of the Lufu and Muzonzila have no one to speak for them.

There are some fine-looking men amongst the chiefs, and some very regular-featured men amongst the retainers. Mostly all are dressed in European cloth, cotton, and woollen, white and red being the predominating colours. The chiefs are nearly all coated from the cast-off clothing of London and Paris clubs—of English and French armies. The head-dresses are varied in make and style, including the low-crowned felt, the round-rim straw, the military cap of three generations ago, the crimson fez, and the striped knitted cotton cap.

They have nearly all brought goats, fowls, and bananas. Before midday we have quite a flock of domestic animals, which I shall at once despatch to Vivi under a careful escort, for the benefit of the garrison left behind.

Chief Dé-dé-dé is an important man this day. He has done his work well, his messengers have been despatched all over the country, summoning to an

important conference* the powers of Nsanda. The ceremonious greetings being over, the gifts brought by the chiefs duly accepted, I open the palaver by announcing the purpose of my presence at Vivi, and explaining the reasons for this convention; reasons which are very well known to them for some time, yet etiquette in this assembly, as in others, requires that all shall be publicly explained.

1880.
Feb. 23.
Dé-dé-dé's.

“I am going to make a road through your countries from Vivi to Isangila, but I have first travelled by your own path here in order that I might find out whether it were possible to make a road over which great wagons, loaded heavily with boats, and so forth, might pass; in order, also, to find out by a personal interview with you, whether you had any objections to give me the right to make such a road, for it might be that your gardens or fields would be in some places directly in the track of a good road, and that no way could be made except right through them. Before spending money on a road that might be blocked by the first garden we meet, it is necessary that these subjects should be touched upon and explained. Also I must find out, if I make such a road which will be open to you as to me, whether you will expect me to pay you every time I travel by my own road. Also I must know whether you will allow your young men to work for me on this road at a fair price, as the people of Vivi helped me to build my town; and I should like

* The sovereign chiefs of Western Africa are as partial to Conferences as the peace-loving Powers of Europe.

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Feb. 23.
Dé-dé-dé's.

to have an agreement with you by which the country through which the road passes shall be secure from wars and troubles; and in order to do this it is necessary that you all promise not to make any war without first consulting me, lest my people will be drawn into it without their knowledge."

Towards four o'clock, after several mysterious councils were held, during which they had all risen together and assembled at a little distance from the village of Dé-dé-dé, where they sometimes seemed to discuss matters very warmly, judging from the high tones and animated gestures of some of the speakers, the following was verbally agreed upon at the first general council of the chiefs of the various districts between Vivi and Isangila.

They expressed themselves very well pleased with our coming into the country. It would be a good thing to the country that a road should be made. No chief had any objection whatsoever to the idea. In their eyes the coming of the white man would be productive of good—good to chiefs and people. It meant trade, and they were all traders. The road to Boma was long, and there were many people afraid of the long road and troubles on it. If trade came to them to their very doors they would all be pleased. Therefore the proposed road may be made without fear, and there would nothing further be charged for it; after the white man has signed a paper for each chief, giving him a little present every month for the right, the road would become the property of the white man.

If it led through gardens, or fields or villages, and there were no better way to be found, then the owner of that garden, or field, or village shall say fairly what amount of goods he wants in return for the destruction of his property; and after payment the road shall be untouched in future, and no man passing by it shall be liable to pay anything. Those of the young men of the different districts who wished to make any money by work, had full permission to engage themselves for as long as they themselves should prefer. There would be no trouble arising from that, and when the wagons came into a district, then every district shall send help to haul them through until it shall have passed by, and if the district has not people enough, then the neighbouring districts shall assist; and for the matter of agreement about keeping the peace, that might remain for the present until the road was made, and all the people would have time to know Bula Matari as a friend.

1880.
Feb. 23.
Dc-dé-dé's.

I ascertained during this lengthy council sufficient to confirm me in my belief that no serious obstacle of any kind would be thrown in our path by captiousness or ill-natured suspicion, and that they believed that our intents were not wicked, but worthy, deserving of their favourable consideration. Although our projects were novel and unique, they could divine no reason for withholding their assistance and welcome.

At the same time, being an impressionable people, it was very evident that it was easier to implant suspicion and distrust of our objects, even to violence,

1880.
Feb. 23.
Dc-dé-dé's.

than to create good-will and confidence in us. The latter could only be of slow growth in the breasts of barbarians—whose everyday intercourse is one of fraud and crafty cunning, greed of plunder, and general unconscionable uncharitableness—and would be fostered by liberality, never-slumbering watchfulness that nothing untoward should happen in the conduct of the European employés, a care that one's own foreign black employés should not disturb harmony by some wicked freaks or cruel malice or overbearing behaviour, and by a painstaking guidance of the camp-followers in an upright course in their petty dealings with the natives. On the other hand, the slightest whisper of a malicious European might upset such protracted course of liberality and fair-dealing, and instantly make enemies of friends.

The day was closed by the distribution of gifts to each of the thirty chiefs. And though the gifts, consisting of military coats, gay shawls of woollen fabric, cotton-velvet cloths, crimson savelist, cotton handkerchiefs, and pieces of unbleached domestic, with a few cutlasses, swords, knives, beads for the female sex, and a few bottles of gin to each, might be considered trivial in the eyes of Europeans, in casting up the gross account of the expenditure, I discovered that £150 in English gold had been paid for them. Considering that for this sum we had only obtained right of way through a territory generally unoccupied, and of no present use to any person, with a few goats and bananas thrown in, it was a prodigal expenditure of money. We had

no reason to regret it, however, by the very good effect it created, as it smoothed the way for future and more important negotiations, including requests for labourers and carriers. It created a hope, too, in every man that he possessed something that was saleable, in a region hitherto inaccessible, and where products were only sold by dint of a long and laborious journey to Boma; and, finally, that the force of those masses of muscle on their arms had become marketable and valuable.

1880.
Feb. 23.
Dé-dé-dé's.

Guides offered themselves very freely to show the road to Isangila, but, because of their number, I became fastidious, and only a dozen of the most respectable men were engaged.

On the 24th we were escorted by a large number of chiefs for several miles, and the women and children of Ngandu's frontier lu-lu-lued lustily as we appeared, and increased our numbers greatly, until the wilderness was reached, when, with abundance of good wishes for a happy journey, they finally withdrew, and left us to pursue our road in peace.

We were now on that same road on which we looked with such gloomy eyes in 1877, when all the world seemed to us cold-hearted and unkind, and savage nature itself refused us food, water, and even the least kindly hope that some day an end to the dismal time would come. Now that we looked upon the land under kindlier auspices, it did not seem so dull and dreary—it was a little rugged, perhaps, but picturesque. The first glance of what is offered to the eye bears an unpromising aspect for road-making, but, by

1880.
Feb. 24.
Ngandu.

observing the details more closely, as a surveyor would, we find that a little study creates a sensible increase of hope that after all it might not be so very difficult.

For instance—Ngandu's frontier village is in a very peculiar position. By looking at my map, which with each step I make grows clearer, I find that this village stands on a narrow neck of plateau land, 200 feet above the terminus of the Muzonzila gorge; that the Muzonzila gorge is firm enough at the bottom, with a little improvement for a road; that the slopes of the gorge are of a workable clay; that from almost directly under the foundations of Ngandu's, it winds along through the very heart of the severed plateau to Dé-dé-dé's, and from Dé-dé-dé with a more valley-like breadth down to Kimpunzu: a few miles below it issues out into the Lufû and Loa valley, and down along the united stream to the Congo, one and a-half miles below Vivi. The distance from the river is sixteen miles; the difference of altitude between the terminus of the Muzonzila gorge and the plateau of Vivi Station is 700 feet, making about one foot rise in 120 feet.

By the time I reach the Bundi, my map tells me that by cutting through that narrow neck of land on which Ngandu stands, I should have 200 feet less descent to make to reach the Bundi valley; and that by working across those various spurs projected out of the worn and furrowed eastern slopes of the plateau of Ngandu, and the southern face of the Nsekelelo range, one would be able to cut out an easy decline to the Bundi valley.

The native path, soon after leaving Ngandu's slopes, for nearly three miles to the clear waters of the Mvuzi streamlet, again rises abruptly, crosses a level-faced mount, dips once more into a chief water-course, and then enters upon a lengthy spur descending to the Bundi river.

1880.
Feb. 24.
Inga.

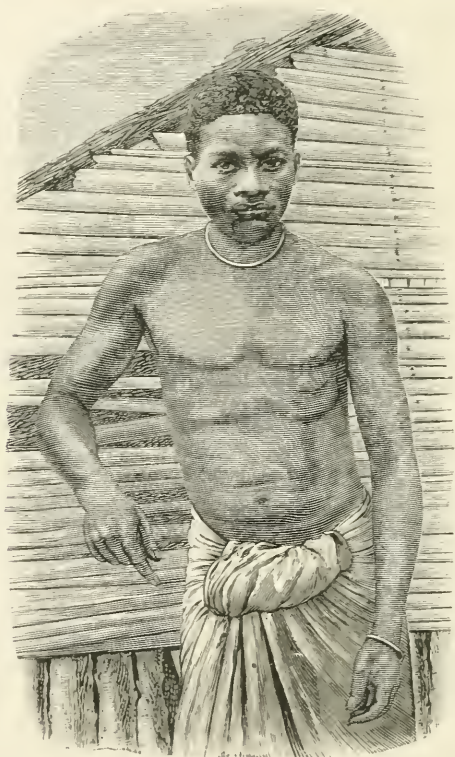
About halfway down this long spur, the Congo suddenly comes into view on our right, winding round the great Inga bend in a succession of tumbling cataracts. The Inga plateau looms large and massive, graced with forest trees on the summit and in its deep folds and gully lines. In the time of Tuckey there was an important Banza and its dependencies on the summit, but internecine wars have long ago swept away the last vestiges of human life, and the whole of the Inga district, sixty square miles in extent, is absolutely abandoned to become a park for wild game, elephants, buffaloes, water-buck, and various kinds of antelope, the locality being seldom visited even by the boldest natives.

A valley, from half a mile to two miles in breadth, which extends from the left bank of the Bundi to the Congo river, ten miles away, entirely separates the Inga plateau and group of hills from the lofty Nsekelelo range. After traversing the valley you cannot help having the conviction that before the Congo channelled a course through the obstructions, over the relics of which there are at present many cataracts and rapids, the river must have run through here, and made a short cut to its lower course, leaving the valley almost

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Feb. 24.
Inga.

uniformly level, to form a splendid natural track for the use of some future railway.

The Bundi is a beautiful stream of very clear water, brawling in the dry season over rocks and smoothly polished stones and pebbles at the bottom of a deep



BASUNDI NATIVE.

rocky gully, some twenty-five yards across. The native path, rising up the left bank, is very steep and difficult. After an abrupt climb of about 100 feet, we find ourselves in an ancient and well-used native camp, where the pig-drovers and market trades-

men from Sundi, Ndambi Mbongo, and Isangila, bound for the Nsanda markets, have for generations halted for the night. From this spot the path winds in the Bundi valley, crossing once or twice clear-water tributaries of the Bundi, and through cool depths of forest groves, until the base of the lofty truncated cone of Ulungu is reached, when it enters a valley, a little less regular in form, to terminate in another valley admirably adapted for the growth of rice. After an hour's march we camp on the plain of Mpamba Ngulu (Pig Camp?), about 40 feet above the Congo, and within a few yards of it.

I leave my people for a few days here, and follow the Congo downward with a much smaller escort of men better fitted for long and continuous rambling search for that local knowledge which we now possess. I find that by following the Congo down to the confluence of the Bundi, the distance is seventeen or eighteen miles. Soon after leaving Mpamba Ngulu, I came to a valley running westward, parallel with the Congo, which turned out, after a little while, by proofs visible, to be another disused course of the great river, and may, indeed, in very high flood seasons, still serve as an outlet for surplus waters; for a winding creek of still water, here and there spreading out into pools, extends along the bottom of the valley for about ten miles, until it is lost in two sandy outlets at the elbow of Inga district. From the spine of any of the island-like hills which rose in this many-branched valley, we could see the fretted Congo in a

1880.
Feb. 24.
Inga.

1880.
February.
Inga.

white rage, for mile after mile, one furious rapid chasing another in succession as far as the Inga elbow. Herds of buffaloes grazed in the conscious security which speaks of rare disturbance; the antelope's graceful form was often seen pacing carelessly in the open, and finally a herd of half-a-dozen elephants on the verge of a pool luxuriously spraying their own sun-baked backs. Yet, with all this animal life, and the wild river dashing headlong down its rock-obstructed bed, there was an almost palpable stillness about the strange scene. It is a capital place for some recluse. In any of the obscure nooks and folds under the shade of a grove—with which man in general can have nought to do—removed as this corner of wild land is from the haunts of those who seek a living by barter—the recluse might build his hut—and be the sole human inhabitant of a sixty square mile tract, over which he might roam at pleasure for months without being disturbed.

Of the adventures with buffaloes, it is not worth while to write. We were continually startling a herd, and startling ourselves also by the sudden unlooked-for encounter; both animals and men foolishly gazing at one another, until the quicker-witted animals soon discovered it was a dangerous presence they stood in, and vanished, with their tails erect in the air, while the men passed on in quest of more useful knowledge than that relating to their habitat. Nor will I dilate much upon the shock I suffered, when, after breasting a long steep slope, almost breathless, I found myself in

the presence of a red-hided buffalo some forty feet from me, and unsuccessfully fired at him. How such a demon of fury as he appeared did not retaliate upon me, and toss me twenty yards high for my temerity, is incomprehensible, and must be relegated to the limbo of things inexplicable. Nor shall I say much of the agonising descent through a hitherto unexplored forest which clothed a deep fold in the Inga plateau, from summit to base, and while descending an almost interminable slope, we were startled by the crashing of an elephant herd somewhere away: at one time as though a charge was meditated upon us, while at another the forest echoes exaggerated their hasty movements into a grand march of trampling squadrons, overwhelmingly near. Long before we had completely traversed this unknown woodland, the sun had set; the exasperating forest had yielded us liberty only to plunge us into a more annoying cane-brake, whose firm array of tall stalks daunted us all. Another half-hour was lost during the fast deepening gloaming, in searching for the shadow of a herd-track which, when found, only seemed to lead us deeper and deeper into the unexplored solitudes. We sought for water beside which we might rest for the night, and in the hope that another hour might reveal some pool at the bottom of the valley, or some tiny thread of a stream, the drain of the towering heights half enfolding us, we bravely held on. The herd-track disappeared; it had led nowhere, or we had lost it in the black darkness of the gulfy hollow. Man after man tried to force his

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[Inga.

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way through the roadless grass, but each after a spell retired exhausted. Finally a clever lad thought he could find the way, and led us half an hour, guided solely by his own wit. Another clever lad started impatiently to dispute the knowledge the first had boasted of possessing, and this was little Mabruki of the "Dark Continent" heroes.

"Do you come here and try to do better?" says the first clever lad to Mabruki.

Mabruki, being the only brave who had not as yet exhausted himself in crushing the grass down, cries "Willingly—I will find a way in a short time," and while he hurls himself against the stubborn grass, he keeps up a running fire of bitter comments upon the other's unmanliness, and woful ignorance of continental travelling, which, being briskly retorted by the other, gradually threatens to end in a set-to in the wilderness. Suddenly, Mabruki throws himself, under the impulse of anger, more vigorously than ever, in a fresh assault upon the grass, when, to our horror, he disappears with a gurgling cry, in a lengthy gravelike fracture of the earth!

"Where—oh where, Mabruki, are you gone to? Are you hurt, or dead?"

"Here," cries the lad's voice from the depths. "I have found water; but I have broken my gourd!"

Poor Mabruki had tumbled into a narrow water-course, twelve feet deep; but its exceeding narrowness had caused him to drop on his feet—in a pool of water. The laugh that followed the announcement

of the accident to his gourd chased away all feelings of rising combativeness in the bosom of his antagonist; it contributed to make our beds on the thick grass seem easier, and to cause us to forget the previous aching pains of thirst and fatigue.

The next day, in the early morning, we crossed the valley of the Bundi, and ascended tall Ulungu's steep sides to the very summit, not in search of the picturesque, but to map out a bird's-eye view of the land around it. Though it is only 1550 feet above the sea, its dominating crown is conspicuous from afar, and the view from its top will be well worth the toil of the ascent.

Looking towards Vivi, the view is arrested by the noble expanse of the plateaus of Nsanda, Sadika Banzi, and Mgangila. The deep trough of the Congo is seen from above Mpamba Ngulu, trending towards the elbow of Inga. The whole of the Inga district is visible from end to end, and a long winding stretch of the Congo is seen from near the Bundi, flowing westward by and between the districts of Congo la Lemba, Sadika Banzi, and Mgangila. West of lofty Yellala, Mount Palaballa rises into view, and also the crown of the higher hills behind Nokki. To the north-east is a number of mountain tops, the dark forest-clad summit of Nyongena, with large massive Ngoma just beyond. On the south bank, I can see almost the whole of the country, distributed in a series of ridges running S.W. and N.E.; and away beyond, some isolated hill-tops undistinguished by names, because of our scant local

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Inga.

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Ndambi
Mbongo.

knowledge. The general impression we have is of an irregular hilly country; masses of level-topped hills alternating with trough-like valleys; narrower depressions seem well wooded, wider valleys are grassy, like the hill-tops; thin dark threads of lines of trees mark the banks of streams, or of deep recesses, wherein the flames from the annual conflagrations die out for want of the fanning breezes that drive these furious fires on their destructive course. Below the aspiring mass of Ulungu, the Bundi valley, with its many penetrating branches and grassy arms, lies distinctly outlined, and the course of the future road for many miles is revealed to us.

In the afternoon we rejoined our company, and on the next morning set out for Ndambi Mbongo, a village on the western side of Ngoma mountain. Soon after leaving camp, we cross the Luenda stream, and begin mounting a quartz-covered path leading up a high hill; after a few paces over level ground, the path dips down into another deep ravine, and up an opposing hill of equal height; then down to the beautiful Lulu river, from which the path winds up and down to across the Bula river, and, finally, after seven hours' march, we find ourselves at rest in the village of Ndambi Mbongo, halfway up the humpy mass of Ngoma mountain, whose grand outlines we had noted from the top of Ulungu. The chiefs of Ndambi Mbongo were present at the great palaver held at Dé-dé-dé's, and are prepared with their usual offerings of palm-wine and fowls.

Here we receive an accession to our force of guides, and on the next day wind up in single file to surmount the commanding mountain of Ngoma, which has an altitude of 1600 feet above the sea. From its lofty summit a grand view is obtained of the upper portion of the river between Isangila and Vivi. Isangila Cataract is clearly presented, also the spacious bay indenting the left bank below it, and the long winding reach down to the base of Ngoma and down to the narrows of Mpamba Ngulu. On the south bank of the Congo some 1500 square miles of hilly territory lie extended, the surface lifting and falling in great irregular waves, or disjointed masses gullied on the sides.

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Ngoma.

From the preceding description of the country lying between Vivi and this mountain, it will appear clear to the reader that the thought that weighed upon me most was that of the task which, as we advanced towards Isangila, became more imminent each day, viz., that of finding available—in Nature, if possible; by laborious industry, if necessary—either continuous stretches, or detached pieces, of level land, which might be deftly connected together by a passable and safe road. The native path, which boldly ran up and down inclines and declines of formidable steepness, and sometimes along a six-inch wide ledge of rock round the ends of watercourses, was simply out of the question. Standing here, at Ngoma, and looking over the well-remembered ups and downs, deep rocky ravines, innumerable nullahs alternating with almost impassable ascents of hills from Isangila to the extreme foot

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Ngoma.

of Ngoma mountain, and looking down that 1000 feet of an almost precipitous descent into the torrent of Nkengé, just below me, I may well consider how the awful toil that lies before my small band of labourers, of dragging those heavy steamers and launches overland before they are set afloat above the cataract of Isangila, is ever to be accomplished. It is with that object that I minutely examine with my glass the river between Ngoma and Isangila, and search the shores on either side. Then I come to the resolution of descending along the spine of Ngoma, down to the water's edge, to follow the river shore to Isangila, while the people shall continue along my old road over the Nkengé and the Luazaza rivers, and the myriad of intervening hills and fatiguing spurs that form the water-parting of those streams.

Two guides, for an extra consideration, are willing to undertake the toilsome work of exploration with me. A small gang of my own men will be sufficient for an escort. We descend along the crescented curve of the spine, and, in half an hour, find that we have a cliff on the eastern side, and that the western side represents the smooth top of a plateau, tilted over on its side. On the summit it shows to the sky a knife-like edge of quartz, which continues down to the middle of the river bed, offering, of course, an obstruction to the run of the current, and creating an impassable rapid. Just at the point where the rocky extremity of Ngoma falls headlong into the river, is a heap of huge detached oblong masses of quartz covering a space of 200 yards.

A track used by buffaloes and hippopotami leads through this confused heap of large rocky fragments to a terrace consisting of *débris* and soil washed from above, which has, from its sheltered position, nourished a dense forest of tall trees, bound together by entangling lines of indiarubber creepers, whose loops and pendent stalks have frequently to be cut with machettes to allow an advance to be made into this warm tropical nest. Sometimes, as we slowly struggle through the exuberance of vegetation, we catch a sight of the white quartz cliffs of Ngoma, lifting their heads high above the tallest trees, and reminding one, in a strange fashion, of the stanza in Milton descriptive of the point whence Satan first viewed enwalled Paradise. On our right we catch gleams of the river, now gliding smoothly towards Ngoma Rapids. After an hour's work, we emerge out of the low-lying tropical nest to a grassy terrace, and see behind us, like an impassable barrier, towering grandly, the grim outlines and unscalable eastern face of Ngoma mountains.

The river gradually widens; terraces, cut up by channels excavated by the torrents from the multitude of hills to the north bank, which end in reefs, or are margined by sand, are crossed as we proceed upon our laborious march. The south bank is in full view, rising to the height of 600 feet, either in very steep slopes or precipitously, or deeply indented at the conflux of the tributary with the parent stream. The Nkengé is forded amid deep solemn woods. There is a succession of spurs to be crossed by us, whose ends,

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Ngoma.

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Isangila.

abutting on the river, are not yet fit for prospecting, on account of the tall grass and scrubby jungle thriving on their *débris*, and, after a gallant effort over many hills, we emerge on the plain through which the Luazaza issues into the river, just at the point where the Congo begins to regain its tranquil flow, after the violence and turmoil of its descent down the Isangila Cataract. Thence beyond the Luazaza we wind in and out of various far-reaching hill folds, and in a short time find ourselves in full view of my camp, made memorable to me as the scene where, having arrived at "Tuckey's Furthest," I reluctantly abandoned my boat, canoes, and faithful ass "Mirambo," in 1877.

When the chiefs of Isangila, whose churlishness was a theme with me once in past times, came down from their eyries on the hill-tops overlooking the embosomed valley near the cataract, to visit me, encamped in exactly the same spot they first made my acquaintance thirty-two months ago, they were better prepared for the novelty of an intercourse with a white man. My numerous guides, while passing through, had poured forth an astonishing tale of how this same white man had built a town "bigger than Boma," had called all the chiefs of the country together, and these had all consented to give the country up to the white man, to carve out and cut into little bits if he wished; and every one was to be as happy as possible, revelling in luxuries; and he thought of building another town at Isangila, if the chiefs of Isangila were wise enough

not to refuse him ground. The gifts given to each chief had been magnified tenfold, until the poor chiefs, whose fears had been first excited on account of the manner they had maltreated the forsaken ass "Mirambo," and broken up the boat for the sake of her copper tacks, and sold the canoe flotilla, gradually began to indulge in anticipations much brighter than the real facts warranted. These exaggerations served at least to quicken a kindlier interest in me, and here they had come laden with food and wine, such as they could afford, prepared to make the *amende honorable* by attributing past churlishness to their dense ignorance of what the white men really were, and to their utter astonishment at the discovery of white men coming down the river, whose waters they seemed to navigate with the utmost assurance, though they had never heard of white men having been previously seen in the interior.

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Isangila.

Rewarded abundantly by an ample supply of fine clothes, flunkey coats, and tinsel-braided uniforms, with a rich assortment of divers marketable wares, such as knives, beads, brass ornaments, not omitting a couple of bottles of gin, they soon, with the ready oratory of the Nsanda natives, ceded a promise to the effect that a choice of land by the uninhabited river-side should be reserved for my "town," with as large an acreage as was desirable for grazing-ground and fields.

Regarding it now from a purely utilitarian point of view, the grassy basin at the foot of the Isangila Hills seemed to me rich with promise. The land was

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exceedingly fertile; over its fat red loam the grass was dense and prolific, and with cultivation would nurture plenteous growths of edible vegetables. The cultivable portion might be estimated at 800 acres, ample enough for a second-rate station. A square-browed hill above the cataract overlooked a four-acre baylet of deep, quiet water, which, with a little improvement of the shores, might afford an admirable shelter for the boats. And, if in future a town should grow in this neighbourhood, two miles higher up was a spacious plain, well watered, six or seven miles long by a mile wide.

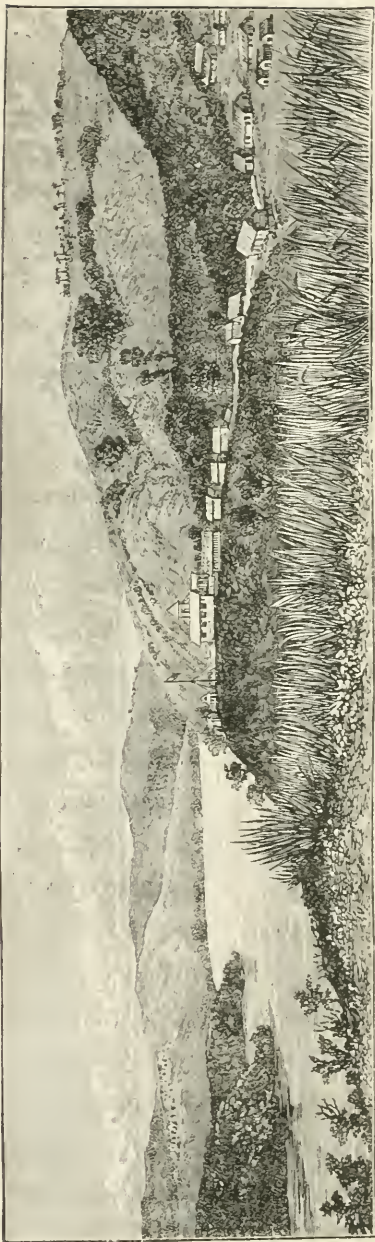
Mentally reviewing what information had been obtained by this reconnaissance to Isangila, I became convinced that, with sufficient labour force and engineering appliances, there were no serious obstacles to a railway from Vivi to Isangila. The river-shore of Vivi would need improvement, and a winding-engine would be required on the plateau to haul up goods direct from the piers; thence a bridge of 120 feet over the Nkusu rivulet and ravine might run to the station plateau of Vivi, and skirting Vivi mountain a road cut from the slope, with here and there small culverts for draining the water in the gullies, a railway might run almost level to the Lufu and Loa valley. A slight incline of 1 foot in 100 up the Muzonzila gorge would lead it either through a tunnel, or a cutting across a narrow neck of clay land, to the slope of a ridge, along which the roadway might gradually decline to some point of the Bundi valley. A bridge across the Bundi, 200 feet long, and another 100 feet

long, would be all that would be needed of extraordinary expense and skilled work as far as the mouth of the Luenda, thirty-five miles from Vivi. Across the mouth of this stream a bridge 200 feet would have to be constructed, thence along an embankment above high flood two miles long to the mouth of the Lulu river, which would require a somewhat longer bridge. From the Lulu the Congo would have to be followed along a road carved out of the slope of Nyongena Hill, whence the railway might either run straight to Ngoma Point on a light iron tressle bridge 600 yards long, or wind around the east extremity of Nyongena Hill to the Bula river, over which a bridge 100 feet long would suffice to lead it round after a detour of half a mile inland to Ngoma Point. The blasting of 25 yards of rock across this point, and 10 yards wide into the mountain, would furnish a very spacious and safe roadway to the forested terrace east of Ngoma. The terrace, almost level, found here would be available for four miles to the heads of the rocky bluffs, between the Nkenge and Khonzo plain, across which a roadway would require to be blasted, and a few culverts or small bridges constructed across the mouths of the gullies. From Khonzo plain to Isangila there would be no difficult work to perform.

For us, however, with our force of 130 men, such a work would be a gigantic one indeed. I must, therefore, prepare to make my turnpike in a very different direction. The necessity for me is to have a road over which wagons conveying five-ton loads may

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Isangila.

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Isangila.



GENERAL VIEW OF VIVI, FROM A SKETCH BY MR. NAETS.

be hauled without a capsize, and consequent fracture of material, of engines, boilers, or heavy iron or wooden steamers. Perhaps a little more minute exploration of certain points will enable me to do so without a ruinous delay. Some results of a happy nature have followed this rapid survey of the country. I have infused confidence in my own followers—that we can conquer by industry what appeared to them insurmountable difficulties. My safe return to Vivi will also encourage the inexperienced Europeans, and the large escort of natives, representatives of many districts, will assure them also that our progress will be peaceful, despite the

prognostications of the traders of the lower river,

whose hostility to us, though passive, is unmistakable; and I am a little elated at the prospect of obtaining recruits from among the natives for my working force.

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Vivi.

The reconnaissance was terminated by our arrival at Vivi on the 10th of March with nearly a hundred natives, who came to see with their own eyes the new European town in their country of which they had heard so much lately. Instructions were issued to the Europeans to be prudent in their conduct, and to deport themselves as amicably as possible with the natives, lest any incident might rupture the peaceful intercourse so auspiciously commenced.

The following extracts from the report to Colonel Strauch will furnish other information which no doubt to many will be of real interest.

“VIVI STATION, *March 14th, 1880.*

“MY DEAR COLONEL,

“On February 21st I started on my reconnaissance as far as Isangila Cataract, and returned March 10th, having travelled during my eighteen days' absence 190 miles. The distance to Isangila from Vivi, where we embark on our boats for up-river, is fifty-two English miles. Had we merely gone to Isangila and returned direct to Vivi by the same route we should only have marched 104 miles, but the country after leaving Nsanda is a cruel one altogether. Deep ravines cut it up, and steep hills and mountains, here shaggy with grim forests, there rough and bristling with huge rocks, confront us every mile or two. The native roads lead us through these difficulties, which are in some places simply impassable for waggons. If you will read the account of my march 1870, vol. ii. ‘Dark Continent from Isangila Cataract to Nsanda Nsanga,’ you will have a fair idea of the impression a second visit along the same route has given me. This country was absolutely impassable for waggons. I accordingly was compelled to abandon all idea of following the native track, and I rambled about the mountains and along the river, traced the courses of streams, plunged into the depths of perfect wildernesses—all this with the view of obtaining a more feasible route to Isangila, which I have at last discovered. Still there is vast work before we can move on for

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Isangila. The first quarter of the journey is beautiful. I can proceed twelve miles at a tolerably fair rate of travel with the launch and waggon after cutting the grass. Then begins the up-and-down-hill work, the removing of great rocks, the filling up of hollows, until we come to a forest which has to be cut through; we then come to a river, its bed filled with boulders, out of which we emerge to drag the waggon up a slope which has a rise of one foot in four. Then another bit of fair road, through stubborn bush and tall grass, takes us six or seven miles, when we come in presence of the worst of our difficulties—ravine after ravine, hill after hill, stream after stream, while the great river itself at this particular place is one narrow wild rapid, hemmed in by tall black cliffs impassable to anything.

“ Yet, as our object is to establish stations and means of communication between them, the difficult task must be performed. First we have to make a road, then to return to Vivi to haul the *Royal* overland 52 miles with its boiler and machinery. Third, to return with the waggons to Vivi, and haul the *En Avant*, boiler, and machinery. Fourth, to return to Vivi with the three waggons to haul the boats and heavy impedimenta. Fifth, to return to Vivi for the stores up river. The total mileage of all these journeys will be 520 English miles, exclusive of the journey of cutting a road. All this distance and long mileage only covers our progress to Isangila.

“ It is hard to think of all this labour, but we must do it, as we have only a small force compared with what we ought to have; and, so far as I can see, the assistance to be given by natives in the region between Isangila and Vivi will be comparatively small.

“ Of course when we have arrived at Isangila our labours will be lightened; the river will enable us to reach Manyanga, where we leave the *Royal* and one boat, and one-third of our force and impedimenta, so that a couple of months will suffice for our removal from Isangila, with boats and stores and establishment at Manyanga. On leaving Manyanga we shall not have so difficult a country to travel through; we shall be able to obtain assistance, and we shall have only the *En Avant* and one boat to take besides our stores, so that three trips will be sufficient. These three trips will cover a mileage of 570 miles, which I am sure we can perform without that difficulty we shall experience between Vivi Station and Isangila.

* * * * *

“ It is in this way I was enabled in 1877 to drag my canoes overland. I had sixteen canoes (heavy—one or two of them over three tons in weight). Sometimes we moved only 500 yards, some days we moved them all one mile; but I had all my party within sound of musket shot. All were encouraged a little by the steady progress we made; but in this journey to Isangila we shall seem to make scarcely any progress. Instead

of, as we thought, going only fifty-two miles, we have to make ten trips of fifty-two miles, thus:—

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	Distance.	Time.
<i>Royal</i> —From Vivi to Isangila	52 miles	= 1 month.
Returning with waggons to Vivi	52 " "	20 days.
<i>En Avant</i> —From Vivi to Isangila	52 " "	1 month.
Returning with three empty waggons	52 " "	20 days.
Two steel boats—From Vivi to Isangila	52 " "	1 month.
Returning with empty waggons.	52 " "	20 days.
Heavy material, rope, iron, hardware—From Vivi to Isangila	52 " "	1 month.
Returning with empty waggons.	52 " "	20 days.
Provisions, iron houses, tanks, grindstones—From Vivi to Isangila	52 " "	1 month.
Making road and returning previous to hauling waggons	104 " "	50 days.

Total distance, 572 miles. Total time, 10 months 10 days.

“ But supposing we had three large waggons and five small waggons, time and distance would stand thus:—

	Miles.	Days.
Making road to Isangila and returning to Vivi	104	50
Proceeding with all boats and all material at an average rate of one mile a day	52	48
	156	98

A clear saving of seven months and seven days, and a valuable saving of strength.

“ The only accident that might occur to destroy this calculation is a breakage of an axle or a wheel, but this would only delay us a few days.

“ On the journey to the Stanley Pool from Manyanga, conveying all we have by one steady progress without returning to Manyanga, would enable me to make the most of my little force. All boats, tools, tents, machinery, provisions, sick persons, would be steadily making progress towards the Stanley Pool, and you may safely calculate that from leaving Manyanga to the Stanley Pool (the distance being ninety-five miles) we should not be more than fifty days. So that before ten months from this date we should be established at Stanley Pool with everything necessary for the station.

“ Such is the view I take of our position after my visit to Isangila. I present it you nakedly and without obscurity.

* * * * * *

“ Our working force being so intolerably weak compared to the largeness of our task, we shall appear to dawdle along in a most agonising way

1880. of going and coming, coming and going, instead of marching straight along
 March 10. to our destination at the Pool.

Vivi.

* * * * *

“My dearest wish is to get on as quickly as possible, and the hard marching I have had lately has lessened me upon various expedients. You see that we cannot rush on with about eighty tons of material, but if we have these waggons we can at least be moving on every day a little, and all our company will be together within call of one another. We shall first pitch our camp a mile or a mile and a half off, then haul the waggons to the camp one after another. If we find we can do more than this, we will push on again, and so march on to our destination steadily. If we come to a bad place, we shall all be together, and no one leaves until we have conquered the difficulty.

“From Vivi ridge to Ndambi Mbongo the country is a remarkable one, more especially that which lies between Vivi and the Bundi River. North of Vivi ridge the land rises gradually after a descent into the Loa Plain to the same altitude as Vivi ridge, and as far as the eye can reach it seems to be a grand and noble grassy plain. But frequently you appear to see thin lines of dark foliage winding here and there. These lines, on approaching them, turn out to be the tops of wooded gorges, where the trees are nourished into the most stately proportions. The track (native) dips down into these gorges, and runs along their deep shadowy bottoms for about 100 or 200 yards, then rises abruptly into the same level of the grassy plateau from which it had just descended. These wooded gorges are very numerous, and run for miles, maintaining the same character until, approaching the river bank, they open out from the character of gorges into valleys, broken and rocky, which descend rapidly, by terraces or precipitously, into the low level of the river Congo. But in any of the wooded gorges may be found within an area of half a mile over 200 tall trees, rising straight as flag-poles to the height of 100 feet, with diameters varying from twelve inches to thirty inches. One gorge that I travelled along to ascertain its course would without doubt furnish over 3000 such trees. Further from the river, i.e. N.N.W., these gorges with their fine noble woods give place to an extensive forest, which is probably about 150 square miles in extent, according to native report. These fine trees are mostly African teak; the landolphia or india-rubber flourishes in their shade, and many fine woods are also found suitable for cabinet making, &c. The forest of Bundi could supply Vivi Station with magnificent timber, as its trees might be felled, and after a month's drying dragged to the Congo and floated down to Vivi without further trouble than picking them up at Vivi. The forest of Bundi begins in fact at the confluence of the Bundi with the Congo.

“In short, this country described above is a remarkably rich country, and its natural landing-place is at Vivi. My conviction is that had I spent a year in trying to discover a route more accessible into the interior,

or for a richer district for a neighbourhood, I could not have bettered myself. The only drawback to what would have been a most enviable possession to any nation, corporation, or company, is the unconquerable indolence of the people, and scantiness of their numbers. Compared to the extent of their possessions, the people are really too rich to work because all are comparatively rich. Palm wine, palm oil, sugar cane, ground nuts, sweet potatoes, bananas, plantains, cabbages, pine-apples, guavas, limes, tobacco. Indian corn, pigs, goats, chickens, &c., form a variety of product sufficient and more than sufficient for native wants, inasmuch as it requires very strong inducements to tempt them to abandon their easy home and village life for work at stations or on roads.

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Vivi.

“What this country requires is emigration of poor people (native), or a number of freed slaves, who might be settled in homesteads, and could supply labour to the stations for the currency of the country, by which they might support themselves and families and acquire comfortable homes.

“We have lately received reinforcements of labourers from the coast, who have been engaged at the rate of from four to eight longs of cloth per month, besides rations. The chief men receive from ten to fifteen longs monthly.

“A long, though consisting of only six yards of common domestic, is considered on the coast to be equal to a dollar, but we reckon it at 3s. A piece of the cloth out of which such longs are cut measures twenty-four yards, or four longs.

“Many of the coast people, however, take their pay largely in gin to retail when home at a profit. Bottles of gin or rum are marketable, and serve as currency. Another form of currency is the cheap cloth, tin plates, white-handled table knives, spoons, mugs, drinking glasses, and small mirrors.

“Though we may regret that gin is considered as currency, we cannot help it. We require native produce for food daily; without an assortment of currency we should be put to great shifts frequently.

“The gin and rum are also largely consumed as grog by our native workmen. We dilute both largely, and so reduce its spirit, but we are compelled to serve it out morning and evening. A stoppage of this would be followed by a cessation of work. It is ‘custom,’ custom is despotic, and we are too weak and too new in the country to rebel against custom. If we resist custom we shall be abandoned.

“It would be madness to try and stop a team of frightened horses by standing directly in the way. One must run alongside, if possible, and restrain them gradually, even though we appear to be running with them.

“Every visitor to our camp on this part of the Congo, if he has a palaver with us, must first receive a small glass of rum or gin. A chief receives a bottleful, which he distributes teaspoonful by teaspoonful

1880. among his followers. This is the Lower Congo idea of an 'all-round
March 10. drink.'

Vivi. "I have not seen any ill-effects from this as yet; on the contrary, it has increased their sociality, and made people otherwise silent open their minds frankly. However I should not like to have it introduced into the Upper Congo.

"I see by the returns of the station chief that we consume 125 gallons of rum monthly by distributing grog rations, and native demands for it in lieu of a portion of their wages."

CHAPTER XI.

VIVI TO ISANGILA : ROAD-MAKING—A CURIOUS CHAPTER.

My working force—The whites—Camp in the Loa valley—Tracing a way through the tall grass—Our first day's road-making—"When in Rome you must do as the Romans do," a mistake—What food to take in the tropics—Village idols—A bigoted medicine-man—Value of buffalo and hippopotami tracks—Gin-drinking chiefs—A determined old toper—Difficulty about the names of the Congo—Yellala Falls—Market-days—Snakes—Abundance of game—The sun at noon—Birds—Completion of the first section of our road—Overland conveyance of the steam-launch *Royal*—Troubles with the Europeans—Arrival of Belgian "commercial"—The coldest part of the country—Death of a promising member of the Expedition—My first sickness—A day's thermometer readings—Swinburne ill—Settlement of a trade dispute—Result of 160 days' hard work—Reports to the President.

THE account of the work from March 18th, 1880, to Feb. 21st, 1881, I propose to put into two chapters, with the pardonable desire to exhibit in their pages as full a story as may be necessary to explain properly the nature of the task we had undertaken for the Comité d'Études du Haut Congo. It should deserve attention for the honest candour of its narration, if not for the every-day unromantic details of its matter.

1880.
March 18.
Vivi.

On mustering the force of foreign pioneers with

1880.
March 18.
Vivi.

which I was about to carve a wagon-way through the tropic land I had just surveyed, I discovered I had exactly 106 men at my disposal, after leaving at the station of Vivi 2 interpreters, 3 headmen, 43 labourers, 14 house-boys, 3 "washjacks," 3 cooks, and 4 native boys of Vivi as apprentice waiters.

There were, at this period, fourteen whites besides myself. Messrs. Sparhawk, Swinburne, Kirkbright, and Moore, were engaged as civilian superintendents and agents of stations. The remaining ten were officers and sailors in charge of the steamers *Belgique*, *Espérance*, *En Avant*, *Royal*, and *Jeune Africaine*, all of whom, of course, would be utterly useless to me in the road-making. At this period, also, no white, with the exception of Mr. Sparhawk, understood any African dialect, and a company of 106 men was altogether too small a force to bear subdivision. While with a woeful face I regarded my small company of pioneers, I was encouraged by the promises made by the native chiefs that they would furnish help; but I did not anticipate at this early stage of our acquaintance that they would venture far from their homes. They would no doubt wait until the road-making party had entered their territory.

On the 18th March, 1880, we marched to the Loa river and valley, and formed a camp, all the Vivi labourers being employed in conveying 70 sacks of beans, peas, lentils, rice, and salt, as a first instalment of provisions for the pioneer force. During the rest of the morning we traced the line of road, by

means of flag-staffs bearing white cloth streamers, and a tall step-ladder to guide through the tall grass the bearers of the half-mile cord and reel. It must be remembered that the grass in many places was 10 feet high, and in loamy hollows about 15 feet. In the months of July, August, and September fires consume the old grass, but so quick is the growth from the moment that the rains begin in September, that by the middle of March it is as tall as a young forest.

1880.
March 18.
Vivi.

At midday the pioneers were formed in line, hoes in hand, along the cord, and, at a signal, the work of uprooting the grass began. By night there was a clean roadway, 15 feet wide, and 2500 feet long, made; and by the evening of the 21st, 11,010 feet of roadway was cleared.

On the 22nd of March the road was joined to that already made between Vivi station and the summit of Vivi mountain. During the progress of the work the hollows, gullies, depressions, and many irregularities of surface along the roadway had been revealed; much scrub and many trees, besides large rocks, stood exposed and isolated; but our axes, hoes, crowbars and sledge-hammers had been distributed, and by the evening of the 22nd the wagons could roll in safety from the Vivi to the Loa river.

On the 23rd we moved camp to half-way between Banza Uvana and the Loa. Then began the transfer of tools, provisions, and the miscellaneous goods we carried with us to pay for the hire of native labourers when they should come to apply for work.

1880.
March 25.
Banza
Uvana.

On the 25th we again moved camp with its miscellaneous property to Banza Uvana, where we engaged five natives, who were immediately initiated into the art of pioneering, and on the next day, after measurement from Vivi landing-place to Banza Uvana, our completed road measured 50,354 feet, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

I write that evening in my journal a sound bit of

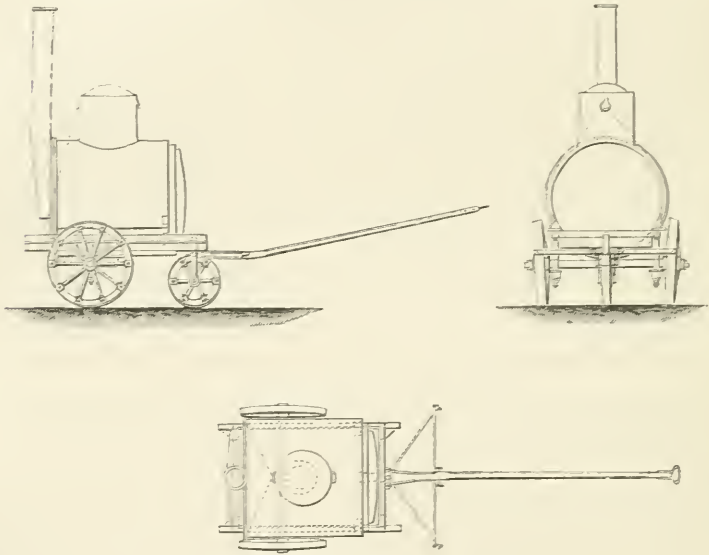


DIAGRAM OF TRUCK FOR MACHINERY.

information, to which, when describing the climate, I shall have occasion to refer.

“I am reminded to-night of the error of another old adage, ‘When in Rome you must do as the Romans do.’ Rome being a civilised city of great renown, &c., it no doubt was correct and proper. But the world is given so much to generalise that what is applicable to Rome is supposed by irreflective men to be applicable to all other parts. It is manifestly absurd, for ex-

ample, to apply this rule to a hot, equatorial region, so destitute of those necessities of life to which people in civilised and temperate climates are accustomed. Habit may be changed, but Nature must be obeyed. If I could carry with me my usual provisions of roast or boiled mutton or beef, potatoes, bread, and frozen butter, and wine, I would do so most certainly, and find a sure reward in good health for so doing. On two expeditions I have been a sad victim to African fever, and its consequent weakness, and months would sometimes elapse before I could regain my old strength and energies. Had I been able to obtain nourishing food I had saved much valuable time, and recuperated declining energies quicker; but I lived on the same food as the native. On this third expedition I have conformed hitherto to the dietary rules of civilised life, though fresh beef and mutton are absent, and I have only once been slightly indisposed during these eight months I have been on the Congo, and when I look around on my Zanzibari and other employés, and on the mules and asses, I am confirmed in my opinion that good food is as necessary to preserve health in this climate as in all others."

In this village there is a double-headed wooden bust, with its crown adorned (?) with old iron scraps and bits of mirror glass, and two wooden idols, about 4 feet high, ferocious in appearance, placed under a small shed, as a chapel, I suppose. These are the great gods of Banza Uvana. The well-bearded chief, Lusalla, has a medicine-man, who uses a small gourd in which are a few pebbles.

1880.
March 25.
Banza
Uvana.

1880.
March 25.
Banza
Uvana.

The medicine-man, or fetish, is in requisition frequently by the surrounding villagers, and has boasted to me of the many cures he has performed with that gourd and its pebbles. He is so confirmed a believer in its virtues that in very despair I had to abandon my arguments.



FETISH IDOLS.

Besides, my vocabulary is limited, and he has a decided advantage over me through his superior volubility.

March 28th.—Moved camp to Ntombo-a-Lungu, a village in the Loa gorge, steamy, and most depressing. The wealth of verdure under rain and moisture is perfectly wonderful. Temperature averaged 80° Fahr. in shade.

We are carving out roads on both sides of the gorge, digging into the stiff, red clay with strong Dutch hoes. The bottom of the gorge is 400 feet below the level of the plateau.

1880.
April 2.
Ntombo-a-
Lungu.

April 2nd.—Moved camp to top of eastern plateau from Ntombo-a-Lungu; left bank of Loa gorge. Evening is threatening; clouds black; bursts of low thunder and vivid lightning usher in the night. But we are already comfortably housed in our new huts. Our first day's acquaintance with the neighbourhood of Mgangila has not been very auspicious. We are about a mile and a half from Mgangila village. Ntombo-a-Lungu is below us 400 feet; old Banza Kulu is about 5 miles west of us on this same plateau.

April 3rd.—Making our fourth bridge, this time over the Loa stream, and a corduroy road across the gorge leading to it. The slopes of both sides have now been graded; they are steep, but passable.

April 4th.—Moved camp to No. 6 halting-place, a mile north of Mgangila village. Up to this time I have succeeded in enlisting twenty-three natives.

April 6th.—Arrived at camp No. 7, west bank of Mpagassa or Buffalo stream. Length of road completed thus far, 84,918 feet, over 15 English miles.

I have been much indebted, while searching through the jungles and grassy brakes, to the buffalo and hippopotami tracks: that of the latter were sure to be of the most gentle ascent and descent, and hippopotami evidently wander far at night in search of sugar-cane.

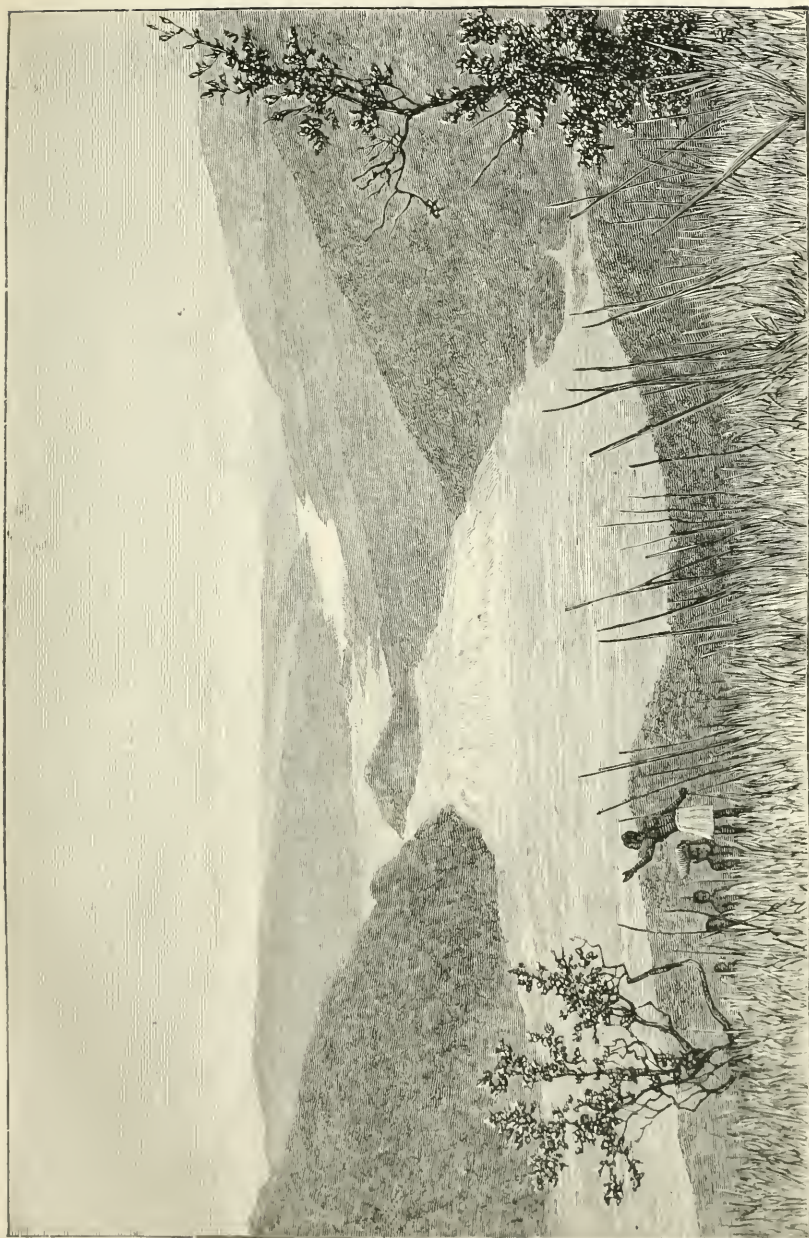
1880.
April 6,
Mgangila.

I had a visit yesterday from several chiefs of Mgangila plateau, who were tricked out in the cast-off finery of Europe. Most of the lackey coats had their large buttons stamped with unicorns.

Too much gin-drinking was indulged in by the natives. I attempted to frighten them with hideous pictures of the effects of indulgence in gin; but one blar-eyed man, whose eyes were even then red with alcoholic fire, declared that he was never so happy as when glass after glass was poured down his open mouth. He acted the intemperate man remarkably well, proving that he understands by experience what a figure he exhibits when inebriated.

Not one of the natives can give a distinctive title for the Congo. While the smallest, as well as the largest, tributary receives a name, the great river itself has no name to distinguish it from another. It is by some called the Njali, Njarri, Nzali, Nzaddi, Zali, which the old Portuguese called Zari and spelled Zaire, and all of these mean "the river."

I paid a visit during the day to Yellala Falls. The opposite sketch, taken from a photograph by our Dr. Allard, represents the Congo trough, and that stirring scene of racing waves known as Yellala Falls, better than any amount of written description. In the five or six mile stretch shown there is an incline of about 45 feet. But the general fury of the water is caused by the obstructions which the giant volume meets in the bed of the narrow defile. Though there are absolute falls, the impression one receives is that the



VIEW OF YELLALA FALLS FROM THE LEFT BANK. (From a photograph by Dr. Allard.)

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1880.
April 6.
Yellala.

word is a misnomer. It is a series of vehement, rushing, tumultuous, and vexed waters precipitated with remarkable force and energy, and seemingly eager to escape out of their constricted and deep mountain prison.

While working, even eight miles away, a whiff of wind from the southward would bring the sound of Yellala Falls startlingly clear.

These last few days the thermometer, at the lowest registered 70° Fahr., highest, 91° Fahr. Mean of five readings each day, during nine days, 78° Fahr. in shade.

“There are fixed days for markets in this country, which are held in central situations between the different villages whose inhabitants resort thither without fear for the safety of their persons and property, or for their houses and chattels during their absence. In a hilly country such as this is, the market is held on some hill commanding a wide view; in the level districts a spacious clearing in the grass, or the woods, serves for a market-place.”

I have now thirty-four natives with me working for weekly pay, on the road. They are apt to learn; they fall into the ranks at muster-time, answer to their names and imitate closely our more disciplined workmen from Zanzibar, but it requires strict personal supervision to keep them to their task. They are inclined to shirk duty, and prefer to gossip, and argue loudly with one another when my head is turned away. A mere look of surprise, however, is sufficient to recall them to a sense

1880.
April 10.
Mgangila.

of duty, and a threat to remember their indolence on pay-day prompts the most stubborn to resume work.

April 10th.—Moved to Camp No. 8. Ascended the northern slope of the plateau from Mpagassa stream, and turned river-ward or south-easterly until the plateau narrowed into a gently declining spur, prolonged for three miles just above the ravine of the Lufwenkenya streamlet. As we near the Congo the country becomes stony and arid. The soil has long ago been washed away down to the naked sheet-rock, or leaving the stone débris of quartz, which nourishes only scant crops of wild grass. The summits of the level plateaus, which our turnpike road now traverses, broad and straight and clean, are capable of producing the heaviest crops of wheat and other grain, the rich loam being still deep enough. That near Mgangila village is 30 inches deep; towards the verge of the slopes it thins away to the red impervious clay.

Snakes are frequently met with in this road-making. In the neighbourhood of the Congo the slate-coloured spitting snakes are most numerous. Vivi platform was at first infested with a large number of these. They robbed us of our laying hens, and devoured the chicks, and then coiled themselves under the lower shelves of the magazine, and menaced our store-men with their venom, which they ejected in a stream from a distance of six feet. The poison must be exceedingly powerful and especially painful to the eyes, judging from its ill-effects, which lasted eight or ten days. Whip-snakes infest the grass; short, bulky pythons are near

the water-courses; green snakes are coiled on the trees in the stony region; two typlops were killed on the Lufwenkenya. But although we have turned a large number into view, no accident has yet occurred.*

1880.
April 10.
Mgangila.

This day I shot an animal of the size of a small pig, a rodent, with a snout projecting an inch over the mouth. I take it to be an orycterope, or ground-hog.

Game begin to be abundant, especially of the harte-beest kind. I shot two to-day. Their meat was delicious, and a great treat to us in the wilderness.

Since we turned our road towards the Congo we have left the inhabited district, as nothing could thrive in the stony region.

For the last four days I have endeavoured to obtain a noon observation of the sun, but have not been able to succeed. The sun generally comes out at 10 A.M., and beams brightly for about an hour, then becomes intermittent. At noon he is faintly discerned through a silver cloud. At 1 P.M. he shines gloriously; at 2 he is mighty; at 3 he is violent; at 4 he is serene; at 5 he is still steadfast; at 6 he disappears with a bright, victorious flush; at 6.30 it is dark night.

April 14th.—Camp No. 9, whence we obtain a fine view of Ulungu Cone, Sadika Banzi's Grove, site of camp 8, Yellala Mountain, and Palaballa's grove-clad Mount.

After laying the line of road and appointing the

* The year 1885 is marked, however, by a fatal accident of this kind. A Swedish officer was lately bitten by a snake, and died within two hours.

1880.
April 14.
Mgangila.

daily task, explored the country down to Congo River, and discovered a spur leading down to the landing-place, which must be, by my map, about five miles from the Bundi River. The guide calls it Makeya Manguba.

Our next camp will be in a very pleasant spot by the Tendelay, about ten acres in extent, consisting of beautiful short spring grass, with abundant game. Returned to camp with two fine hartebeest, which will give about three pounds of meat to each man.

Four native recruits to the pioneer force arrived to-day, with a promise of more from Nsanda.

April 20th.—Camp No. 10. One more hartebeest and one kudu obtained close to the camp. Heavy grading and filling up of holes, with much prising of large quartz boulders required. The grass is thin. The work is all done now with picks and shovels, as hoes are useless. The land seems to be mainly of compact quartzose ballast.

I made a curious discovery yesterday at the Lufwenkenya. We had excavated a roadway eight feet deep through the alluvial banks, when there rose suddenly a shout, and the men crowded about, drawing me also to the spot out of keen curiosity. I saw from a distance in the hands of a man the object of interest, and it seemed to me like a 12-pounder cannon ball, and several of these lay at his feet. On closer examination they, however, proved to be ancient elephant dung. As these were so far below the surface, and a sturdy grove grew above the spot, it would have been interesting to have been able to tell how many

score of years had passed since the elephants' droppings had been thus covered.

1880.
April 20.
Mgangila.

Of birds I have seen but few. Kites are numerous, especially since our camps have been furnished with fresh meat. Half a dozen parrots have been lately heard whistling overhead; wing-clappers have predominated on the grassy plateau, and the drumbird's alarming notes have been heard in distant woody hollows. A few jays have darted across our vision, and the wild pigeon's mournful calls have attracted momentary attention.

April 22nd.—Camp No. 11. Arrived at last at the Congo, and completed the first section of the road, 118,077 feet, or twenty-two and a third miles long. From the landing-place at this camp the steamers will be enabled to convey in a few days the entire paraphernalia of the station-building expedition up the Bundi River, to a point such as shall seem best for an easy ascent to the Bundi Valley.

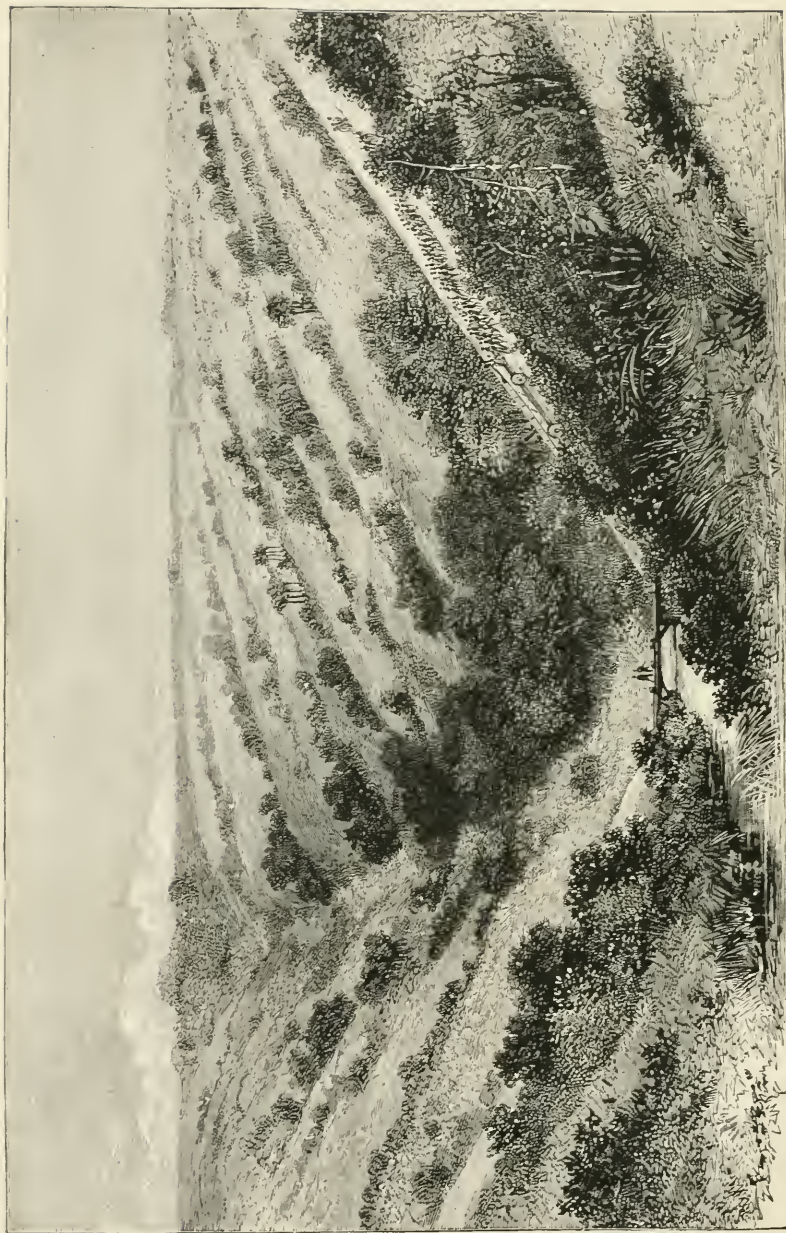
Widely different was the effect on us as we viewed the country from the middle of a road 15 feet wide, to the impressions derived from viewing it through embracing grasses and obstructing shrubbery; and the pace of the march home to Vivi was very different from that crawling gait we were compelled to adopt when following native paths. Starting at daybreak on the 23rd, some of us were enabled to reach Vivi by 11 A.M., while the last stragglers had entered it by 2 P.M.

By the 3rd of May we had rested sufficiently; the

1880.
May 3.
Vivi.

steam-launch *Royal* had been mounted on the great steel wagon; 200 men, pioneers and workmen of Vivi, had pulled the five-ton weight up from the landing-place; two carts had been loaded with the boiler, engine, grindstones, iron plates, &c.; over a hundred more loads of cloth, beads, wire, tents, baggage and provisions for five Europeans—two Danish sailors, Albert and Martin, Mr. Swinburne, and two engineers; and on the 4th, the *Royal*, with the aid of fifty natives of Vivi, was hauled over Vivi Mountain to the camp on the Loa. On the 5th the two small carts were hauled direct to Banza Uvana. In the same manner the goods were taken with the Europeans to our camp one after another, followed by the wagons, until, amid great rejoicing, wagons and goods arrived at Makeya Manguba camp without accident on the 11th of May, when we stored the goods in tents, launched the *Royal* into the river, and the same day started on our return with the empty wagons. Meanwhile the engineers were instructed to put the steamer in order, and have wood cut ready for several days' fuel.

On the 13th of May we were back in Vivi, whereat troubles with the Europeans were so numerous that some mention must be here made of them. One engineer, Hubert Pettit, had died at a very early stage of our coming; another had been discharged as having misunderstood his vocation; the captain of the *Belgique* had resigned; a French sailor had also lost heart; the engine-driver of the *Espérance*, after veering around several times, had also departed; the carpenter, whose



THE ASCENT OF A SLOPE IN THE MPAGASSA GORGE.

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ideas of Congo life had been somewhat mixed even before he had left Europe, finally followed his friends, and left us to bewail his loss.

Now on my return from the interior other changes were imminent. Mr. Moore was obliged to be sent home through weakness and prostration. Mr. Kirkbright waited until I was one day inland, and then sent a courier with his resignation, to which I replied with an answer that it was accepted. The third day another courier arrives with a letter withdrawing the resignation, to which I answer, "Very good; stay."

On the 27th of May I arrive at Makeya Manguba for the second time, with the wagons conveying the *En Avant* steel paddle steamer, after having been assisted gallantly by 170 natives of Nsanda over the steep slopes of the Loa and Mpagassa gorge. After an hour's rest I am told by one of the engineers in the camp that he wishes to go home, that he has had enough of Congo.

If my work is to imitate the tourist conductor—to be, as it were, a Cook on the Congo, escorting engineers to make short excursions into the interior, I fear that my interest in the projects of the "Comité" will be but short-lived. I proceed to argue the point with him. to temporise; the engineer's face finally relaxes, and he expresses his wish to remain.

At this camp of Makeya Manguba, during my absence one coast native has been devoured by a crocodile; and two other coloured men, one from Zanzibar, have died of dysentery.

1880.
May 13.
Vivi.

1880.
May 29.
Vivi.

On the 29th of May I start on my return to Vivi for the third time to load up with the boiler and engine of the paddle-boat, paddle-boxes, and other heavy material, and the next day I arrive at the station to hear that another European, Mr. Deanes, has succumbed; on the same day, in the afternoon, two fresh Europeans arrive, who have obtained permission from the Comité to settle at Vivi, to exploit the district commercially for a Belgian firm.

On the 2nd of June we start a fourth time to our camp inland, with the heavy boiler, machinery, paddle-boxes, paddle-wheels and shafting, furniture, extra iron plates for repairing steamers, forges, &c. A small train of mules and asses start at the same time with provisions of rice and beans, which assist us considerably.

The next day sixty more natives of the districts of Nsanda and Vivi and Kulu, assist in hauling, and with this additional strength we march swiftly.

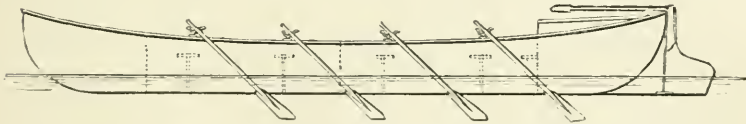
By this time the road has become hard and well-trodden; the dryness of the earth and season assists to give it the appearance of an ancient turnpike.

On the 6th of June we arrive at the old camp on the verge of Mgangila plateau overlooking the Buffalo (Mpagassa) gorge. It is the coldest spot in the country. To all points, except the southward, there is an abrupt downward dip into the gorge and its neighbouring gullies, leaving the situation very much exposed to all the winds. When they blow from the north-west, every one, black and white, shrinks, and

seems to contract under their pernicious influence. Even our dumb companions, the mules and asses, exhibit, by their staring coats, ears thrown back, and heads drooping low, that an unwelcome change has taken place in the temperature; the dogs, too, avoid the chilling blast by retreating into the huts underneath our cots, to curl themselves up into warmth and sleep.

1880.
June 6.
Mganga.

During this month the aspect of earth and sky appears to sympathise with our misery. The grasses are turned into the sere, the rust is deeper on the heaps of hematite; the bald ridges are now solemn and lonely; the sky, which, during the late rainy



ELEVATION OF STEEL LIGHTER.

season, was so fickle and changeable, varying from dense blackness to a steel blue, is now of a depressing gray, unrelieved by any warm tints, but presenting, near the horizon, sombre patches of clouds, darkening daylight, obscuring the vision, and contracting drearily the limit of the view.

On the 7th of June the boilers and machinery of the *En Avant* were unloaded, and on the 9th the wagons were back in Vivi Station for a fifth load.

On the 14th of June we start again for our inland camp with the steel lighter, and the two carts loaded with sheets of corrugated iron for the construction

1880.
June 7.
Vivi.

of a fire-proof store at Manyanga. While we are drawing these towards our camp, couriers arrive daily with news of Martin's illness, and are sent back with instructions how to treat the patient; but on the 19th, after my arrival at the camp with the lighter, I discover, on examining the sick man, that it is a severe case of typhoid fever. On the 20th Martin Martinson succumbs, and by his death we lose one of the most promising members of our Expedition.

On the same afternoon, for the first time since entering on my present mission, I am stricken down with what threatens to be a protracted case of bilious fever. The next day I rise to help to bury my young Danish friend, but have to hasten to bed, wherein I am confined in a semi-delirious state until the 27th. Meantime the wagons have been to Vivi, and have returned with another large steel lighter in charge of my disciplined and trained Zanzibari chiefs.

On the 28th I am again in Vivi, where I find affairs going on quietly.

July 3rd.—The wagons return to inland camp loaded with 8000 lbs. in large cloth bales.

On the 7th of July we are at the Cold Camp above the Buffalo River. Lamed by an ulcer in my foot I am debarred from taking as much exercise as I should wish. I wear an under flannel and a heavy shirt over it, a sacque coat, and an ulster, but am still cold. The minimum temperature has been 63° Fahrenheit, yet the draughts of wind down the gorge sweeping over and around our camp, though not decreasing the tempera-

ture thermometrically, add to our feeling of miserable chilliness.

1880.
June 27.
Vivi.

The following readings of the thermometer were taken to-day :—

6 a.m.	Standard	Thermometer	F.	63°.
9	„	„	„	65°.
10.30	„	„	„	69°.
1 p.m.	„	„	„	71.30°.
3	„	„	„	70°.
4.30	„	„	„	69°.
5	„	„	„	69°.
6	„	„	„	65°.
8	„	„	„	64°.
10	„	„	„	63°.

Messengers returned from camp state Swinburne has been taken ill with gastric fever. I am not well myself. I feel feverish and cold, but send a letter to beg Swinburne not to be discouraged.

On the 10th I am at Makeya Manguba with the huge load of cloth and miscellanea.

While the people return with wagons to Vivi, and the mule train with them for the transport of provisions of rice, fish, beans, lentils, and peas, I proceed up the river with the steel whaleboat to explore for a new camp on Bundi River.

A live elephant is seen coming down the Congo swimming. It finally lands on the south bank of the Congo, not a whit discouraged by his long swim, for he strides up the steep banks brisk and lively.

The Bundi River is navigable for a mile and a half, and a camping place is found behind the thin belt of fine wood lining its banks. Game is abundant, but un-

1880.
July 10.
Makeya
Manguba.

fortunately so are the sand-flies, gad-flies, and chigoes, while in the yellow creek the crocodiles are numerous. However, were the ten plagues of Egypt here we should have to endure them, for no place but this is eligible for the passage of the wagons. I return to Makeya Manguba next day, saddle a mule, and ride on to Vivi, where I arrive that night alone.

A trade-talk, on account of conflict of opinions between the representatives of the Belgian firm, who have undertaken to exploit the district commercially, and the natives of Vivi, detains me for several days, to act as umpire and general conciliator between the disputants. Finally all things end happily. The chiefs who have been a little too aggressively disposed, and the whites who have been a little too unyielding, embrace and vow friendship. Cups of effervescing palm wine, seasoned with gin, are said by the connoisseurs to equal the brandy-pani of India, or the "whisky and seltzer" of Scotland. However that may be, both parties remain mutually delighted, and the old iron carronades of Vivi Mountain will sound the loud signal for trade to all the surrounding districts.

Meantime the wagons have taken their last heavy loads and have been left behind at Makeya Manguba. The pioneer force, aided by fifty coast natives and sixty-three Inland natives, and a small mule train, are now busily going to and fro between Vivi and the upper camp with the individual loads, provisions of canned meats, flour, fish, fruit, rice, and beans, peas,

and lentils, canvas, cowries, brass-wire, beads, tools, nails, &c., &c.

1880.
July 30.
Vivi.

By the 30th of July our labours between Vivi and Makeya Manguba are concluded, and in looking at my list of stores, I find I have conveyed the following quantity of goods there :—

Provisions consumed	276	sacks of rice and beans.
Provisions in camp.	233	„ „
European provisions, tents, baggage, cloth, beads, cowries, wire, tools, masts, oars, sails, cordage, oils, paints, zinc sheets, flour in kegs, nails, forges, drills, powder, boards, furniture	871	loads of 60 lbs.
Steamer <i>En Avant</i> , steamer <i>Royal</i> , two steel lighters, extra iron, complete	450	loads of 60 lbs.

		1827 loads, nearly 54 tons.

I also discover that we have travelled since February 21st, when I set out for Isangila to explore the country for a road, down to the present date, inclusive of the construction of the road and the transport of the above goods to this camp, 966 miles, which, divided by the 160 days employed in the various works described, gives us a rate of 6 miles per day.

All of which labour and marching, this toilsome effort, this sacrifice of life, only enables us to be 22 miles on our road to Stanley Pool! Nevertheless, and despite the fearful odds, we will reach the Pool some day, with patience, determination, and faithful striving!

This chapter and the succeeding one will appear to me as I grow older more and more like fable, though

1889.
July 30.
Vivi.

it is a veracious relation of a series of sorrowful facts. A tithe of its bitterness has not been written, but enough to mark it as the epoch of struggle.

I will close it with a quotation from one of my letters to the President of the Committee.

“I have already described at large and in various letters what my difficulties are, and how valuable any reinforcements will be, so that it is needless to repeat them. You quite understand them by this time. Be they Chinese, Zanzibaris, Liberians, &c., I care not, they will be welcome; we have work enough for a thousand men, yet I have only 108 effective men.

“In your report of the dreadful massacre of Messrs. Carter and Cadenthead, you observe they commanded a force of 150 men. 150 men! Probably 150 Zanzibaris! What could I not have done with such a force by this time on the Congo. If I had only the services of such for one round year, I doubt whether Nyangwe would ever receive one yard of cloth by the way of Ujiji again. I doubt much whether the International Association would send such valuable men by such a long and dangerous route again.

“However, we are all well in camp, and have enjoyed good health despite the hard work. We are strong personally, though not numerically, and though we are engaged against such long odds, my people tell me, ‘Please God, we shall finish it,’ to which I fervidly say, ‘Amen!’”

In another letter of about this time I remark :

“You have instructed me to convey a steamer and a boat to Manyanga station, and another steamer and boat to Stanley Pool, and build three stations—one at Vivi, one at Manyanga, and one at some convenient point on the shores of Stanley Pool; for which task I obtained sixty-eight Zanzibaris, and as many west coast natives as I could induce to enter into our service; the number of the latter, despite my best efforts, is to-day exactly sixty-six. On this morning’s sick list, which is only an average number, I have sixteen invalids, who, with boys and cooks, make a non-working number of twenty-four, leaving me with an effective working force of 110 men, who are to convey fifty-four tons into the interior, and have yet to make a road 125 miles long before Stanley Pool is reached.

“I beg to inform you that if the whole talent and genius of Belgium were here to assist my progress with their advice, they could not increase my working force, but they might add to my burdens and sick list. I am quite satisfied with my people; they perform all that can be reasonably

expected of them. To expect they should do more would be criminal ingratitude in me.

“These and similar facts have been repeated to you ever since February of this year. The truths they describe should by this time be clearly obvious, so that I am somewhat ashamed to iterate and repeat them.

“Our part in the Committee’s project is easily demonstrable. We will continue to perform it effectively and zealously, but by the enclosed balance sheet of work done you may be able to calculate how fast our advance must be forward, so long as we have only these few men. Whatever number you add to our force of *working* men you may easily calculate our increased rate of progress. Whatever orders or suggestions you give or make will be instantly obeyed. Double our power, and we will double our speed; treble the working power, and our progress will be three times quicker. With sufficient men we could be at Stanley Pool within one month. If you send us no more men, then we will go on as fast as we can, steadily and faithfully.”

1880.
July 30.
Vivi.

CHAPTER XII.

VIVI TO ISANGILA—*continued*.

Lutété, a truculent chief—"Seize him, boys!"—Fiote law—Trial and fine of Lutété—The axe and the forest—In search of game—Nostalgia—No more Europeans wanted—Our first rain-storm—Hauling the *En Avant* overland—A Day of Rest—Arrival of Le Comte Savorgnan de Brazza—His travels and adventures—Ngoma Point—A difficult engineering feat—Successful formation of a road round the Point—Isangila—Captain Anderson's services—A year's progress—Our toil, trials, and losses.

1880.
August 1.
Vivi. THE first personal difficulty I experienced with a native in this region, occurred immediately after our arrival at Makeya Manguba with the last loads from Vivi.

The young English gentleman, Mr. Swinburne, who was gentleness itself, appeared before me as usual with his report of what incidents had happened during my absence; and among these incidents was a story about the conduct of a brutal native named Lutété, a chief of Banza Lungu plateau, who had appeared in the camp, and had been pleased to forbid the sale of a single article of food to the white man, and who had, after vile abuse of the three harmless Europeans in the camp, expectorated in their faces. This story was corroborated by the coloured men. No person could assign any reason for this conduct, and the chief had not deigned to give

any himself, except that as the landing-place belonged to him—which was an untruth—he would show the white men of the sea country who he was. This story appeared so improbable that I was loth to believe it.

1880.
August 1.
Vivi.

Presently, however, Mr. Swinburne reappeared at the door of my tent, and informed me that the same chief had arrived from across the river, and was behaving rudely as usual, beating the natives whom he found selling fowls and bananas to the hungry men who had just arrived from Vivi with me. Hastening out I encountered him as he was laying about with his staff, and seizing him by the arm I demanded :

“Who are you, that you strike people in my camp?” recognising him almost at a glance as a chief to whom I had made a liberal gift for the promise of two labourers on the road.

He raised his hand menacingly, but not quick enough to avoid a severe slapping on the face which followed the movement.

Enraged at this mauling, he rushed to seize his gun from the hands of his slave gun-bearer. But before he could shoot me, I cried, “Seize him, boys!” and the crowd of pioneers who had gathered about being extremely quick to obey, the fellow was at once made a prisoner and strongly secured.

His men were told to depart and to convey to the senior chief of Banza Lungu notice of the capture, and to intimate to him that a ransom would have to be paid as a fine for his maltreatment of my white men, and also for having threatened to shoot me.

1880.
August 1.
Vivi.

Our natives of Nsanda who were with us and witnessed the affair, proved invaluable in the negotiations which followed. Native custom, so despotic in its decrees, ordains that the one who commences a quarrel, if a loser, must pay. This is Fiote law—Fiote being the name of the language the Bakongo speak—and Fiote law is as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians.

The senior chief arrived the next day, and the witnesses were numerous. The decree of the umpire was hostile to the prisoner, and the fine was four pigs and four goats, which I remitted to one pig and three goats, the services of two labourers whose time had been paid for months ago as far as Isangila, and the employment of the chief himself to convey three letters one after another to Vivi. The fine was religiously paid, the men worked well, and three round journeys were made to Vivi by the now sobered chief, to his subsequent great personal benefit, which included a total remission of the fine before I left Vivi for the last time.

On the 3rd of August we commenced loading the *En Avant* and the steel lighters with goods and machinery for the new camp on the Bundi River, and by night we had conveyed forty men and 265 loads, or 15,900 lbs.

On the 4th of August 19,680 lbs. weight of goods were despatched.

By the evening of the 5th 17,400 lbs. weight had been transferred thither.

By 3 P.M. of the 9th of August, the old camp of

Makeya Manguba was completely abandoned, and the new camp contained all the *personnel* and material of the pioneering expedition.

1880.
August 9.
Vivi.

On the 10th we were at work with axes cutting through a dense jungle and forest which belted the Bundi River. For ten succeeding days the axe-men hewed at the beautiful shafted columns of teak, mahogany, guaiacum, and bombax. Every alternate hour the deep forest gorge echoed to the loud crashes of half-a-dozen tall forest monarchs, while the pickaxe, spade, and hoe hands delved and toiled in the numerous gullies and rock-strewn slopes of the Inga Plateau, which lay on our right.

A few natives followed us for profitable marketing even into this silent and lonely corner, bringing sweet potatoes, bananas, fowls, and eggs. To lessen the requirements from Vivi. Mr. Swinburne, the camp caterer and acting commissary, purchased every article of food that was offered. Our consumption of rice was nearly 400 lbs. per diem; so that any accident to the provision trains would seriously incommode us, and most certainly delay our progress. For we were now 25 miles from our base of operations, and in the midst of an inhospitable wilderness. A round journey, with safety for the animals, in a country so ill-adapted for them as this at present was, could not be performed under six days, and in the interval of their absence twelve mule-loads of provisions would be consumed. The further we advanced into the country, the more serious became this question of food supply.

1880.
Sept. 4.
Luenda R.

By the 4th of September I had advanced with the pioneer force as far as the left or northern bank of the Luenda River, a distance of 53,395 feet. All the Europeans and the sick—which daily augmented in number, and amounted to between a sixth and a seventh of the entire expedition—had been left at the Bundi River, to guard the camp and its tons of goods, to dismount the steamers, and to cord up all belongings so as to be ready for transport.

Daily, after marking out the route, setting the flag-staffs, arranging the line, and tracing out according to the nature of the country what my experience suggested could be performed during the day, I travelled ahead through tall grass or dank jungle to explore the next day's route, ending the journey with a wide circuit on my return to camp, in pursuit of game, so that by this method of free foraging in the wilds I succeeded in assisting the commissariat with twenty-one hartebeest and three buffalo. These provided our force with an almost daily supply of fresh meat, and sometimes furnished a surplus to barter for vegetables from the natives of Nsekelelo. Liberal gifts to these natives also brought a few hands for the road, until I could muster sixty-three aborigines.

Between the Luenda and the Lulu Rivers crowbars, sledge-hammers, handspikes, and picks, were the tools with which we made a stony road, cutting off by its directness many miles of most impracticable country. At the Lulu River we were among immense blue granite boulders imbedded in sand at low water; but,

now with a fast-rising Congo, the river was gradually creeping in between and around them. A great many shifts and expedients of one sort or another would have to be resorted to to avoid being stalled or jammed in.

1880.
Sept. 6.
Nyongena.

On the other side of the mouth of the Lulu rises the precipitous extremity of Nyongena Hill, of appalling steepness, covered at the base with huge boulders, while half-sunk masses of granite, which garnished the slope much too thickly, required to be dug out, up-turned, and rolled aside from the wagon track. The Lulu's cool crystal waters rush noisily below in the cavernous gulf on our left; and if during our vehement endeavour to scale the steep forehead of Nyongena, the westering sun will scorch our backs, pails of water will be readily at hand to allay thirst.

When on the summit we are 350 feet above the Congo. The hill of Nyongena rises with an abrupt slope from the river, and extends all the way from the Lulu's mouth to within 600 yards of Ngoma Point in one solid compact hill mass. Summit and river-flank are wooded thickly with valuable and beautiful hard woods of various kinds, while the river chafes angrily against the black gritstone masses which lie in an irregular heap along the base of the hill.

Into this 600 yards wide flat of scrub-covered sand empties the Bula river, which is the drainage of the western slopes of the grand and formidable mountain of Ngoma.

When about to pierce the deep tall woods of Nyongena our native help affect alarm. "Bad spirits," they

1880.
Sept. 17.
Nyongena.

say, worse than those of Inga, guard the woods, and many a luckless wight from the interior, while traversing its dark depths, has been abducted from the ken of human kind. But when they see our foreign workmen make light of this, and form themselves in line against the blazed trees; when axes are strongly wielded, and the tough hard woods fall prostrate, and light falls on the unknown, they recover courage: with their sharp hoes they then begin to grub up the small undergrowth, and with their machettes to trim the opening and enlarge the view.

On the 18th of September we reach the Bula River, and our road from the Bundi River hither measures 83,945 feet, nearly 16 English miles.

We return next day, and find all well at the Bundi. Albert, the Danish sailor, has acquired confidence; he has been in the hunting field, and the convalescent, weaklings, and the sick have received a fair share of fresh buffalo and antelope meat.

The river has risen two feet during our absence, though as yet we have had only three hours and fifty minutes of light rains during seven rainfalls this season.

On the 20th of September I take the opportunity of a day's rest to report to the Committee on events which news from the officials at Vivi and my own experience have furnished.

I attempt to explain why Europeans succumb so readily, as the frequent changes in the staff at that station would imply. I attribute the reason mainly to *nostalgia*, which requires wearisome repetition of paternal

advice and fraternal encouragement. However salutary these may be for a short time, a little biliousness, a slight cold, or a trifle of over-indulgence, are sure to superinduce periodic attacks of ill-humour and bile of greater virulence, compelling me to again have recourse to the most tender letter-writing. When these attacks become chronic, people who, like myself, have rather serious and absorbing duties to perform are very apt to despise such weak-minded petulance. Chronic homesickness is held by travellers in much the same estimation as incipient sea-sickness is by sailors. The sailor laughs at the beginning, but pities the long continuance: the traveller is apt to scorn the continuance, but often sympathises with the first attacks.

Portuguese officers have visited Vivi; an English consul has made a flying trip to the station and cast a casual glance at the surroundings, &c.; and news of danger, causing a precipitate retreat of two Baptist missionaries who have tried to reach Stanley Pool *viâ* Makuta, is received.

Our Vivi agent also reports the arrival of about twenty donkeys from Teneriffe, "all of which," he says, "are mean, contemptible little things, not larger than mastiffs."

I inform the Comité of the coming of three Belgian military officers, and deprecate sending many Europeans, as in its present state the expedition is not ready for the reception of people who may become a burden by their never-ceasing demands for luxuries and medicine. Europeans mean more baggage; they

1880.
Sept. 20.
Bundi.

1880.
Sept. 20.
Bundi.

have stomachs requiring good food, they are tender and will require nursing. While I am still in the wilderness this extra work, on the backs of 110 men, is like the harsh behest of Pharaoh: "Let there be more work laid upon the men, that they may labour therein, and let them not regard vain words. Go therefore now and work, for there shall be no straw given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of the bricks."

The Comité must by no means be compared with unjust Pharaoh, but it is true that new arrivals of Europeans at the present moment increase the expense and burden without a commensurate utility. Our crying need is for coloured men to enable us to move on quicker.

A M. Neve has also arrived to drive the steam-launch *En Avant* on the upper river. Another person is reported to have arrived at the mouth of the Congo, taken a fond look at Banana Point, and gone home without even having had the courage to see Vivi.

Finally I conclude a letter to the Comité relating these facts, with a brief summary thus: "We have made three bridges, filled up a score of ravines and gullies at the crossings, graded six hills, cut through two thick forests of hard wood, and made a clear road thirty-eight miles long."

By the 23rd of October we have removed the steamers, boats and goods to the camp on the left bank of the Luenda, having travelled in the meantime 322 English miles in thirty-two days without an accident.

On the 19th I find the following note in my journal : 1880.

“ At 4 P.M. yesterday, after an excessively hot day, the sky became much clouded eastward. A high wind with frequent severe squalls of a few minutes' duration soon began, as the murky clouds swept northerly and westerly. Then the southern horizon became blackened in its turn, a dead calm followed, until finally, the clouds having settled of a dense blackness from south-east to north-east, the rain (the first of the season), heralded by a few rumblings of thunder and flashes of lightning, came down in torrents until midnight, while the wind blew fiercely all night. The roads and bridges must needs suffer after such a storm, and some delay in our movements may be anticipated.”

Oct. 19.
Luenda.

A camp at the Bundi is still maintained for the sake of the mule trains. When provisions are required by the pioneering force, enough men can be despatched to Bundi River to convey to us within two days sufficient for twenty-five days' rations.

On the verge of Nyongena—commanding a view down the at present wildly roaring Lulu, and a long stretch of the Congo, every mile of which is marked by rapids, careering swiftly towards the cataracts of Inga—we built our next camp, 8500 feet distant from the Luenda River camp. By the 2nd of November we have the *En Avant* mounted on the large steel wagon at the foot of the hill, ready for the steepest ascent that we have yet ventured upon, the rise being 1 in 4. For this work we have been most careful in our arrangements; four sets of large tackles are laid down ready,

1880.
Nov. 2.
Nyongena.

with the ends fastened to large trees on the side of the road. To the steel body of the wagon are tied a couple of the stoutest straps, the largest (5-inch) hawser, 60 fathoms long, is also laid up the hill, two new 3-inch manillas lie trailing their length. Every soul in the camp is mustered for the occasion, and the hauling song is chanted, similar in refrain to the nautical "Ho, heave yo!" It is a slow work, but it is sure and safe. Any confusion, misunderstanding of command, slowness of blocking the hind wheels when the haulers cease work or shirking must be guarded against. Up and down the overseers move incessantly, with waving arms and hoarse voices; they look out keenly for the slack arms; and after one hour we have surmounted the steep slope, are high on the crown of the hill, and past the camp in safety. And then "all hands" sing out "Hip, hip, hurrah!" An hour is expended in undoing the lashings and dismounting the steamer to the ground. In another hour the great steel wagon is down below at the Lulu, to receive the *Royal* steam-launch, the mounting of which on the wagon with screw-jacks, &c., and lashing her firmly to the body, occupies the rest of the morning. We then halt for an hour, for the despatch of breakfast, which the cooks have been duly preparing, and at 1 P.M. descend to the Lulu to haul the *Royal* up. This task is also accomplished safely. By the evening of the second day of our arrival at the Lulu the other boats, boilers, machinery, furniture, and more lumbering materials, have been conveyed to the camp.



[To face page 228, Vol. I.]

ASCENDING THE NYONGENA HILL.

By the 6th of November we have moved our camp to a spot commanding a view of Ngoma Mountain and Point, at the commencement of a sloping spur, descending smoothly to the Bula River, which, as I have mentioned, empties through the middle of the sandy flat between Ngoma Point and the eastern extremity of

1880.
Nov. 6.
Bula R.



UPLAND ROAD THROUGH FOREST ENCAMPMENT.

Nyongena Hill. From this camp the view reaches up the Congo to the Isangila Falls, embracing the loch-like bay below the crooked, isle-dotted stretch descending to the rapids of Ngoma Point. Ngoma Mountain looms large and grand, and seems to offer an insurmountable barrier to further progress. Between our camp and the

1880.
Nov. 6.
Bula R.

base of the mountain lies the broad trough of the Bula valley, the bottom of which is 600 feet below our camp; and below the crown of Ngoma 1500 feet. From its north-western extremity round leftward to our camp, there is a wide sweep of mountain land tufted with grove clumps, or palmy clusters, denoting the villages; and we know that, although out of view, there are deep chasms, profound ravines, gulfy rifts, through which the Lulu and its feeders flow.

The *En Avant*, *Royal*, and a steel boat, a boiler or two, and some machinery, have been carried to the camp; while a few hundred loads of goods have been stored in the tents.

The 7th of November, being Sunday, is a day of rest. The people wash off the red dust of a week's work from their bodies, others proceed to hunt game, bearing a promise in their memories that success will be rewarded with cloth, as meat now is dearly prized; others wander to the neighbouring villages in search of vegetable food, and to spend a pleasant time in friendly gossip with some friends of long standing.

To me also, and to the Europeans who are gradually becoming useful, the Sunday promises to be a day of luxurious rest. So eager am I, however, to resolve the problem of how to circumvent old Ngoma, that since daybreak I have been down to Ngoma Point, with an idea that somehow or another there lies the only hope of delivery from this hilly environment. But by ten o'clock I am back in camp, bathed, shaved, and

dressed, as becomes the Sabbath; and after a hearty breakfast I have sat down to read. But presently young Luteté Kuna, of Nsanda, is seen rushing up towards the camp, with the air of one who has something important to communicate, and coming to me hastily, he hands a paper to me, on which I find traced with a lead pencil the words, "Le Comte Savorgnan de Brazza, *Enseigne de Vaisseau*."

1880.
Nov. 7.
Bula R.

At that time I may well be pardoned if I did not appreciate rightly the position of this gentleman. When I departed for Africa in 1874 I had never heard of him, and in 1878, during all my travels in Europe, it had only been intimated to me in a casual manner that he had accompanied the Messrs. de Compeigné, March, and Ballay to the Ogowai.

I turn to Luteté Kuna, and demand further information; and Luteté, nothing loth, describes how he was startled, on reaching the village of Ndambi Mbongo, by seeing a tall white man—"Francess, he tells me he is—who kept on firing at the trees with a gun that shoots many times. Now, Bula Matari, tell me why do white men shoot at trees? Is it to kill the bad spirit?"

"Perhaps," I say; "but what more?"

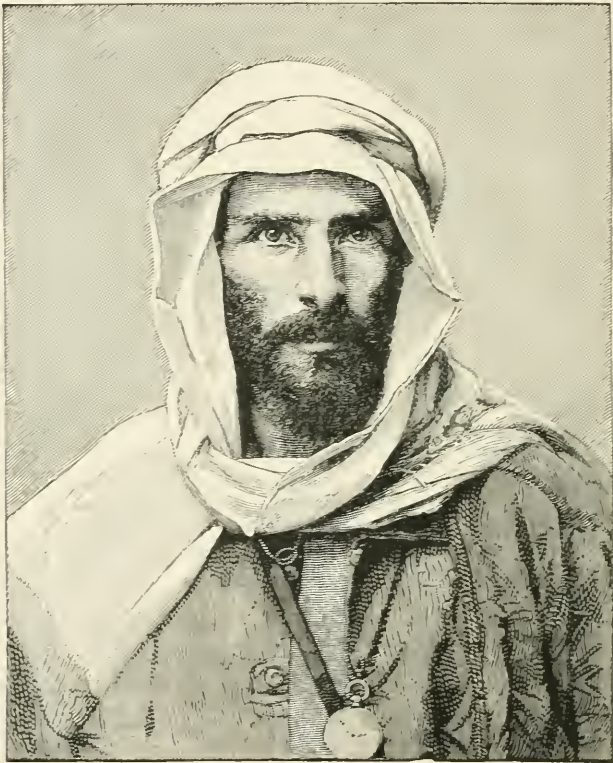
"Oh, after he found out I belonged to your company, he gave me that piece of paper and told me to carry it to you."

An hour later the French gentleman appears, dressed in helmet, naval blue coat, and feet encased in a brown leather bandage, and a following of fifteen men, princi-

1880.
Nov. 7.
Bula B.

pally Gabonese sailors, all armed with Winchester repeating rifles.

The gentleman is tall in appearance, of very dark complexion, and looks thoroughly fatigued. He is



MONS. DE BRAZZA.

welcome, and I invite him into the tent, and a *déjeuner* is prepared for him, to which he is invited.

I speak French abominably, and his English is not of the best, but between us we contrive to understand one another. He has a great deal to say of his travels, of his visit to Brussels, of his interviews with the

President of the Council of the Association Internationale Africaine; of the Congo River, and of its value to France and to civilisation.

1880.
Nov. 7.
Bula R.

I gathered from him that on his first expedition up the Ogowai he was three and a half years, and only succeeded in penetrating 300 miles, and that his experience on that journey made him resolve not to have any companions on another exploring expedition, in order that he might not be thwarted by timidity or irresolution on the part of others, to whose wishes deference must sometimes be made. On that journey he had expended money freely, and had lost much time, which was still more valuable. The region he had traversed was new, the natives were shy, hostile to encroachments of whites, sometimes capricious in their wants, unstable in their engagements, and divided in opinion between their love of the white man's goods and their superstitious and unreasoning fear of every innovation.

It was a sore time of trial to him when he first saw the Alima, and found he could not prosecute the exploration of its course, through the irresolution of some of his companions and the hostility of the natives; he resolved in his own mind to return some day alone and finish the discovery. On his arrival in Europe in 1878, however, he learned that I had descended the Lualaba and Congo, and then he knew he had seen one of the tributaries of the Congo. He had returned to Europe sick and exhausted; but, recovering his strength, he had come out again in the

1880.
Nov. 7.
Bula R.

latter part of 1879, and in February 1880 he set out all duly prepared, and again ascended the Ogowai. This time his previous tuition of the natives produced satisfactory results to himself and pupils; tribe after tribe sent its quota of auxiliaries, chief after chief aided him, and finally he emerged at Stanley Pool, whence, after leaving a corporal's guard, he struck north about thirty miles from the north bank; and, after eighteen days' march in a direction parallel to the river, he had entered Ndambi Mbongo, and heard of my being in the neighbourhood.

After resting two days in my camp, he set forward on his journey to Vivi, with a few native carriers from our employ to convey his small stock of baggage. He enjoyed a few days rest at Vivi, and then took passage in one of our steamers to Banana, and thence by mail to Gaboon.

On the 13th of November wagons, goods, and camp were established in the sandy flat which extends inland in a bay-like form, between the upper head of Nyongena Forest mount and the rocky point of Ngoma mountain.

When at my camp, Mons. de Brazza, looking up at the huge mass of Ngoma, had said—"It will take you six months to pass that mountain with those wagons. Your force is too weak altogether for such a work as you are engaged in; you should have at least 500 men."

It was quite true; but seeing that no greater force could be obtained, and that men could not be "made to

order," it would have been weakness to stand wringing our hands and bewailing our helplessness. We were in the wilderness, and the large and valuable stock of material must be taken on with us, so long as the order to build stations was in force, and was considered of primary importance. Before I could advance with any greater rapidity, some man of force and practical knowledge was needed to replace me in the charge of all this "lumber," and an additional supply of men, however small, was also required to enable me to do so, unless I wished to fix the chief of the transport immovably at the base of one of these formidable heights. As may be seen, our present numbers only just permitted us to move at a snail's pace, but to deprive it of about fifteen picked men would be to halt the wagon expedition at the spot where I left it.

Again I wander to Ngoma Point, while the people have been removing the goods and camp to the base of Ngoma, and examine in the most minute manner every portion of this rugged corner. By the river I am effectually closed. The stream for about 400 yards above is too violent, while on land the sharp spine of the mountain slopes steeply to a rapid. But at about twenty feet above the fall of the river there are animal tracks winding between immense rocky fragments to the woody terrace, which begins just beyond the Point. Could I remove a few of these rocks and build a wall along the river? What time would the work occupy? Finally, after comparing the stiff ascent to the stiffer

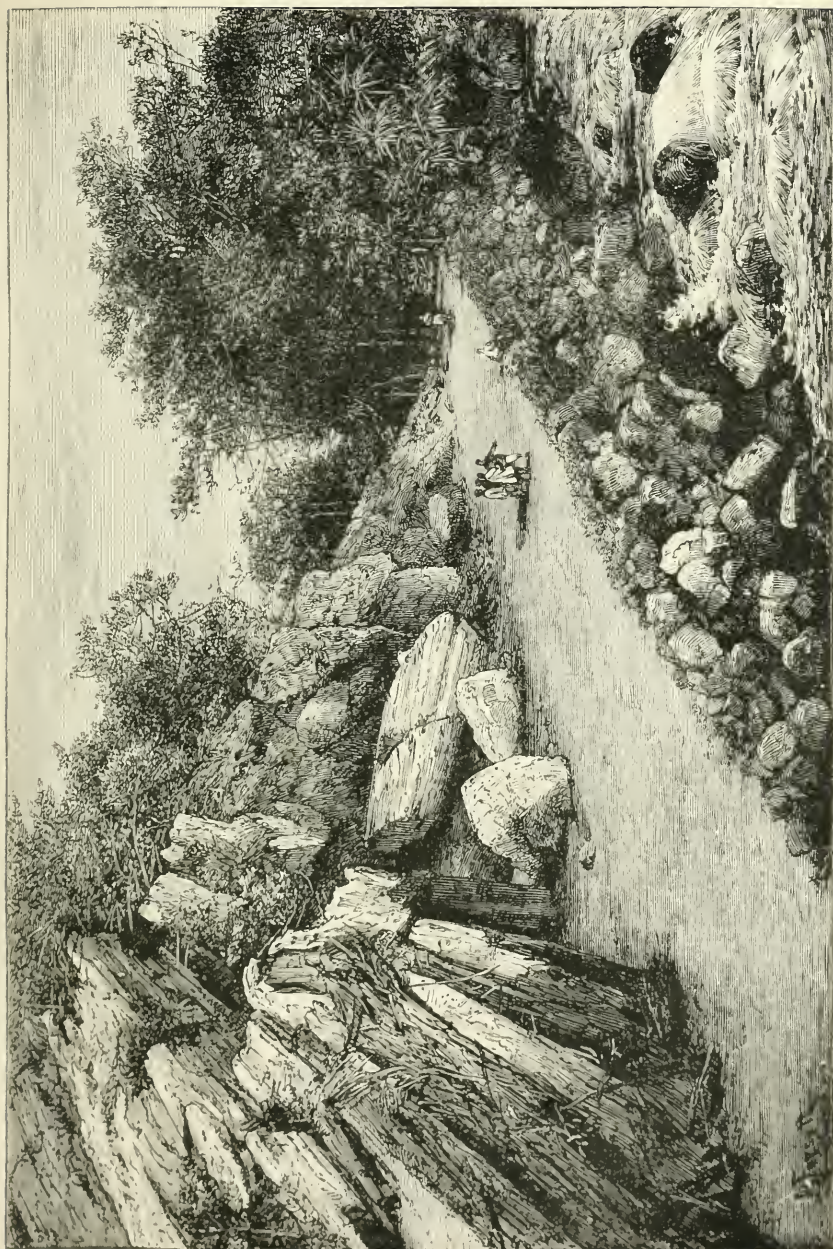
1880.
Nov. 13.
Bula R.

1880.
Nov. 20.
Ngoma.

descent of Ngoma, and the number of ravines and water-courses which must needs be crossed before reaching Isangila, I choose the Point as the scene of operations.

We cut some tall straight trees, about forty feet long, also about fifty handspikes, of strong, hard, tough wood, and convey them to the Point. Only forty picked men are selected for the more skilled work, the others are scattered over the neighbourhood collecting building stones. We begin by planting one of the longer trees nearly upright, to the upper end of which short ropes for hauling are attached, and when all is ready we essay the task of toppling over a large fragment. So well is it done that the great rock turns over grandly, and glides to the bottom, forming a solid substructure, on which with care and judgment we may pile others. Again we try, and again a great fragment is rolled, and with the aid of jack-screws is pushed to its place. In six days we have obtained quite a solid line of large rocks for a foundation. Two hundred yards of a length is needed before we can begin piling up a wall of loose rock, which the higher we can build straight up gives us of course a greater width, as the mountain slopes away from the river. All hands after this are scattered over the vicinity to convey rock to the builders; and as day after day advances, the more certain are we that Ngoma will be passed!

On the 24th of November, when we are nearing completion, one of the young Belgian officers, Lieutenant.



NGOMA POINT AFTER THE GREAT WAGON-ROAD HAD BEEN COMPLETED. (From a photograph.)

1880.
Nov. 24.
Ngoma.

Valcke, being an engineer officer, arrives, and is requested to blast a dozen rocks, which are irremovable and annoying to sightliness. Though our young friend is frequently suffering from dysentery, by the time he is through with his task, we have finished off our causeway, have levelled it with 24 inches of earth, and a fine compact broad wagon road is the result, along the base of which the baffled river lashes itself into fury.

The natives of Ndambi Mbongo and Isangila, who have been day after day coming down to view the busy scene, warmly applaud what we have done, and confirm enthusiastically a name that I have already won at Vivi. From the same motive that the name Africanus was given by the Romans to Scipio, they called me Bula Matari, "Breaker of Rocks," which, strange to say, travels much faster up-river than I can.

When the forest has been pierced, and a roadway carved along the sides of two or three bluff hills, we have gained a fine landing-place, at a distance of 3700 feet from the end of the causeway. On the 8th of December the 9-foot wide wagons, with the boats and boilers, are rolled over it without a halt, and immediately dismounted of their loads in the cool forest camp. In calculating our rate of progress through these thirty days, we found that we had averaged 42 yards per day, but twenty-five of these days had been spent on the rocky causeway, the length of which was only about 400 yards from end to end.

1880.
Dec. 8.
Khonzo.

Our new camp was called Khonzo. About thirty natives, engaged from the villages near Ngoma's western skirts, enabled us to transport all the boxes, bales, and small miscellanea, while the engineer, Flamini, prepared the *Royal* for river exploration. Fortunately, at this time also appeared Mr. Paul Neve, a smart young mechanician, rather delicate looking, but an extremely good fellow, who assisted us in getting ready the *En Avant* steamer.

On the 14th of December a note in my diary records the almost daily troubles constantly rising with new recruits, which are principally caused by want of fresh meat, and the total absence of customary trifling necessaries.

“Albert Christopherson better. Ill since last Monday, eight days ago. Looks poorly, but have strong hopes that he will recover.”

“Lieutenant Valeke was down again, for the fourth time in twenty days, of a dysenteric attack, but when out he evinces an industrious disposition.”

I steamed up the Congo in the *Royal*, and flattered myself that the trip had a most fortunate issue, since I was enabled to discover that I could use the river to within one and a half miles of Isangila, provided caution was used. The time employed in the ascent was eighty minutes, and the return was accomplished in thirty minutes.

Wadi Rehani led a hundred men overland for road-making, to complete the land-communication, while the steamers conveyed the materials by water.

1880.
Dec. 30.

By the 30th of December our camp was within three-quarters of a mile of Isangila. And by a little pardonable daring we were able to pilot our boats into a cove, from which a road could be made leading to the place where I proposed Lieutenant Valcke should be left in charge, while I returned to Vivi to haul the new wagons which had been sent out, and to bring a new steel lighter that had been left at the Bundi.

On the 2nd of January, 1881, the boats were on shore in the camp, where they were to be repaired, scraped, and painted, ready for the long journey to Manyanga.

Now summing up the road measurements, all of which were taken by tape-line, we found that when Isangila camp, 3,900 feet distance, was gained, we should have completed a road 274,472 feet, or 52 English miles less 88 feet.

Lieutenant Valcke, Mr. A. B. Swinburne, François Flamini, Albert Christopherson, and Mr. Paul Neve, being left in the camp, on the 3rd of January I set out for Vivi, where I arrived on the 6th. Here I found Major Van Bogaart and two other Belgian officers, besides Captain Anderson, just arrived from Brussels with a fresh supply of mules.

One short interview with Captain Anderson proves to me that in him I have a practical assistant who will be of great service to me, as he has been a ship captain in the Swedish mercantile service, and has seen life in many lands to some purpose. With his assistance I contrive to transform the new wagons into a shape

1881.
Jan. 9.
Vivi.

and form more serviceable and suitable for our special work.

We have 500 more man-loads to carry, and two wagons to haul to Isangila, with only ninety-five effective men as our working force.

On the 15th of February we have reached our camp near Isangila, with half a thousand loads, two wagons, and a large new steel lighter. We find Mr. Swinburne is ill of a gastric fever, and must retire to recuperate at Madeira. Lieutenant Valeke also is but feeble, and must be sent to Vivi, to remain there until we are further advanced and shall require his services. Meanwhile he will act as second in command of Vivi. Two other Belgians are to be taken with us up river in his place.

By the 18th we are in Isangila camp, above the cataract, and three days later the boats are launched, and, with the *Royal* steam-launch, we begin the first day's conveyance of effects to a camp situated at the end of Long Reach, two hours and twelve minutes steaming.

It will be remembered that it was on the 21st of February, 1880, that we set out on our first reconnaissance, directly after the completion of the building of Vivi Station, to explore the route to this very landing-place, which on the 21st of February, 1881, 366 days later, found us all prepared to commence another section of our work, of a somewhat different character to that which was now happily terminated.

Computing by statute miles the various marchings,

and as frequent counter-marchings, accomplished during the year, we find they amount to the grand total of 2,352 English miles, according to tape-line measurement of foot by foot, making an average of six and a half miles performed throughout each day in the year, to gain an advance into the interior of only fifty-two English miles. Take away the necessary days of rest enjoyed during the year, the period of ninety-one days employed in making a passable road for our wagons, which, unless tolerably level, would have been impassable for our top-heavy wagon-loads, and the average rate of travel will prove that we must have had an unusual and sacred regard for duty, besides large hope that some day we should be rewarded with positive success after all this strenuous endeavour.

1881.
Feb. 21.
Isangila.

That it was not a holiday affair, with its diet of beans and goat-meat and sodden bananas, in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo cañon, with the fierce heat from the rocks, and the chill bleak winds blowing up the gorge and down from sereid grassy plateaus, let the deaths of six Europeans and twenty-two natives, and the retirement of thirteen invalided whites, only one of whom saw the interior, speak for us. It has been a year dark with trial and unusual toil. Our little band of labourers are proud of the grand work their muscles have accomplished, but are more hopeful of the future, inasmuch as their labours, by means of the steamers, will be greatly lightened.

CHAPTER XIII.

BETWEEN THE CATARACT REGIONS: TO MANYANGA.

Number of men and quantity of stores bound for Manyanga—Isangila scenery—Ntombi's dark ravine—Crocodiles chasing us—The Long Reach—Curious rock-formations—Romping on the sands—Advantages of geniality and liveliness in dealing with aborigines—Kilolo Point—Getting up steam pressure for a stiff current—Kuvoko—We encounter two missionaries—Their repulse by the natives at Kinshassa and Mwfa—Soudi of Turu is killed by a buffalo—Natives still friendly—"A'kumbi, kumbi!"—Nzambi Rapids—The Kwilu—Procuring food—A whirlpool—Kimbanza Island—A memory of 1877—Hamadi's slavery and wonderful escape—Repairing our steamers—Minnow fishing—Ndunga Rapids—A place for suicides—Ndunga dancing—An exciting and extraordinary performance—Manyanga—"To-morrow we shall not work; we shall see the strangers"—Doubtful reception from the natives.

1881.
Feb. 23.
Isangila.

It appears, after carefully counting over the man-loads—sixty to seventy pounds each—which had been collected up to this date at Isangila, through the assistance of native carriers and mule-trains, that we had 1815 separate charges, weighing in the aggregate a little over fifty tons, besides the steel and wooden wagons, awaiting transportation to Manyanga, the proposed site of our next station. In addition to this freight we have 118 coloured men, inclusive of natives of Isangila, and their luggage, mats, pots, and kettles; two military

passengers, Messrs. Harou and Braconnier, who are useful in superintending the camps, the one in advance, and the other in the rear. As we know the distance to Manyanga, and the number of loads that the steamers and boats can be safely burdened with, we expect that we shall be about seventy or eighty days in reaching Manyanga with all this *personnel* and material.

1881.
Feb. 23.
Isangila.

A person who has once described Isangila scenery, including its cataract—and the eternal cone-shaped hill of iron-rust rock that stands silent and lonely on the southern bank—will scarcely find it worth while to write much about it again. I have seen it so often that I know every wrinkle and fold of the scenery round about it. To me nowadays it looks very tame; it has nothing of the same weirdness and mystery that I found when I gazed upon it in 1877. Wild as the cataract looks, I now know I could take a boat within ten yards of the direct fall. Yet I remember the time when in my utter weakness and misery it seemed awful to me. I have long ago forgiven the unkindly people in its neighbourhood, for we are now good friends; but neither they nor I gaze at one another as we did once, with an intensity of look as though we were mutual marvels. The mock heroics of the hills also, which crop up to a pretentious altitude, and assume a mimic majesty of silence and mystery, I know them all. Up and down I have wandered, everywhere, into the depths of the treacherous stony hollows, cloaked by the tall grass, and up to the topmost heights of the highest hills; and I see nowadays nothing to admire, save

1881.
Feb. 23.
Isangila.

when I look down the river and catch a sight of Ngoma and Nyongena, and allow my mind to dwell upon scenes that are gone, and dark days that are past.

So when I lead the way up the short stretch of river to the bend of the long reach that will shut the view from me, I feel that man will have to make a bitter fight before any loveliness will come over the bleak scenery of Isangila.

The little *Royal*, that has carried a King in her cabin along the shore at Ostend, could she speak might have remonstrated at the seemingly interminable work she was inaugurating, as she began her useful career on the stretch of navigable water between Isangila and Manyanga, and might have expressed vain regrets that between her and the blue sea on which she had floated, a thing of grace and pride, barrier after barrier of wild water made it impossible that she should ever ride on the ocean again.

But with her friend Flamini, who was ever lamenting an absent wife, she performed her work with a grace worthy her name, littered as she was with the nameless miscellanea of our expedition. And fast behind her stormed the *En Avant*, with her paddles revolving vixenishly, and ploughing up a broad furrow of dark brown water.

The baylet wherein we had loaded our craft was a dent in the grit-stone shore, about 100 yards in depth, topped by scrub, amid lines of reddish soils. Out of this we had steamed with the cataract behind us, which would be dangerous only if, when we got into

the stream, anything gave way in the mechanism of the little steamer. The shore is rugged with rock and protruding tops of sunken boulders until we have passed Ntombi's dark ravine, through which a stream of that name issues into another baylet. Then skirting well an islet rock of shale, we have a green gorge in view; snugly hidden behind it, and right before us we have the straight stretch of Long Reach in view, a widened stream three-quarters of a mile broad. If all the Congo was like this piece of water, our enterprise on the river had certainly been forestalled some centuries ago. The land that slopes towards it is not an improvement on that we left behind. The southern shore, if closely examined, shows only quartz-rock covered by grass; the northern bank contains a spacious area that might be utilised.

The crocodiles, waked into anger out of drowsy silence by the strange churning of screw and splash of paddle-wheels, come out, one after another, from the lazy creeks to resent our approach. They dart towards us with gleaming eyes, or, vainly imagining that our boats are some strange animals, are prepared to make an attack, but when within a few feet of us they suddenly sink. Whether they explore the gliding keels for a vulnerable bite I know not; we are soon over the spot of submergence, and presently we see them chasing us furiously behind.

The Long Reach is lengthy, as its name implies. We hug the north bank closely. It is deep water all along. Various trifles amuse the eye. The shore

1881.
Feb. 23.
Ntombi.

1881.
Feb. 23.
Long
Reach.

can show a thin line fringe of trees, a few of which mark a great circular shadow on the sunlit earth. There are a few tall trees, of clean-shafted silkwood, and of a more dwarfed but sturdy redwood. Others are weather-torn; there is bush and scrub between, and perhaps a young palm or two, alongside of which may be seen at odd times a clump of tall cane-grass aspiring to overtop the tallest spike of a palmate frond. The rocky bank for two or three trips is worth looking at. On our first pioneer voyage we thought it interesting; nay, the higher we went the more closely it attracted the earnest gaze. For the trees disappeared, or, if afterwards seen, only served to screen the gaping mouth of a watercourse that without them would have been ugly. The rock stepped out into view in naked cliffs, sometimes from the deep water, like the walls of a massive quay, on the face of which we can read the lines of many a rise and fall, or where the river stood, even for days. Deep into such places, especially if an angle is above, the play of eddies and the revolution of water have worked cavernous holes, where at low river a small group of men might sit at ease drying their fish. Or the clifty rock begins to rise a few paces inland with a more ambitious height, massive *débris* being at its base, and a scant edging of bush deepening the airy outline of its summit. Generally horizontal, the sandstone, by its squared blocks, which the washing out of their lines of clays have separated, apparently hints vaguely that man aeons ago had not a little to do with its present appearance, and

seems to promise that further ahead lies something better. Where the blue rock has a more shaly formation we have an idle curiosity in following the lines of the horizontal strata; and when we see them suddenly curve in parts like a deeply-bended bow, we are set to wonder what might have caused this phenomenon just at this exact place. Perhaps some of our coloured sailors may have imagined that it was caused by some mighty hippopotamus, which had been fast asleep, and feeling weary at the superincumbent weight that had formed over him, had awaked, and in his struggle thus bent the newly formed rock.

Towards the upper end of the Long Reach the shore softens naturally. We are out of the influence of the current. On the alluvium deposited a long time ago in this inner corner of the angle made by the river's course, has grown a belt of trees, densified into a jungly wood by climbing plants and undergrowth. The alluvium is not rich nor thick, but sandy just where a strong tree would require soil. The leafage is very green and gives contrast of colour; where the sun shines there is a glistening and a sheeny glimmering: in the shadows there is a sombre colouring of undefined dark green, and below, along the river, a line of dead white fine sand, like a long clean sheet of linen, on which, for the life of them, the youngest of our party cannot walk a few paces without feeling a strong desire to romp and have a lark.

I love to see young men of my own colour take delight and enjoyment in life in Africa. Nothing so

1881.
Feb. 23.
Long
Reach.

1881.
Feb. 26.
Long
Reach.

soon excites a general smile on everybody's face than to see young Albert racing like a young elephant over the beautiful and pure sand, and showing to the astonished blackies that the white man has also a sense of fun, and can run, and leap, and race like themselves. The dark faces light up with friendly gleams, and a budding of goodwill may perhaps date from this trivial scene. For far different is the reception of the white man whose dignity is so measureless that it chills the native on-looker on coming within its presence. To such an impressionable being as an African native, the self-involved European, with his frigid, imperious manners, and pallid white face, and dead, lustreless eyes, is like a sealed book. The native views the form resembling his in figure; he hears him speak in veritable human tones; but the language is unintelligible, neither can he utter any sound that is familiar to him. But let the strange white man relax those stiff, pallid features; let there enter into those chill, icy eyes, the light of life and joy, of humour, friendship, pleasure, and the communication between man and man is electric in its suddenness.

By the 26th of February we had cleared Isangila camp of every portable article, a corporal's guard only being left for the present, to keep communications open in case of necessity. In the afternoon of the same day we proceed from the point of Long Reach known to the aborigines as Mbembe-Kissa, up along the deeply indented but comparatively low shore, as far as Kilolo Point, or the southern termination of the second reach

above Isangila. The northern side of this reach bristles with tooth-like projections of shale rock, just as the southern side of the first reach is dangerous to navigation.

1881.
Feb. 26.
Kilolo.

Rounding Kilolo Point, we look up a third reach of about five miles in length, and along the southern quarter of the river's breadth, a long dyke-like ridge of shale rock is visible here also, while the remaining breadth of the river is clear of all danger. But on rounding Kilolo Point there is a serious difficulty before us. The river is narrowed at the bend, by islets on the northern side, and by the extremities of the rocky dyke. Between the northern islets there is quite a tiny fall at low water, which in the high river becomes a fierce current. The deep swift mid-channel is the only clear way left for us, but the river is so narrowed that to make an ascent possible requires a high pressure of steam. We try it first with 65 lbs. steam before we perceive the hopelessness of the effort. Running behind the dyke at the southern corner, we wait until the steam rises to 75 lbs., and again go at the channel with a rush. Again we are baffled, but while testing the channel from side to side, we become acquainted with the current's various moods, and conclude that with a trifle more power the ascent may be made. We fire up again until we have 85 lbs. steam, and keeping about ten yards off parallel with the southern dyke, glow with triumph in seeing we are gradually mounting, until, after 100 yards of this sluggish headway, the great power collected in the boiler shoots the vessel ahead

1881.
Feb. 26,
Kuvoko.

like an arrow. Clear of anxiety, we then moderate her speed, and skirt the northern bank, ploughing through peaceful and deep water to Kuvoko—the Kuvoko Point on the north bank at the end of the third reach.

The trough of the Congo since leaving Isangila has nothing of the appearance of a cañon. It is more open. The mountains and highlands only approach the river at the bends, the opposing points are generally low projected lengths of five or six miles; the immediate river lines show a thin edge of trees, more to grace what would without them be grassy nakedness. If we take a look over the land from any high point, we observe that the irregular surface is all clothed with grass, except where tree groves indicate the villages. The longer reaches, such as that from Ntombi Cove to Voonda, appear to be merely continuations of valleys that extend far inland in a similar direction south of east, bounded by chains of hills that fall drooping at the points of the shorter north and south reaches.

The next day being Sunday, we halted at our new camp opposite Kilolo Point, at the foot of the little rapid just mentioned. About 9 A.M. we were startled at hearing peremptory shouts at the little rapid just above us. After a short pause of expectation we found two missionaries, Messrs. Crudgington and Bentley, on their way down river in a canoe which they had purchased near Itunzima rapids. They had visited Ngalyema of Ntamo, and had stayed with him a few days most pleasantly. They then were requested to visit Kinshassa. On landing, however, at Kinshassa,

they were met by a furious multitude, who ordered them back. Surprised at the excitement, they slowly retired, but the natives pressed on them, some trying to surround them, others advancing with levelled muskets, and others flourishing long, broad knives, spears, bludgeons, what not, as though they would annihilate them on the spot. For a time it appeared to be in the balance whether they should be massacred instantly, or whether their death would receive the sanction of the old chief Nchuvila and his principal men. Finally, however, the chief decided to let them depart safely, and, relieved of the fright, they hastened off, leaving one of their number behind in the bushes of Kinshassa. Arriving at the north bank they nearly met the same adventures at Mfwa, but with the help of Malameen, a Senegal sergeant, they managed to pacify the rising mob. They then lost no time in making their way back to more peaceful districts down river.

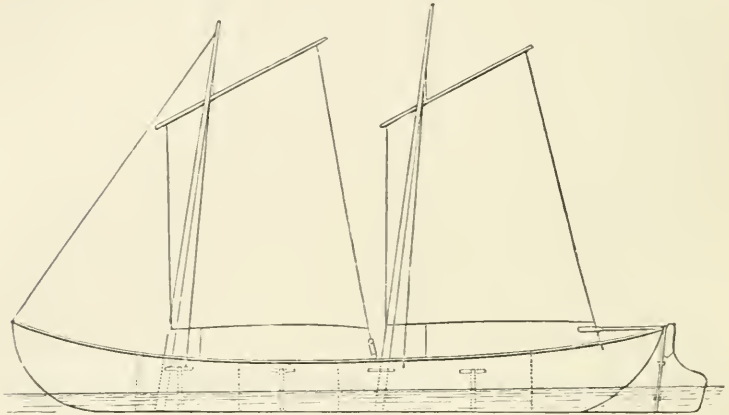
After assisting the missionaries to Isangila, we continued with energy our work of transportation of effects to Little Rapid Camp until the 4th of March, when we were all gathered together prepared for another forward move.

Two days later I despatched Uledi, Soudi of Turu, Khalfan and Sa'adala, to Vivi, with a letter of instructions to the chief of the station, and to bring the European mail up. After being taken to Isangila by whale-boat, and charged to be speedy, they started on their mission without delay. But on arriving at the Luazaza stream they met a small buffalo herd, and

1881.
Feb. 27.
Kuvoko.

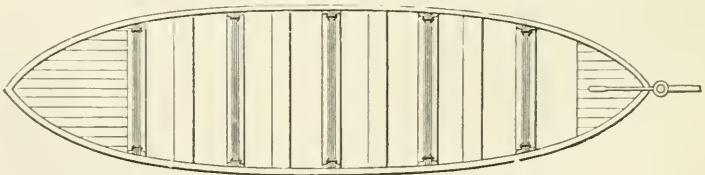
1881.
March 6.
Kuroko.

Soudi, who had been half-slaughtered in Ituru in 1875, was swept over Kalulu Falls in 1877, and had been captured and enslaved for a short time by the natives, rashly thought that with his Snider he was a match for



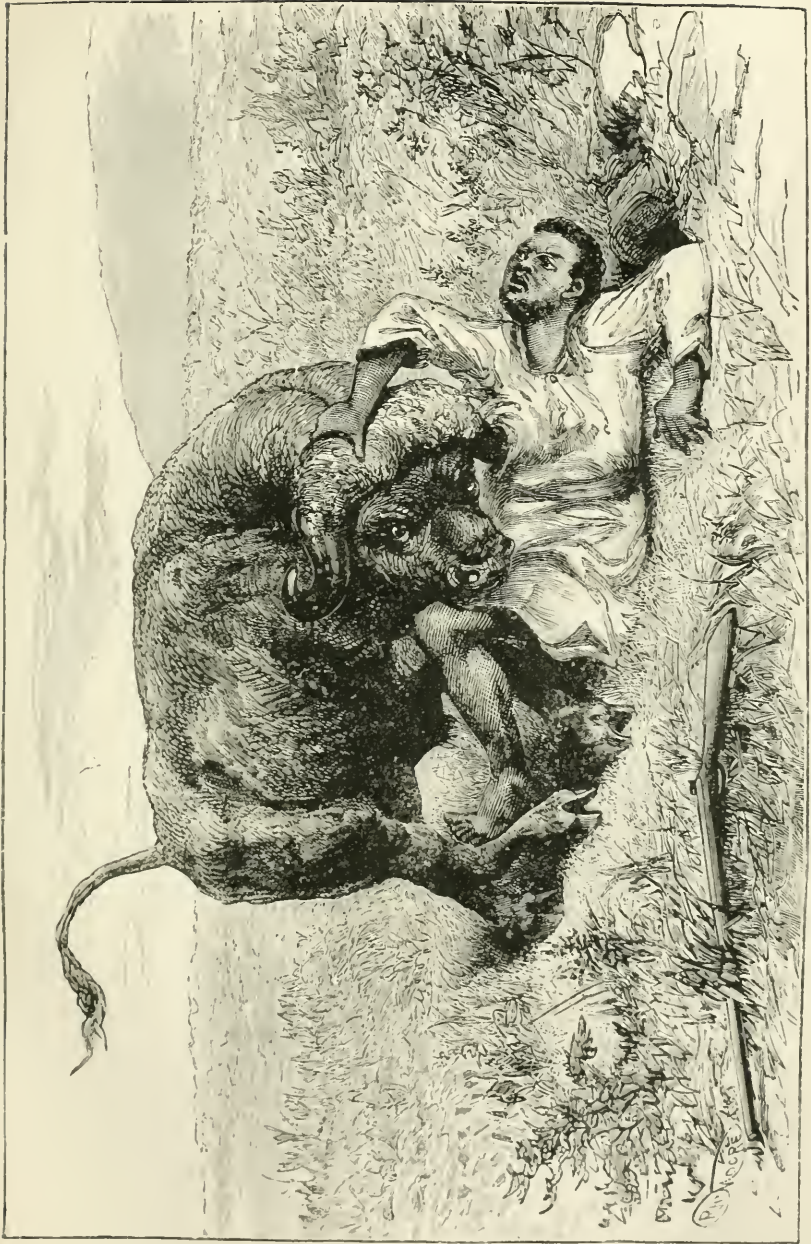
ELEVATION OF SAILING BOAT.

any animal, and forthwith with extreme caution commenced to stalk one of the herd. When within what he supposed to be a safe distance for a shot he fired,



PLAN OF SAILING BOAT.

and wounded the buffalo. Encouraged by seeing him fall, Soudi rushed up to sever the jugular, since without this ceremony the meat would have been unfit for a Moslem to eat; but the buffalo, not yet dead, on seeing its enemy, charged, and tossed him into the air, made



[To face page 252, Vol. I.

THE FATE OF POOR SOUDI OF ITURU.

a mere plaything of him, until he was so mangled that he died soon after his companions had come up to him.

1881.
March 6.
Kuvoko.

When the boat's crew returned to our camp, it was evident that the sad tale they had brought of the sudden death of one of the bravest young fellows in our expedition, had caused a profound grief, for throughout both camps reigned a sorrowful silence.

On the 11th of March, our miscellaneous effects having been all conveyed to Kuvoko Camp, with the last loads I continue the journey, taking M. Braconnier with me, up the fourth turn, and found a camp at the foot of the Mbundi Afunda Rapids, over which he was placed in charge. As the distance was only a few miles, three days later I was able to take Lieut. Harou to an island a mile below, near a point which came to be known afterwards as Bayneston. In honour of the steady Italian mechanician, the isle was named Flamini.

Between Kuvoko Point and Bayneston extends a crooked stretch of very rough water, easily passable, however, during six months of the year by striking the northern shore. At low water the route is by the southern bank. Reef after reef of tilted shale rock show dangerous teeth above the water, between most of which the Congo rushes with creaming waves. Though to the stranger wicked enough in appearance, we passed up and down during sixteen round trips without an accident. The scenery about the rapids is not quite devoid of the picturesque. Perhaps we are inclined to ascribe this to the wooded island of Flamini, or to the

1881.
March 11
Kuvoko.

tree-topped mountain to the north of it. Here, however, the mind must be directed to the course of the vessel, otherwise a lamentable accident might happen.

The natives all along both banks have been easily won to friendly intercourse, and every camp is a scene of marketing. Nothing has transpired to mar the mutual good feeling that prevails. Our advance being necessarily slow, the country becomes, as we may say, civilised. The steamers passing up and down continually speak for us in a clearer manner than we could ever hope to employ. They seem to be taken as harbingers of trade; of barter, not of trouble. "A'kumbi, kumbi!"—boat, boat,—is no sooner seen ascending than it is immediately welcomed with shouts from people who have come from the hill summits, and have gathered on the banks to view the novel phenomenon of a boat self-impelled against a current which has oftentimes tired their muscles. But by the time that the tenth voyage is made it has become a common-place sight, meaning barter and profit. No wonder that every step we take is made amid welcoming cries and friendly greetings.

To move upward from Flamini Island required various trials; but experience taught us that the north bank course was the most feasible until the high point near Bayneston Hill is reached, when the river must be crossed to reach the south bank. By this method, in sixteen voyages we were enabled to transport all our effects to Mukanzi Point.

This was more than an ordinarily long course.

Rounding Bayneston Hill, a deep baylet is seen on the south side, from which at high river a creek flows to the river below Bayneston Hill, transforming it into an island. Skirting the shore of this bay we have a fine clear run of about six miles. The left bank is formed of a sloping plain; the right bank is hilly and rough, and the course along it is unpromising owing to various ugly outcroppings of rock. At the end of it we cross to the north bank, skirt along that until at the point we re-cross again to the south bank, and in two minutes we are at Mukanzi Point. Looking up the river we see before us a very wilderness of rock islets and rapids, which is called by the natives, Nzambi Rapids, after the Deity.

By the 23rd of March the *personnel* and *matériel* are concentrated at the camp at the foot of the Nzambi Rapids.

The hills that confine the Congo have gradually drawn nearer. There is neither grandeur nor beauty about them. The entire scene is one approaching to unloveliness, and nakedness, joined with ruggedness. Naked rocks, and broad patches of reddish soil are intermingled with dark green clumps of scrub. Even the dusky aborigine knows that it is of little value. His home is planted away on the summits, where there is level ground and rich soil, where trees can grow and his cassava thrive. The Congo, therefore, is left to flow amid its chilling loneliness; not a voice is heard in its praise, not a note rings out to sing the glory of the great brown flood. Perhaps a daring

1881.
March 11.
Bayneston.

1881.
March 23.
Nzambi.

fisherman haunts its solitudes once every few days, craving after fish; but whether from indolence, from fear of crocodiles, or from some other danger, fishermen between Isangila and Nzambi Rapids are very rarely seen.

A careful search among the reefy islets informs us that the extreme left channel may be ascended this month, though at high water we should have to take one of the middle passages. The north side is a scene of wild confusion; great rolling waves, capped with spray, chase one another incessantly, driving by their furious rush a violent stream to its right against the northern shore, to its left against a large round rock-bound island. Long before we can come near it, we are made aware, by whirlpools and revolving eddies, that there is danger in its vicinity.

With the faithful *Royal*, we steam up the extreme left channel, which washes the southern bank, and by careful steering we are able to thread our way up through the left wing of the Rapids, and so clear through a narrow gateway leading to quiet water above, and finally to a baylet near the Kwilu River, from which there is another clean and noble stretch of river leading up to Itunzima Rapids. The southern side is a sloping plain, margined by a thin belt of trees; the northern side is more irregular and uneven, but still a great improvement on the usual view below. Up the river, about six or seven miles, the hills seem to gather themselves together in a close and rugged group.

The Kwilu—which is known as the Lucagé, in the neighbourhood of San Salvador—appearing to be a navigable river, I ventured to ascend it. Its average course was S. by E. magnetic; its breadth was about forty yards, banked by low hills rising from forty to one hundred feet, and fringed by trees on either bank. A punting-pole showed that all this season it had a greater depth than eight feet. We kept midway for about five miles against a four-knot current; a clear, brown, drinkable water, six degrees cooler than the Congo. We then returned, rushing down stream at great speed to the “Receiver of all Rivers,” which, short as had been our absence from it, appeared to be an ocean compared to the Kwilu.

1881.
March 23.
Nzambi.

By the 26th of March, we had passed the Nzambi Rapids, and the next day, being Sunday, we rested.

On the 28th, we started to remove our camp to the foot of Itunzima Rapids, the distance being effected in forty-five minutes. Though troubled somewhat by squally weather and a few rainstorms, we were above Itunzima Rapids by the 2nd of April.

Food was abundant, though dear, and our upward advance did not seem to cheapen it. Both banks were well foraged each ration day. On such days, gangs of six men were despatched over the country to purchase cassava bread, bananas, Indian corn, and sweet potatoes; special agents having the duty of purveying for the Europeans such articles as fowls, eggs, goats, &c. Though we were far from starving, it was but a poor diet. But then the mind's anxieties

1881.
April 2.
Itunzima.

gave one scarcely any time to think of food. Albert Christopherson and Captain Anderson, were valuable assistants, both being sailors. On the latter I could place great reliance, so steady and careful, and strong was he. Each day he rose to the stirring work most punctually. Lieutenants Harou and Braconnier were military officers, who, of course, could not be expected to know much of river navigation; but their services could be utilised in superintending the constantly shifting camps, each of which resembled a tented village, when the great store and officers' tents lined the shore, and the cloth sheds improvised by guards and chiefs were grouped around the tented magazines.

On Sunday, April 3rd, I went ahead in the whale-boat on an exploring excursion up the now narrowed Congo. Tall mountains and ridges opposed one another with steep slopes, declining sharply into the stream, at a distance of a thousand yards. Some obstructing boulders that stood at the various points caused ripples on the river, and a greater swiftness in the current near them, but the water was generally clear of rocks, and in the middle flowed steadily at from six to seven knots an hour. The ridge facing the north is called Mubiri, and its highest altitude above the river is about a thousand feet—just where it dominates the ferry of Nsona Mamba. The southern ridge rises scarcely higher than 600 feet in the neighbourhood of the river.

Except at the latter part of the rainy season, say in May or December, the Congo sweeps round from an

eastern bend and washes the base of Mubiri mountains; but in those two months a wild channel is formed over a glazed black reef above the ferry, forming a large island called Kunzu. Round this sharp bend we had to pull hard to get through the rather dangerous stretch. Once we got into a whirlpool, and the waves almost met over the bows of the boat, making us for a moment think of the great sin we committed by employing our Sunday in this manner. By perseverance, however, we rounded the evil point, and, striking across the river, came down the channel to a quiet haven, on the upper side of the glazed black reef, which in a couple of months would no doubt be flooded by the high river. An hour's pull enabled us to descend what it had taken five hours to ascend, and we were back in camp to pass the rest of the day in peace.

By the 7th of April we had transferred the Expedition and its fifty tons of material to the ferry landing-place of Nsona Mamba. The next day they were removed to the haven on the other side of the neck of rock which connected Kunzu Island with the main southern shore, while I led the steamers round Kunzu. After a sickening and anxious work we finally mounted the rapid,* and steamed into the quiet haven near the new camp.

Owing to the abundance of provisions in the neighbourhood and our nearness to the ferry of Nsona Mamba, our people here fared well on bananas, sweet

* Could our steamers have steamed two knots an hour faster we should have been relieved of all anxiety.

1881.
April 3.
Kunzu.

1881.
April 7.
Kimbanza.

potatoes, melons, cassava bread, or plum-less "duff," palm wine, goats, fowls, pigs, eggs, &c., while in our tents we still had in reserve from twenty to twenty-four days' provisions of rice, beans, peas, and lentils.

Removing from the haven of Kunzu we settled ourselves on the island of Kimbanza, opposite the mouth of the Lukunga river which enters the Congo from the southern shore; the village of Nkengé being near. Kibonda, on the northern shore, awakens memories of 1877. In the hands of its natives I was compelled, for lack of means to ransom him, to leave one of my men a prisoner. After two months of imprisonment, or rather slavery, Hamadi escaped in a canoe to this island of Kimbanza, and thence managed to reach the southern shore. By night travel, and after manifold adventures, he succeeded in reaching the sea, where, making his case known to the American consul, he was well treated, shipped to Madeira, and thence *viâ* the Cape to Zanzibar. He only arrived at his home two weeks before I appeared. He immediately re-enlisted with me, and from Kimbanza Island he can now look on Kibonda and think of his first misfortunes even with a smile of humour. His other companions in the misery of that year also escaped their forced bondage, but of the mad Safeni we have not been able to hear a word, though many inquiries have been made after him.

It is one of the most picturesque bits of scenery on the river that we see beyond Kunzu Haven and Kimbanza islet. The south bank is very irregular in its shore

lines. After cutting across a bay-like indentation we have to skirt a shore that bristles with shaly projections, until we are abreast of Kalubu village, on the north bank. Making towards it, we follow its sandy flat, which lies deep buried in a half-cup-like formation of high, steep hills. When out of the bend we find ourselves at the base of cliffy, rusty-red hills, which match the precipitous height of the well-known rock-mount of Gibraltar. When Kimbanza islet appears in view we have passed the reddish cliffs, getting a glimpse of the grassy uplands behind, and see them gently sloping to the river, forming the southern shore of the longest reach

1881.
April 8.
Kimbanza.



PLAN OF LIGHTER.

we have yet seen. The southern shore is low, being an extensive plain spreading out from the river towards the distant mountains of Ndunga.

The steamers *Royal* and *En Avant* had by this time gone out of repair. The side-valves of the cylinders were discovered to be much worn by fine sand, which had been drifted over the engines during the frequent loading and unloading of goods—so that we availed ourselves of this quiet camp on the island to replace them and make other repairs.

Meantime with the lighters we transferred a group of men and their baggage to the low sandy point of Ngoyo, whence the view, though comparatively

1881.
April 8.
Kimbanza.

limited, took in quite a large slice of the rolling country on the north side of the Congo, extending from the mouth of the river just opposite to us to the distant horizon of low hills, cleaved by its upper course. On the eastern side of the Lualla the land suddenly uplifted into a tabular mountain block, which exposes naked, stiff, and steep slopes, over which many foot-paths lead from fishing haunts on the river's rocks to the hamlet-clusters under the palm-trees and cotton-wood groves on the summit. All the way from Kimbanza Islet to Ngoyo Point the Congo is a noble river, a mile wide, and more in some places, with a low plain on one side, and an interesting open country of low hills on the other. But just above the sandy point it becomes confined in a deep cañon again, of only some 800 or 900 yards wide, where it is swift, wrathful when obstructed; strong everywhere.

Crocodiles are numerous at this place; every baylet has its inhabitant; the mouths of the many small, lazy streams entering the bays and deep curves of either shore furnish the sly amphibia with harvests of fish.

Through some particular cause all this portion of the Congo up to Ndunga Rapids is a great resort for minnow fishing. Every few hundred yards one may see the canoes going round with the eddies within the deep curves of the irregular shores, with the ample hoop and net submerged, and on the flat rocks close by the minnows are spread out drying, or rather baking, under the heat of the fierce sun.

The population of this region is much more dense than at any place we have seen since we left the sea, but the people are unchanged in mood and temper, all of them being uniformly amiable. They collect in greater numbers on the shore to welcome our coming,

1881.
April 19.
Kimbanza.

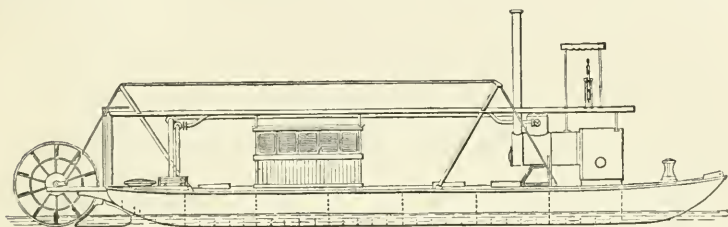
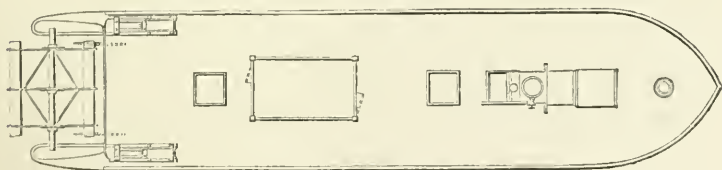


DIAGRAM OF NEW STEAMER, "LE STANLEY."

(Since added to the Flotilla of the Association. Capacity 30 Tons.)

but two or three days must always elapse before provisions are brought, and bartering is in full swing.

On the 19th of April I left Kimbanza islet with the last load on board the *En Avant*, at 3.45 P.M. In order to clear the island in one trip I had greatly overpacked



PLAN OF STEAMER.

the little paddle-steamer, which, carrying thirty-three men and two tons of goods, arrived at Ngoyo at 6.53, in a rain-storm, and thick black clouds which threatened worse weather. Tired as I was, a sick engineer demanded my attention, and the querulousness of others of questionable humour considerably increased my anxieties.

1881.
April 27.
Ndunga.

On the 27th of April we were all gathered together at the Ndunga Rapids in the gusty, windy trough where the Congo is pent in between steep sterile slopes, which show not the slightest trace of humanity. Were it not for the all-absorbing duties which require undivided attention from the grey dawn to darkness, we should long ago have surrendered to the depression which such bleak and dreary scenes are well calculated to produce. Those less interested, or those whose minds were not so fully occupied as my own, have long been victims to shivering and chill attacks and fever. Neve the engineer has been seriously ill; the two military officers have suffered lapses, one after another; young Albert has been seen with his eyes less bright; Flamini more melancholy than ever. Only Captain Anderson and myself have as yet been proof against the malignant influences prevailing in the depths of the gloomy trough of the Congo. It is past eight o'clock in the morning before the sunshine lights up the river's sombre face; at four o'clock in the afternoon the sunshine has gone. Then the winds blow chilly, the shadows become deeper, a grey spectral-like solemnity steals over the gorge; and from a light bronze, reflecting numberless gleams and sparkles, the river has assumed a dull, black hue. All of these aspects combined might well serve to intensify suicidal thoughts in diseased imaginations.

I marvel not at the utter abandonment of the Congo gorge. Nature has begrudged life—animal as well as vegetable—to the scene. Bare rocks and naked, dull-red clays, coarse grasses and worthless scrub,

hanging on to small patches of humus, cannot offer any attraction to human beings. The aborigines have therefore abandoned the churlish gorge, and contentedly settled themselves on the open uplands three hundred yards above the lonely stream, where they can view the sun coming fast on the heels of night, and hear the birds sing, and feel the warmth of vivid life inspired anew with the fulness of the day.

1881.
April 27.
Ndunga.

Ndunga's people came down from their hill-tops and uplands to give us a great demonstration—the women with their treasures of eatables, the children with basketfuls of sweet potatoes and eggs; the men with palm-wine and dried minnows; the fishermen, whose baskets were swinging in the current of the ruffled water near their shore, with fresh fish. A market was extemporised, which was well attended; and after a few hours of lively barter none of the youths and maidens, all fleshy and lithesome creatures, were loth to show us specimens of Ndunga dancing. Their performances were very clever considered from a native standpoint. It was barbarous, of course, when compared with European art; but the leaping and prancing and Pyrrhic movements were thoroughly—even with earnestness—done. The finale, however, was curious. While they danced they joined hands and formed a circle, as though they were about to sing 'Auld lang syne.' Two detached themselves from the crowd without, and entered the circle; the youngest climbed up on the shoulders of his companion, unsheathed a sharp knife, and then led out a loud chorus. When the chorus sang out

1881.
April 27.
Ndunga.

loudest, each time he drew the knife's edge down the length of his tongue until the blood began to drip, and his jaws were covered with blood. Higher and higher sang the chorus, quicker and quicker revolved the circle, and more frantic and daring became the bloody-tongued youngster, until, fearing that they might lose all control over themselves, the signal to stop was given, and the dancers were made happy with gifts. When the self-mutilated youngster had washed himself he seemed none the worse for his extraordinary excitement, and softly laughed as I patted him on the back and dismissed him with his reward.

On the 28th of April, while the goods were being conveyed across a low terrace from one baylet below to another above the Ndunga Rapids, to assist the steamers, which had to cross the river at this place in order to take advantage of the smoother water on the north shore—I ascended in the whale-boat as far as Manyanga, even up to the foot of the cataract. I knew that the cataract was impassable, but we were now nearing the conclusion of our river journey, and it was necessary to decide upon the site of the station to be established.

A more lifeless, cheerless, unlovely scene than that around Manyanga it is scarcely possible to conceive. The slopes of the upland, which rises on either side 500 feet above the river, are extremely steep, in some places even precipitous. All the soil on which vegetation might thrive seems to be washed clean off the red clay down to a narrow terrace, or into the depths of the

1881.
April 28.
Ndunga.

narrow ravines, where we see dark lines of trees. Where these slopes run sheer down to the Congo we have only masses of grit-stone piled one above another in admirable disorder. A few projecting points of these rocks have permitted a broad deposit of white sand to fill up indentations in the shore, which, enriched by soil from above, have become fertile terraces. It was at one of these, nearest the cataracts, that I proposed to settle my camp until we could decide where we should build the station—whether on the terrace or upon some available hill near. Since Vivi and Isangila were on the north bank of course I wished to continue the chain of stations on that bank, so that, in case of accidents to boats, communication might be continued by land. On the terrace nearest to the cataract a group of fishermen were seated, and with these people I commenced a conversation to test their good-will. Old memories were revived in a brief time. They remembered the white man and his many canoes, whom they had assisted over the cataract of Ntombo Mataka, as it is called. They brought us a present of fish, and promised that provisions should be got ready by next day. When asked where we might camp, they indicated that it was immaterial—anywhere in the neighbourhood we should find suitable.

My interpreter said to me, after we had begun our return to Ndunga, that he heard one woman say to another, “Oh, to-morrow we shall not work—we shall see the strangers.”

At 6 A.M. of the 29th we commenced the final stage of

1881.
April 29.
Manyanga.

the river work, and to remove our *personnel* and *matériel* to the highest terrace nearest the cataract of Manyanga. The landing-place was all we could wish it to be at this season—a calm haven, shielded from the currents by a sedge-covered bank. The terrace sloped smoothly to the river, which would be admirable for us when we should have to haul the *En Avant* for her overland journey to Stanley Pool, or when the station chief should wish to haul up his boats for repairs or for painting. The fertile ledge where we proposed to lodge ourselves temporarily—the more I looked at it the more promising it appeared, though it had the disadvantage of being cultivated. In length it might be over a mile, while its breadth varied from 80 to 300 yards. A small perennial brooklet close by appeared to promise drinkable water. For temporary tenting ground there was an uncultivated space which, when cleared, proved sufficiently large.

Captain Anderson and Albert were appointed to the *Royal* and *En Avant* to continue the transport of the camp, while I waited for two of the headmen who had been requested to visit me. About mid-day two headmen appeared, called Nakussa and Luamba. They were liberal with their offers of palm-wine, which, as usual on such occasions, they drank. In return they received coats, whole pieces of cloth, knives, &c.

I then hinted that I might like to settle permanently at Manyanga, and to build a town where I might leave my men and goods while I visited up river. They did not appear to be very elated at the prospect, and the

utmost encouragement that I could get from them was the assurance that there was no objection to our staying where we were for the present. They were not nearly so genial in manner as the natives of Ndunga.

1881.
April 29.
Manyanga.

When asked if they were the only chiefs of Manyanga, they said that the chiefs were all dead; sickness had killed them all—at which we expressed fitting sympathy. Everything that our experience suggested proved unavailing, however, in the effort to evoke those signs of hearty friendship which we had met with at Ndunga and elsewhere. Still, though not so successful as to enable me forthwith to send carriers down the river with despatches to announce that we were about to build our central depôt, we had sufficient grounds for believing that, beyond a vague distrust of us, there were no reasons to anticipate a serious opposition to the building of our station in the district.

On the morning of the 1st day of May, 1881, we had completed the transfer of the camp from Ndunga to Manyanga.

Thus we had completed within seventy days a total journey of 2464 English statute miles, by ascending and descending the various reaches from camp to camp in fourteen round voyages, the entire distance of eighty-eight miles of navigable water that extends between the cataract of Isangila and the cataract of Ntombo Mataka, abreast of the district of Manyanga. We were now 140 miles above Vivi, to accomplish which distance we had been employed 436 days in road-making and in conveying fifty tons of goods

1881.
May 6.
Manyanga.

with a force of sixty-eight Zanzibaris and an equal number of West Coast and inland natives. During this period we had travelled 4816 English miles which divided by the number of days occupied in this heavy transport work gives a quotient of over eleven miles per day!

Between us and our destination at Stanley Pool we estimated that there were ninety-five English miles still to be accomplished in the face of similar difficulties. For, though I intended to leave about three-fourths of the goods at the Manyanga station, which would be a kind of a base for us, yet, as I should have to leave a garrison behind me out of a number already too limited, our difficulties would not be much lessened unless we could engage natives along the route to assist us. My experience of the kindly natives between the Pool and Manyanga in 1877 buoyed me up in the hope I now indulged, otherwise my position would have been dismal indeed.

CHAPTER XIV.

FEVER AT MANYANGA.

I am prostrated by fever—Preparing for death—Awakening to life—
 A voracious appetite—Joyful news—Reinforcements from Zanzibar
 —Lindner's arrival—Agreement with the chiefs of Manyanga—
 Erecting the station.

To whatever it was owing—whether to the chilly ^{1881.}
 currents of wind that came rushing up the Congo ^{May 1.}
 gorge day after day, or to the long-continued exposure ^{Manyanga.}
 to the heat of the fierce sun reflected from the rocks, or
 to the long strain on my system that this continually
 harassing work had caused, or to the cold season
 which annually recurs about this time just at the close
 of the rainy season, I was in doubt,—but four days after
 my arrival at Manyanga, I felt feverish. My illness
 on the first day was so slight, however, that it did
 not prevent me from attending an important palaver,
 at which I obtained a promise from all the principal
 chiefs of Manyanga district, assembled in the camp,
 that at another meeting perhaps a definite agreement
 about settlement in Manyanga would be arrived at.

On the 6th of May my fever returned with a greater
 severity, which compelled me to keep to my bed, and

1881.
May 6.
Manyanga. the chiefs, not being able to see me, returned to their own villages without the satisfaction of an interview.

The next day the fever returned with still greater virulence, and to prevent its recurring attacks medicine seemed to be useless. I had enjoyed about twelve full months of almost uninterrupted good health, and this fever appeared to me to be too slow in its advance to call for more than a renewed application of the usual remedies adopted in such cases. To say the truth, I was more exasperated at its recurrence at such an unlucky period than alarmed at the persistence and the unyielding nature of the attack; but on the next day, despite potions and heavy doses of medicine, the system was not relieved, and the fever advanced each twenty-four hours with increased virulence.

On the 9th of May I was attacked with nausea, and throughout the day the fever burned within my veins without any intermission, although I watched my state intently, to take advantage, if any offered, of the slightest pause. Believing that the terrace was perhaps too close for a sick man, I caused my tent to be pitched on the summit of a hill 280 feet above the river, and commanding the terrace on which the camp was situated. But the seventh day of the fever advanced, and still there were no signs of remission, until the morning of the eighth day, when I seized the opportunity of taking twenty grains of quinine dissolved in some hydrobromic acid, which was happily retained in the stomach without a qualm. The effect of this powerful

dose was to disturb my thoughts and clearness of mind.

1881.
May 11.
Manyanga.

On the eighth day of the fever, when I recovered consciousness, I became convinced that I was exceedingly weak; but, as the attack might recommence shortly, I caused thirty grains of quinine to be weighed out, and when mixed up with the acid for immediate solution I greedily drank the medicine—and not a whit too soon, for again I became unconscious of my surroundings, save a certain vague indefiniteness on which no reliance could be placed.

For six days longer the fever still kept on unrelentingly. There were, each twenty-four hours, short pauses of intermission, during which I was clearly awake and alive to everything uttered in my hearing. But these pauses were too curtailed to admit of more than the grim impression of the fact that I was very ill; that I was exceedingly weak, almost alone on the hill-top, having only little Mabruki and Dualla to attend to me; that M. Braconnier once a day called to see me to suggest some new remedy, the value of a little broth, or a beaten egg, and the pressing necessity that existed to take larger and larger doses of quinine, in the tenacious faith that it alone would arrest the terrible malady.

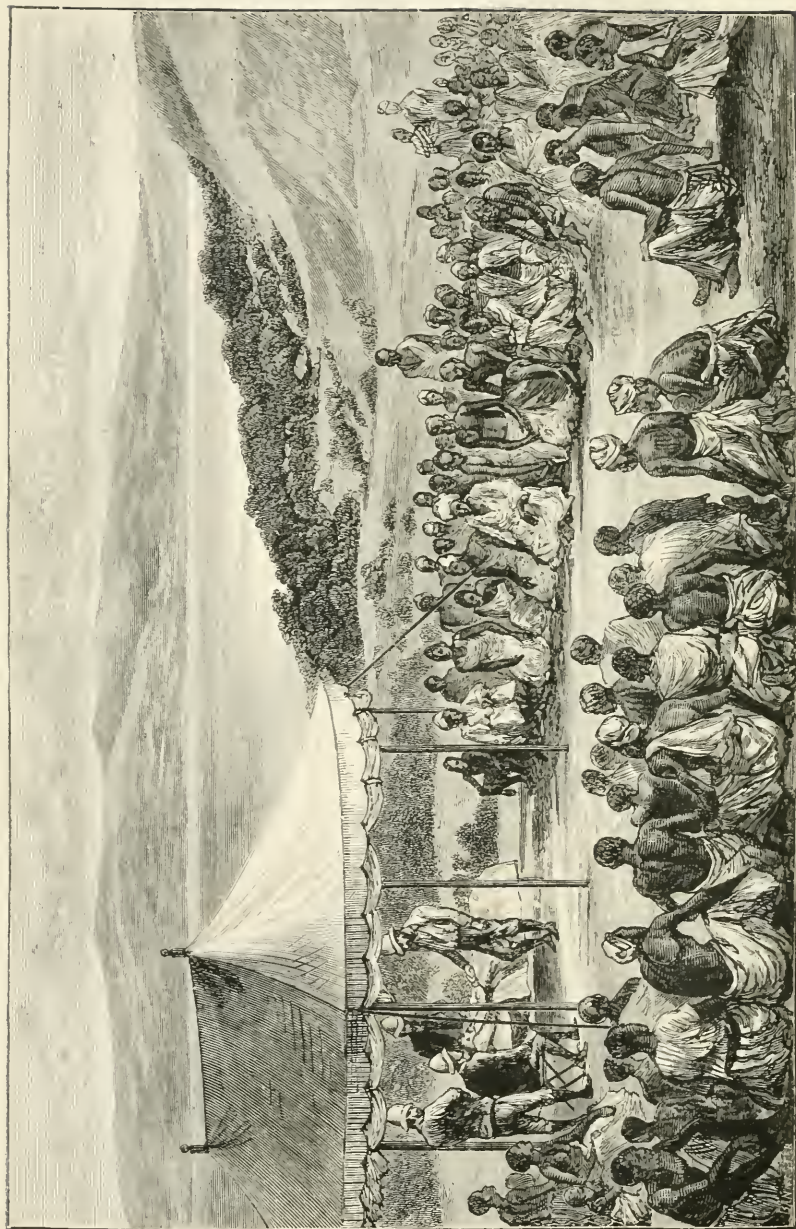
But on the fourteenth day I was so weak that I could scarcely lift my arms, and to sit up in bed was impossible without support. Limp and nerveless, I lay to be lifted, turned, or moved by the young negroes, to whom, though I felt grateful for their services, I was con-

1881.
May 18.
Manyanga.

vinced I was gradually becoming exceedingly tedious. And after the medicine, which had now risen to fifty grains of quinine, had been taken my head would be laid on the pillow to hear the hard throbbing in my head reverberated through the pillow like a loud beating of a drum, until, losing consciousness, I was oblivious to my pains and protracted infirmity.

On the 20th of May, about 7 A.M., my sickness and weakness seemed to have approached a climax. As soon as I woke to clearness of mind and realised the dreadful prostration of my body, a presentiment possessed me that I should die. Weaker than this, and yet possessing powers of speech and thought, I doubted whether man could possibly be, with which idea came the thought that the crisis had arrived, and that death was not far off. Then came an urgent desire to pay the last offices of friendship and regard which I am eager to perform, if little Mabruki will hasten to call up the people—European and Zanzibaris—to me. Dualla meantime has weighed out sixty grains of quinine, over which he has dropped a few minims of hydrobromic acid, and poured an ounce of Madeira wine, which he must deliver between my lips, for if all the world were given to me I could not lift the glass unaided.

Like lightning the potent medicine courses through my veins. I feel its overpowering influence stealing rapidly over my fast bewildering senses, and I beg Dualla to hasten up the people before it will be too late.



A FAREWELL!

[To face page 275, Vol. I.]

In a short time there is a rush of many feet round the tent. The walls of the tent are lifted up. I can see a bright yet cold sunshine on the semi-circular rows of seated forms around. My European comrades advance to the foot of the bed, and I struggle hard to recall my fleeting senses to address and to advise them what they should do when all would be over. My thoughts seemed to be distracted between my strong desire to say something intelligible, and a strange penitent brooding over a hollowed grave somewhere which drew nearer and nearer to me, while in the far distance there burned a great white light, whose bright glowing globe attracted me despite my utmost effort to concentrate my attention on the silent and expectant throng. Again and yet again I strove strenuously to utter the words that my lips would not frame.

“Look well on me, Albert,” I cried. “Do not move. Fasten your eyes on me that I may tell you.”

And the young sailor, whose hand clasped mine, fixed his eyes steadily on mine to enable me to conquer the oppressive drowsiness, and the sentence was at last, after many efforts, delivered clearly and intelligently, at which I felt so relieved from my distress that I cried out, “I am saved!” Then suddenly a dark cloud came over me, the perception of the scene faded away, and oblivion which lasted many hours shut out the sense of things.

When I woke next day I found that I had lain for twenty-four hours in one position, for my weakness was so great that unaided I could not have moved. My

1881.
May 21.
Manyanga.

back seemed to be palsied, and bed-sores tormented me, but on waking I little recked of these things. I felt a desire to eat, and a repugnance to medicine. I abandoned all idea of contesting the influences of the fever further. I was ready without further care to submit to the inevitable; but I would eat, and Mabruki's astonishment was very great when I asked him for soup. M. Braconnier, being called by my little servant, recommended *pâtage*, and was good enough to assist Mabruki in its preparation. In an hour or so the boys were called upon for some more, and an incipient voracity was noticeable. Hours glided by, and the fever did not return, therefore more soup was demanded. M. Braconnier warned me to be careful, but Dualla and Mabruki did not heed his warning. Unprincipled youths! they smuggled into my tent various little luxuries picked up somewhere, and the stomach was untiring in its powers of digestion.

On the 30th of May I am so far removed from danger that Dualla and Mabruki were my sole visitors and attendants. Their energies as well as my own were devoted to the renewal of strength in the worn-out and feeble frame. But, alas! although the body is soon weakened by illness, it requires a long time to recuperate; and, although the period is relieved by the frequent pleasures of eating and digestion, it is still tedious.

On this day, however, I was so far recovered that I caused myself to be carried round on a visit to

my people in the camp below, which I believed to be productive of great benefit to me.

1881.
June 4.
Manyanga.

By the 2nd of June I was strong enough to be able to sit in a chair under the awning of my tent, clad warmly in a heavy ulster.

On the morning of the 4th I was gladdened at the sight of the whale-boat coming up the river from Isangila, whither I was told it had departed twenty days previously. At the landing-place little Mabruki met it, and presently came hurrying back with the glorious news that a large body of recruits had come from Zanzibar; and that a small body of picked men, headed by a young German named Lindner, was already close at hand, and would probably arrive at Manyanga in a day or two.

A thrill of joy at the good news filled every breast, especially mine. Oh, what labour, what anxiety had been saved had this relief arrived earlier! Now indeed did it seem possible to perform something. Only now did a final success appear in a clear light. For, although not even to myself would I permit a doubt of an ultimate happy issue to the immense labour I had undertaken, the event seemed to be so far distant that at times it was almost beyond the hope of realisation.

I was at this time an atom—scarcely weighing 100 lbs.! My lower limbs were mere sticks supporting a feeble, weak body, to which the few paces from the bed to the chair appeared an immense labour. Yet the mails on my lap, six months old, contained new tasks

1881.
June 5.
Manyanga.

that would require an army to accomplish! With a sick man's querulousness I pushed them aside, and dared not look at them lest I should become mad.

The next day Mr. Lindner appeared with twenty-four men, some of whom were ancient comrades of mine, and at Vivi there were forty-six more, stout, well-chosen fellows. They were heartily welcome; and the camp was quickly enlivened by the recruits, who had abundance of news to impart to the people who had been so long absent from Zanzibar.

On the 11th of June Mr. Lindner departed for Isangila with the *En Avant, Royal*, and two steel boats, to convey the remainder of the relief expedition at once to the front.

Meantime, strength returning to me, on the 12th I began to prepare for my journey to Stanley Pool. But there was a host of duties to perform preliminary to any forward movement. First a contract was to be made with the chiefs of Manyanga, a site was to be decided upon for the new station, new tents were to be made, as our old ones had already endured through four rainy seasons, a road had to be constructed round the Manyanga Cataract to convey the boats to be floated above. While the steamers were absent bringing up the relief party, we might employ ourselves in assisting to build the new station, for nothing had been performed while I was prostrated by illness.

Ample time had been given to the chiefs of Manyanga to ponder upon the proposals I had made on my arrival, so that it needed but a signal to inform

them of my readiness to close the arrangements. These did not, therefore, occupy very long. A satisfactory contract was entered into by which I obtained the choice of a site, and a large acreage of hill-slope and terrace to build upon and cultivate to my heart's content. Throughout the entire district of Manyanga, however, but little ground is available for cultivation in the neighbourhood of the river.

1881.
June 11.
Manyanga.

M. Braconnier was detailed for road-making. M. Harou was commissioned to commence building on the hill, whereon I had spent so many days in the lone tent, which commanded the terrace and landing-place below.

After twenty-two days' work the wagon road, fifteen feet wide and six miles in length, was completed to a landing-place above the cataract, and the pioneer force was directed to assist in the construction of the station. The labour of levelling the ground was very great, but it was finally rendered habitable and presentable. The timber was procured from a wooded gorge at the bottom of which a streamlet flowed; the distance to it was not more than two miles, but the toil of conveying the logs to the ground was exceedingly arduous.

The boiler-wagon needed many repairs, and blacksmithing was one of the handicrafts that I was called upon to perform.

Then the new tents had to be cut by myself, and Albert was converted into a sailmaker. During the interval we waited for the long-delayed boats, a strong magazine was erected, with corrugated iron walls, pierced here

1881.
June 11.
Manyanga.

and there with port-holes for musketry, in case of any defence being required. For although there was not much fear of hostility from the natives, less anxiety would naturally be experienced through a greater sense of security that, unless affairs were very much mismanaged, hostility would be powerless to effect much harm.

CHAPTER XV.

A RECONNAISSANCE TO STANLEY POOL.

An outrage upon custom, and its result—Turbulent marketing—Death of M. Neve—Letter respecting the support of Manyanga—On the march to Stanley Pool—Reception by natives—A boy drowned—Bwabwa Njali, a dissembling chief—Native pomp—Malameen appears, bearing the French tricolour—A treaty regarding territory—The Gordon Bennett—Mfwa—Malima—Gamankono, an old acquaintance—Instance of retentive memory—“We are all kings”—Arrival of Malameen, whose fables alarm the villagers—Friendship supplanted by hate—Forced retirement from Malima—Evil news precedes us—Stopped by an armed crowd—“Tanley, Tanley!”—A timely arrival.

ON the 25th of June a curious incident occurred at the market of Manyanga which was held every week. A man bought a goat, and, contrary to custom, attempted to resell it the same day in the same market, which was considered such an outrage upon custom that the public indignation was aroused, to be vented upon the goat and a couple of pigs. These animals were cut to pieces and distributed round the market-place, and not until a general smash-up of gourds of palm-wine had taken place was the public anger sufficiently allayed.

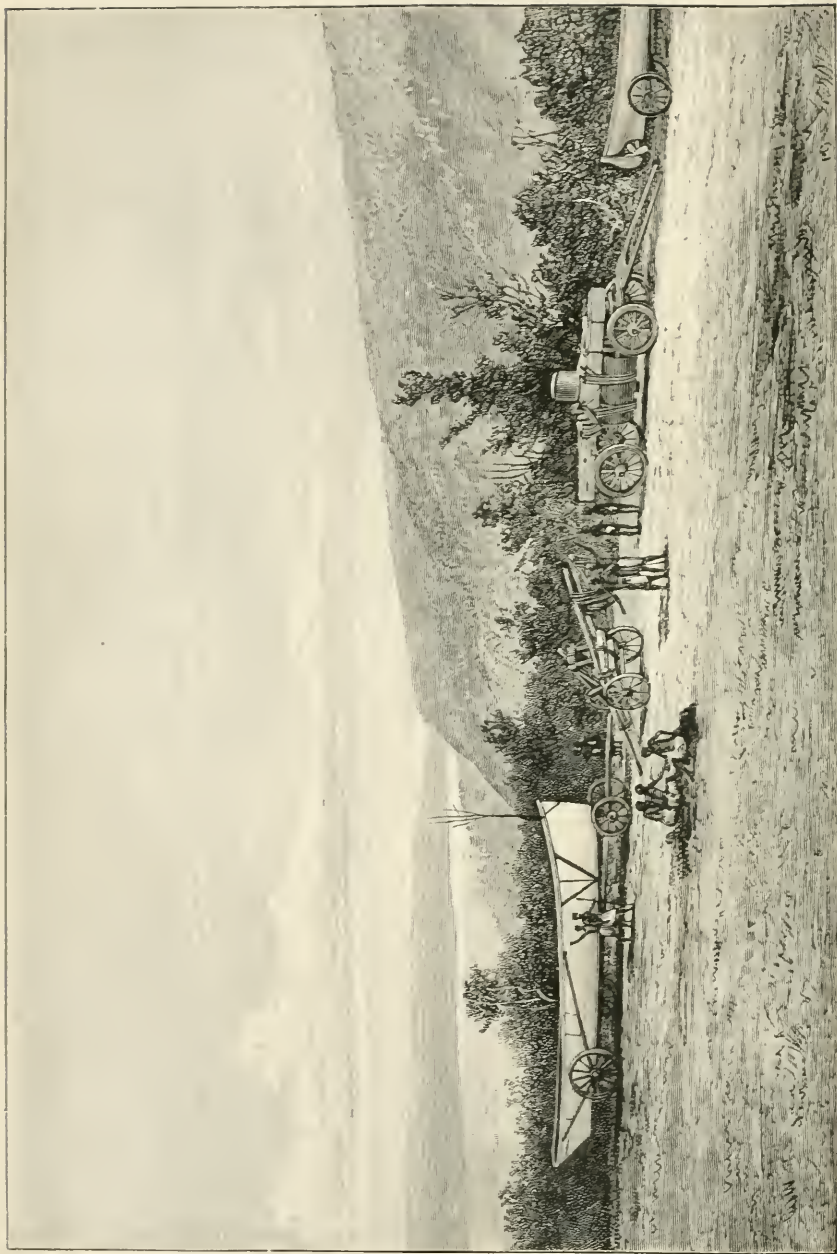
1881.
June 25.
Manyanga.

Every other day a market is held in the neighbour-

1881.
June 25.
Manyanga.

hood of the station, on various hill-summits, but the great Manyanga market is held inland about five miles from the station. It was once very well attended, but it is not so now, several outbreaks having occurred of late years to render the attendance at it less numerous. Slaves, ivory, rubber, oil, pigs, sheep, and goats and fowls were plentifully brought for sale by the vast concourse of buyers and sellers that had gathered from the country for many miles around. Native copper was also largely for sale. Caravans from the coast bound for Stanley Pool found here a ready exchange for their cloths and beads, and purchased copper and wire in enormous quantities to suit the tastes of the up-river people, while tons of cassava bread and vegetables were quickly disposed of. But prosperity rendered the district tribe and chiefs insolent. Ruptures became frequent, the slightest pretext serving often to cause dispersion, and immediate flight of the market people to save themselves from violence. Even during the two months that I remained there our own people were witnesses of many an outrageous scene; and, to escape being involved in fracas, had to fly away, not always with impunity. It may be that some of them were not guiltless of offence, but, as no accusers ever appeared against them, I could only deliver a stern warning and bid them beware of the consequences if any charges were brought against them for violence and misconduct.

At last, after an extraordinary delay, during which we had been victims to fear and anxiety as to what had



ON THE PLATEAU OF MANYANGA STATION—VIEW DOWN RIVER. (From a photograph). [To face page 253, Vol. I.]

befallen the boats, the steel whale-boat appeared in sight, and shortly after landed a letter from Mr. Lindner, which contained the distressing intelligence that M. Paul Neve, engineer of the *En Avant*, had succumbed to a severe attack of bilious fever at Isangila on the 26th of June. This was the second fatal termination to illness amongst the pioneer expedition during a term of sixteen months of unexampled labour and privations. Like the case of the sailor Martinson in 1880, this death had also occurred during the cold season of May, June, and July. My own serious illness in 1880 had also occurred in June, and at the commencement of this year's cold season I had again been prostrated by a much more severe attack. The only fatal case amongst the Zanzibaris occurred during last year's cold season.

1881.
July.
Manyanga.

On the 14th of July the steamers and the other steel lighter appeared, conveying the long expected relief party, including Mr. Louis Valeke and two Germaus, a clerk and an engineer. The news from Vivi was very satisfactory, and, in accordance with my instructions, a station was being successfully founded at Isangila under Lieutenant Eugene Janssen, a young Belgian officer just arrived.

The following quotations from a letter to the Comité about this time will serve to furnish specific information regarding the support of Manyanga during my absence up river :—

“ You will observe by the enclosed list of goods and articles with which the station of Manyanga has been provided, that there is an abundance of every article such a station should require.

1881. " *Par exemple*, I have left the following quantity of cloth for the purchase of provisions for the garrison of the station:—
 July.
 Manyanga.

" Ordinary striped domestics	45,600 yards.
Fine cloths	19,360 "
Red handkerchiefs	2400 "
White domestic	1200 "
Red blanket cloth	700 "

" After calculating with the utmost liberality, I find that the chief of the station has over three years' supplies, supposing that the above cloth is not diverted to other uses than the purchase of provisions and wages of his people. Exclusive of this, the commandant is supplied with blue glass beads, gunpowder, muskets, brass wire, gun-stones, &c., all of which articles are readily saleable.

" A mere perusal of the tinned provisions left for Messrs. Harou, Anderson, and Flammi, will show their variety. In weight they amount to 4950 lbs. of eatables, enough to give each European $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of extras for three years. To this supply you must add all native provisions and fresh meat procurable in the large market near the station, among which you may include pigs, goats, sheep, fowls, yams, sweet potatoes, cassava bread, eggs, bananas, various kinds of vegetables, pine-apples, melons, cucumbers, pumpkins, &c. Since we have been here we have existed on native provisions alone, tea, coffee, milk, butter, and sugar being the only European articles we consider indispensable.

" As Manyanga was intended by me for a central depot, for which in fact it is particularly adapted, seeing that the real difficulty of transport commences here, you will observe that a large supply of ammunition is also stored here. I scarcely think it will ever be needed for defence, but I never trust to good fortune.

" Forced by illness first, and secondly by the delay attending the arrival of the relief expedition, I have employed all the hands that were left at Manyanga during the interval to build a spacious and strong magazine for the third station. The goods are this day completely arranged within. At present it serves not only as magazine but as the dwelling-house for the three Europeans who will be appointed to the station—Harou (commandant), Anderson (captain of boats), and Flamini (engineer of the *Royal*)—until they have had time to construct their own dwellings.

" There is nothing further that may delay or detain me here longer. The boats have now arrived. The road is ready as far as the landing-place above the cataract. The chiefs of Manyanga have promised me the assistance of 200 of their people to assist in the transport of goods from the station landing-place to the upper. While they are—

engaged in the transport of the goods, our foreign coloured employés will haul—

1881.

July.

Manyanga.

“ Waggon No. 1, conveying <i>En Avant</i> .	
” No. 2, ” boiler.	
” No. 3, ” engine and plates.	
” No. 4, ” whale-boat.	

“ Our goods for Stanley Pool Station will consist of 560 man-loads, consisting of—

“ Cloths.	Forge.	Linseed-oil.
Beads.	Blacksmiths’ tools.	Pickaxes.
Wire.	Anvil.	Showels.
Tinned provisions.	Grindstone.	Axes.
Salt.	Nails.	Hammers.
Sugar.	Screws.	Crowbars.
Tea.	Ammunition.	Adzes.
Coffee.	Gunpowder.	Jack-screws.
Rice.	Medicine-chests.	Tackles and blocks.
Beans.	Sail-cloth.	Machettes.
Flour.	Cordage.	Hoes.
Muskets.	Paints.	
Engine-oil.	Tallow.	

The personal baggage of Messrs. Valeke, Braconnier, Lindner, Hertwig, Christopherson, Mahoney, which amount to thirty-five man-loads, or nearly a ton.

“ By these detailed items you will perhaps better appreciate and understand the difficulties attending an expedition which numbers so many Europeans compared to the very small number of coloured men. Including myself, there are eight Europeans to only 103 foreign coloured men, and thirty West Coast natives; whereas, to perform creditable work, there should be at least fifty coloured men to each European.

“ There are at present on the expedition 138 coloured foreign employés, who will be disposed as follows:—97 to accompany advance expedition; 18 as garrison of third station—Manyanga; 8 garrison of Isangila; 15 as boats’ crews.

“ The *Royal* and steel lighter, with their crews, will maintain the communication between Isangila and Manyanga. The natives of the Vivi district will be employed, as often as they can be induced, for the transport service between Vivi and Isangila.

“ After arrival at the Pool, communication will be maintained by the relieved force of pioneers between Manyanga and Stanley Pool. The *En Avant* and lighter will serve to keep up correspondence between Stanley Pool and a fifth station, established at some eligible spot on the Upper Congo.”

1881.
July 15.
Manyanga.

The next morning after the arrival of the boats, the forward movement commenced at daylight, 210 natives assisting; and by the evening of the 19th, goods and wagons had been moved forward six miles, and the boats launched in the cove above the Cataract.

Herr Lindner proved himself after a short acquaintance, to possess sufficient practical knowledge to render me valuable service. I felt confidence in entrusting the command of a portion of the force to him, to transport the effects and wagons by water to Mpakambendi, distant twenty-two miles from Manyanga, and on arrival at the landing-place of the village to make a wagon-road leading from the river to the plateau; while I should lead a party of men to Stanley Pool, and secure a site for a station contiguous to the point where the navigability of the Upper Congo commenced. Had I been fortunate enough to have secured the services of two such men as Herr Lindner at the commencement of the expedition, Stanley Pool would have been reached in September, 1879; but now there was no further necessity for delaying my visit to my friends in that region, as the German had proved himself fully capable to carry out the task I now committed to him.

Accordingly I set out with Messrs. Valeke and Braconnier, also another person who was to be employed as clerk of the station, should we be enabled to secure a site, and sufficient goods to temporarily provision the place. After a march of nine miles, over a high land crossed by gullies and deep stony waterways, we camped at Mungala in a lovely basin nestling cosily in the

midst of tall trees. During the march we had passed four streams, of which Mbika, a copious clear-water stream, was the most important.

1881.
July 20.
Mungala.

The next day we traversed a still rougher country, across a series of lofty ridges, separated by as many streams which flowed through cool forested gorges, and arrived at Mpakambendi, where I expected to find Mr. Lindner on my return from Stanley Pool.

Continuing our march on the third day, the country was discovered to be much more regular in its formation, as we examined its adaptability for a wagon road. The land rose and fell in gentle broadly-spreading waves separated by wide valleys, at the bottom of which small streams of clear water smoothly flowed. The mean altitude, 2100 feet, proved that we were at least 1500 feet above the Congo. Our reception along the route was most kindly—my name, which the natives had tenaciously remembered, was shouted out with such clearness sometimes, that I half suspected some of my own people were calling me. At Zinga, the scene of so many toils in 1877, the excitement was very great. Until deep darkness my tent was besieged by the prying youngsters who had heard from their parents, doubtless, of the white man with the many canoes who had passed down their wild river.

From Zinga we marched across the stream of the Edwin Arnold, past palmy Mowa, and over a healthy country, whose pure breezes brought back the feeling of health to my frame. Near the village of Nzabi, whose chief resembles a prominent English statesman,

1881.
July 23.
Nzabi.

there were crowds who entreated us to stay and trade, to buy palm-wine, and barter cloth for fowls; but we could not stay for either, for the spirit of movement was on us now. Near the wooded banks of the Inkissi River we encamped amid a whole tribe of curious visitors.

On the 24th, we travelled over a very rough country to Msampala, which promised to give us great trouble when we should appear with our heavy wagons. The people of Ngoma were very amiable. We exchanged presents with nearly all those in authority along the route—perhaps because it was policy to do so, and perhaps because I met so many old acquaintances who renewed their former knowledge of me with unrestrained friendliness. It was a marvellously rich country, but we saw very little cultivation. Food was abundant, and the natives were eager to trade.

Between Msampala and the Mukoss River, where we camped on the 25th, the journey was over a country presenting but few difficulties to a wagon road, except at the Lubamba River, which is half-way. The Lubamba is called the Nkenké at its confluence with the Congo. It is a rapid stream about forty yards wide, and there is canoe ferriage across it for the convenience of the numerous caravan traffic. At the ferry there is sometimes quite a gathering of bands of ivory carriers from Stanley Pool, and commodity porters from the coast. There were quite a number of people on either bank, who awaited their turn of ferriage when we arrived. In the confusion and disorder—squabbling

for first places—a boy of fourteen or fifteen years old, fell overboard into the stream, and was drowned. His friends desired to obtain the body for burial, but none appeared to know how to set about recovering it. Finally one of our men dived into the stream with a cord round his body, and brought the dead boy to the

1881.
July 25.
Mukoss.



CARAVAN GROUP.

surface. The body was received with a solemn silence ; but there were no thanks returned.

On the 26th we left the village of Mukoss on the Mukoss River, and after a march of eleven miles reached Kinduta. A rainfall occurred in the morning, which

1881.
July 26.
Mukoss.

unexpected at this season in other parts of the country, may be attributed to the extensive woods found in this district. It is a wonderfully fertile country that we saw; every mile we marched growing in picturesqueness and worth. Grand sweeps of land, bountifully watered by clear streams, well wooded, and giving valuable promise to future comers, met the eager view from every ridge and uplift of surface. About three hours beyond the Mukoss River we came to a square-browed hill, from whose high open summit we saw Stanley Pool far away in the hazy distance, like a blurred mirror obscured by gauze set in a gauze-covered frame of dark wood—thus the hazy density caused by heat and distance represented it to us.

A long march of fourteen miles, over a plain, and soft flat spongy boggy country, brought us, on the 27th, to Bwabwa Njali, a chief who derives importance and revenue through his ferry over the Gordon Bennett, which flows close by, east of his village. Most of the chiefs we have met have been kindly commonplace men, but Bwabwa Njali is a character worth a book. He is an actor—that is, he is a man who affects to be what he is not. Polite to his guests—let them come as often as they may—from the moment he makes anybody's acquaintance, a systematic approach to their affections is commenced with the view to their spoliation. He presents himself to you as one who is as vain as a woman, and as frivolous as a child; but contrives before you have finally parted from him to impress you with the fact that he is an unprincipled

rogue. It is "My brother, what is this? My brother, what is that? Ah, truly, my brother! Put it away, good brother. Really now, has my brother come to see the country? Dear, good brother! Verily, a brother of brothers! My own true brother!" And thus he purrs continually around one, his eyes wandering about to every part of your person and belongings.

1881.
July 27.
Bwabwa
Njali.

And such state as he surrounds himself with on a stranger's arrival! A lion-skin—a real lion-skin—is spread out, a fat crimson bolster is in place of a chair of state, and a circle of respectful principals are seated around. While you are seated expectant of his appearance, Bwabwa Njali is touching himself up before a score of looking-glasses hanging around the walls of his house, straightening a hair here, giving another dab of ochre on his cheeks and forehead, a streak of yellow under an eye, a line of white under the other, the ridge of his nose coloured still darker with powdered charcoal, a loving tap on his chignon, a smooth of a crease in his red blanket, and lo! Bwabwa Njali emerges into view.

I have often wondered, on viewing these efforts of African chiefs to ape the majestic strutting of kingliness, from what grand prototype they have drawn their demeanour. Mtesa, of Uganda, is too far off, and there is no one nearer that I have ever discovered or heard of, able by the rumour of his pomp to impress the sense of these fantastic mimics of kingdom. I presume it must be natural to man—to the African Nfumu as it is to the British beadle!

1881.
July 27.
Bwabwa
Njali.

There were some good points about him which naturally belong to persons of his enormous vanity. He was cleanly in person, and so much cannot be said of all African chiefs; he was not at all uncomely, or ill-favoured, being a bronze-coloured, well-built man of thirty-five. If he expected largely in return, he first gave nobly; at least his gifts dwarfed all others that I had received between Vivi and his village. Probably there are other good points about him,* as yet buried in his half-revealed personality.

We had scarcely been three hours at Bwabwa Njali's village before we saw, borne high up, a French tri-coloured flag approaching, preceded by a dashing looking Europeanised negro (as I supposed him to be, though he had a superior type of face), in sailor costume, with the stripes of a non-commissioned officer on his arm. This was Malameen, the Senegalese sergeant left by M. de Brazza. Two Gaboon negro sailors, in blue navy shirt and pants, followed him, one of whom carried the flag.

Malameen spoke French well, and his greeting was frank and manly. After a few words had been said on either side, he showed to me a paper, which, duly translated, turned out to be a treaty, whereby a certain chief called Makoko ceded to France a territory extending from the Gordon Bennet River to Impila on the north bank of Stanley Pool, and which M. de Brazza notified, to all whom it might concern, that he took possession of the said territory in the name of France.

* In the latter part of 1884 Bwabwa Njali died.

1881.
July 27.
Bwabwa
Njali.

Malameen knew a great deal about the transaction. Makoko had been generous, and for very trifling gifts had parted with a territory which, as far as I could learn, extended along the river about nine miles; the extent of it inland, was not indicated. He said he had no other instructions than to show the treaty to all Europeans who might approach Stanley Pool.

As it was late, he slept in the village, and through some of my servants I became well informed in the politics of the district on the other side of the Gordon Bennett.

A very short acquaintance with the sergeant proved to me that he was a superior man, even though he was a bronzed Senegalese. He was in his proper element among these Africans, who were of a lower grade than himself, and very tactfully and subtly he acted on his master's instructions.

The next day he returned to his own territory on the east side of the Gordon Bennett, and at 1 P.M. we prepared to follow him, according to an invitation he had given us in his master's name.

The Gordon Bennett is a deep rapid stream of about forty yards in breadth at the ferry of Bwabwa Njali. About four miles lower down it descends a furious cataract by two mouths into the Congo, about fifty yards below the first dangerous rapid of the Congo. Had the mouth of the Gordon Bennett joined the great river a couple of hundred yards higher up it would have been worth my while to have secured from Bwabwa Njali the right to a landing-place by which

1881.
July 23.
Mfwa.

I might have gained access to nearly 1100 miles of navigation of the Upper Congo.

A journey of six miles through an uninhabited country, alternately scrubby jungle and grassy plain, brought us to the village of Mfwa, a small hamlet of



IVORY CARRIERS.

grass huts peopled by Bateké ivory traders. A number of them were, even at the moment of our arrival, engaged in counting brass rods—five of which weighed a pound at that time—and sorting cloths, while many a fine ivory tusk gleamed white on the ground near by.

Groups of buyers and sellers were seated around discussing the merits of their respective properties. The buyers were Bateké, who inhabit a large extent of country on the north bank and far inland; the sellers of the ivory were By-yanzi and Ba-bangi, from the Upper Congo.

The chief, Ingya, received us good-naturedly, showed us a place to camp near the river, and promised to bring us meat and palm-wine (malafu). The evening passed off quietly, I might say agreeably, since decided civility and sociableness marked the intercourse.

In the morning, however, the natives hinted to us that there was no food to be procured; and indeed it was evident that they themselves were dependent on other districts for their daily supply of provisions, because they did not cultivate. The entire male population, old and young, of Mfwa could not have exceeded 150.

Makabi, an important ivory factor resident at Mfwa, who had shown us courtesy on the previous day, was more candid. He distinctly stated that it was better for us to try Malima—whose chief was Gamankono—a larger village higher up the river, where the chief, much superior to Ingya, might be better able to talk with us.

Within two hours we arrived at Malima, a wide detour having been forced upon us by the black mud and swamps which are a feature of the grass flats on the north bank. Malima consisted of about fifty widely scattered huts. Here, however, was a large concourse

1881.
July 28.
Mfwa.

1881.
July 29.
Malima.

of By-yanzi visitors for the sale of their ivory ; there were probably about 400 of them, mostly tall, strapping, broad-chested, rather yellowish fellows, to whom the Bateké appeared black as ink in colour. They made an unusual display of short swords of curious design and beautiful workmanship.

We were first escorted to the shade of a large tree, where, on a few boxes ranged around, we seated ourselves, wondering at the large circle of people who had gathered in such an insignificant village.

Presently Gamankono appeared, who, after a close view of his features, I recognised to be the Mankoneh mentioned in the book 'Through the Dark Continent.' But he was so splendid in his dress and state ornaments that his aspect was very different from that of the stalwart chief of fishermen he appeared to be four years previously. I immediately rose to shake hands with him. The recognition was mutual, and after he had responded with a hearty clasp, he began an eccentric dance, some 400 natives accompanying it with a barbarous chant, which so excited our following that our men also added their voices to the unmelodious singing.

Meantime a rug which had the picture of a horse on it had been spread out at a respectful distance opposite to us, and a large crimson bolster had been placed on it at one end, then a leopard-skin was spread over the rug. After the burst of excitement, Gamonkono seated himself on the bolster, his feet resting on the leopard's spoil.

While seated in this pride of native state and in this pose his photograph may be taken. In figure he is a little larger than the medium size, his features are those of a burly negro; he has a plain, solid and substantial face, befitting a substantial and broad-shouldered person. On his head he wears a thick round cap of knit wool, into which a native artist has worked colours of red, yellow, blue and white woollen twist. His neck is encircled by a collar of many-coiled fine brass wire, out of which project four long spikes of wood, as I suppose, until at a later time I find they are elephant-tail hairs bound in bundles of, perhaps, two dozen. His robe is a tartan check of large red and green squares, while his under-cloth is a bright-patterned print.

1881.
July 29.
Malima.

Now ensues the period to speak. The ceremonies of introduction are over, and there is an expectant lush. Through my interpreter I intimate that I had come to see Gamankono and hear from his own lips whether, as Malameen had told me, he had sold his country. If the country were still his own, then what I had to say could be said another day just as well.

Following the custom which prevails among the people on the Congo, Gamankono began a minute recital of events from the date of my arrival at Stanley Pool in 1877. Nothing was omitted, which shows how very retentive the memories of these aborigines are. He could repeat almost every word I had uttered with him, and remembered what presents were exchanged between us.

1881.
July 29.
Malima.

“Then,” said he, “a long time elapsed, and another white man came with three canoes. He stayed with Nchuvila of Kinshassa for many days. He had a few men from Makoko with him; he sent word to all of us living at Mfwa and Malima to come and see him. We went and talked with him, but I heard nothing of selling or giving away a country.”

“But is not Makoko the great king of all this country?” I asked.

“There is no great king anywhere. We are all kings—each a king over his own village and land. Makoko is chief of Mbé; I am chief of Malima; Ingya is chief of Mfwa; Ganchu is chief over his land.

“On the other side, Gambiele is chief of Kimpoko; Nchuvila is the great chief of Kinshassa. But no one has authority over another chief. Each of us owns his own lands. Makoko is an old chief; he is richer than any of us; he has more men and guns, but his country is Mbé.”

The meeting shortly afterwards dispersed; we were then shown to a camping-place, the Europeans and the goods suitably accommodated and stored, and gossip and marketing commenced freely and unrestrainedly.

Towards night Gamankono and his sons came to my tent, and here we began to reveal to one another our mutual sentiments, from which we soon learned that there really existed no objection in any one's mind to give us a place for a settlement. Gamankono and his two sons were perfectly willing, after the excitement consequent upon our arrival had subsided, to enter into

an agreement ceding to us permission to reside, build, plant, and sow in the territory of Malima. On this understanding we parted for the night.

1881.
July 29.
Malima.

At dusk, however, Malameen entered the village. He had crossed from Kinshassa on the south bank to Mfwa, and, learning that we were at Malima, he had waited until near the evening before he put in an appearance. What fables Malameen uttered about our fondness for meat of tender children will never be published perhaps; but the effect of what he told them was known when the crier beat his tom-tom in the night, and shouted out along the river bank and amid the huts of the scattered village that Gamankono and Ntaba of Malima had resolved that none of the people should speak with us, or sell us anything any more.

By morning this notice was magnified into a meditated rupture. A woman was caught selling fish to one of my people, and beaten by some of the villagers, while some bold fellows crowded around the tent with broad knives like butchers' cleavers in their hands. The good feelings of yesterday had become replaced by suspicion, if not hatred. Three times I succeeded in inducing Gamankono to come round to apologise for this unlucky state of things. Each time he went away to persuade Ntaba to be friendly, and as often he came back to his village with feelings more and more embittered against us. The By-yanzi were also powerful advocates in our favour, but Ntaba was inexorable. Finally, perceiving that our presence would likely enough create trouble, I abandoned the effort to

1881.
July 30.
Malima.

influence a man who had no will of his own, but yielded to another, and I gave orders to prepare for departure.

Gamankono came out of his hut to wish us a farewell, and the column proceeded on its return, with the intention of camping below Mfwa, to open communication with Ngalyema, chief of Ntamo on the south bank. Two runners had, however, preceded us, and, exaggerating the events which had occurred at Malima, had detailed at Mfwa accounts which led them to believe that a rupture would ensue. Arriving at the path leading to Mfwa, the column was halted by a band of the villagers armed with guns. Coming up to this crowd, I had to lecture them upon the absurdity they were committing, and pointed out their weakness as compared with our own, which seemed to satisfy them that to risk a fight with us would be unwise. Then our men were urged on. One or two young natives, with a rather hardened insolence, seemed a trifle too eager, and required to be warned as they flourished their cleavers. Others, again, snatched at various little effects which some of the men carried, and it is impossible to say what might have been the result of this rapidly-growing fever for mischief, had not the attention of all been directed at that moment to a number of natives running up to us, shouting out "Tanley, Tanley!"

They were almost breathless when they came up. The column was again halted, and then we were informed that Ngalyema of Ntamo, hearing that "Tanley," his

blood-brother, had arrived, wished to see him, and had sent these his well-armed sons and nephews to conduct us to a camp by the river-side nearer Ntamo, where he could come and have an interview with us.

1881.
July 30.
Ntamo.

Nothing could have been happier than this incident. We willingly acceded to be guided to the camp they suggested. We arrived in about an hour and a half at the river-side at a place nearly halfway between Mfwa and the Gordon Bennett.

CHAPTER XVI.

NGALYEMA OF NTAMO.

Approaching starvation—Relief delayed—Threat of Bwabwa Njali—Arrival of Ngalyema of Ntamo—A blood brother—Prosperity of a native chief—A grasping fraternity—Ngalyema demands my servant Dualla—We meet a Roman Catholic Mission—Its repulse by the natives—More demands upon our stores—The cost of our negotiations—Richer goods required—Arrival in the Zinga district.

1881.
July 31.
Ntamo.

WHEN we encamped on the strip of beach-sand, within a few steps of the river's margin, we were not far removed from feeling the pangs of starvation. Unprepared for this complete estrangement on the part of the natives on the upper side of the Gordon Bennett, we had left Bwabwa Njali's village with no more than two days' rations. More than that would have been most weighty and cumbersome. Consisting of bananas and heavy, duff-like bread, the rations that might be procurable were by no means easy to transport. Had the country supplied grain, six, or even eight and ten days' food might have been easily carried. In the interim that elapsed between our departure from Bwabwa Njali's and our arrival at this river camp we had consumed our rations, and it now entirely depended upon the

good-will of Ngalyema how long we should have to endure short commons.

1881.
July 31.
Ntamo.

When, however, the 31st of July passed away, I had to kill our three goats and distribute some small loaves among our own men, for neither canoes nor messengers appeared from Ntamo.

This great village, or rather town, on account of its magnitude, was distant four miles below us on the southern bank above a broad and spacious baylet, at the lower extremity of the bank which ran sharply towards the north bank, and formed the narrows where the first cataract of the Livingstone series was formed. With a powerful binocular telescope the landing-place was in full view of us. We could note considerable activity of canoe traffic there, canoes departing and arriving throughout the day; but those ascending were for up-river ports, Mfwa, Malima, Kinshassa, and the Kwa river tribes; none came near to us with even a word of consolation.

On Monday, the 1st of August, we therefore sent about thirty ration foragers to Bwabwa Njali with the usual cloth and beads to purchase food. They returned in the afternoon with sufficient to last for one day. The chief Bwabwa Njali also came with them. He had heard of our rejection by his neighbours. He thought it a fine opportunity to act as a go-between. One of our young officers credited him with about ten fathoms of red savelist, worth about £2 in this locality, on the strength of a promise that on the next day he would furnish food if we sent our men to convey it to camp.

1881.
August 1.
Ntamo.

Late in the afternoon a canoe came from Ngalyema under the charge of tall young Ganchu, one of the chief's nephews, who brought a message conveying an assurance that we were not forgotten, and with a request for the sable Newfoundland dog "Flora," belonging to one of our party. Flora was surrendered at once, poor thing!

On the next day we despatched our foragers again, but we were much surprised when they returned several hours later without a particle of food, and with the strange story that Bwabwa Njali and his men, instead of ferrying them across, had menaced them with muskets, and intimated that a general massacre of us would happen in a day or two unless we left the country. The latter, of course, was a fiction invented to intimidate us from asking for the woollen cloth that he had obtained on credit on the previous day, very few natives being incapable of dishonest practices if they have opportunities of pilfering.

During the absence of the food-hunters, we heard the drums of Ntamo, and followed with interested eyes the departure of two large canoes from the landing-place, their ascent to the place opposite, and their final crossing over towards us. Then we knew that Ngalyema of Ntamo had condescended to come and visit us. As soon as he arrived I recognised him as the Itsi with whom, in 1877, I had made blood-brotherhood. During the four years that had elapsed he had become a great man. Ngako, the old chief, a Mbari native, had become old and superannuated. Itsi, grown

1881.
August 2.
Ntamo.

richer by ivory trade with the Bazombo and Bakongo, and become powerful by investing his large profits in slaves, guns, and gunpowder, had gradually superseded Ngako. Success in life had considerably developed other ambitions. Itsi aspired to become known as the greatest chief of the country. The Wambundu—an inland people, and the original owners of the land—were slowly falling under his influence by a timid recognition of his greater powers; and, wheresoever he and others like Bwabwa Njali had obtained their fantastic prototype, ceremonies of the most finical kind and of tedious length were being introduced to shed lustre on this assumption of kingly power. He was now about thirty-four years old, of well-built form, proud in his bearing, covetous and grasping in disposition, and, like all other lawless barbarians, prone to be cruel and sanguinary whenever he might safely vent his evil humour. Superstition had found in him an apt and docile pupil, and fetishism held him as one of its most abject slaves.

This was the man in whose hands the destinies of the Association Internationale du Congo were held, and upon whose graciousness depended our only hope of being able to effect a peaceful lodgment on the Upper Congo. Had he but known that fact, we should have been obliged to pay a heavier penalty than is conceivable to any reader of these pages. This chapter and the succeeding one will, however, portray this African chief in his true colours by a simple narration of the events connected with him.

1881.
August 2.
Ntamo.

Ngalyema was accompanied by several chiefs of Ntamo; such as Makabi, Mubi, old Ngako, and four others. Ngalyema was my brother, of course, but Makabi must have a brother; Mubi is eager to possess one; old Ngako presses hard on me to secure him one; Enjeli, son of Ngalyema, chooses my servant Dualla, and



NGALYEMA, CHIEF OF KINTAMO.

Ganchu pounces upon little Mabruki. Indeed, we soon find that the desire for fraternity has become universal. We are in such straits for food, and for some definite landed settlement on the south bank, that we are as yielding and as pliable as they could wish. The native chiefs have brought gifts of goats, pigs, a few loaves of

bread, and gourds of that sociable beverage, palm-wine, without which the sacred ties of brotherhood would have been impossible, nor could the gods that favour such beautiful fraternal love be propitiated. The general stock of the expedition was heavily drawn upon to reciprocate these many gifts. It became so expensive, that I more than once regretted that I had so many Europeans, though such sordid thoughts were but temporary.

1881.
August 2.
Ntamo.

My brother being the supreme lord of Ntamo,* as well as the deepest-voiced and most arrogant rogue among the whole tribe, first demanded the two asses, then a large mirror, which was succeeded by a splendid gold-embroidered coat, jewellery, glass clasps, long brass chains, a figured table-cloth, fifteen other pieces of fine cloth, and a japanned tin box with a "Chubb" lock.

Finally, gratified by such liberality, Ngalyema surrendered to me his sceptre, which consisted of a long staff, banded profusely with brass, and decorated with coils of brass wire, which was to be carried by me, and shown to all men as a sign that I was the brother of Ngalyema of Ntamo!

But before departing he had one request to make which for once startled me. He demanded that my servant Dualla should accompany him to Ntamo. After a little pause for reflection, Dualla was despatched with him alone. As he was about going away, Ingyia of Mfwa appeared with two canoes, and after hearing

* Ntamo as called by the upper river natives is known as Kintamo to the lower river tribes.

1881.
August 4.
Ntamo.

what a happy family of brothers we had all become, begged to be admitted into the fraternal circle.

On the 3rd and the 4th of August, we were able to procure food from Gampa, a rival chief of Bwabwa Njali, who lived on the western side of the Gordon Bennett.

On the 5th I went out hunting near the river Gordon Bennett, and at Gampa's ferry met a Catholic priest, and thirty-two of his neophytes from Landana, who had come to take advantage of French annexations by establishing a Roman Catholic Mission on the French territory. I suggested that the Père should camp where he then was, until he might learn how the natives would regard his coming.

The Père, however, relied upon the French flag, and his bugle, which, as he had been a Papal Zouave, he knew well how to sound. He proposed to charm the native ears with bugle-blasts, and, as a wilful man must have his way, I desisted from offering advice.

But the next day the Père visited our camp, which proved at least that he had not been massacred. He tarried two days longer, in the hope that the natives might be persuaded to permit him to establish his mission, but finally was obliged to return to the coast to wait for a more propitious period.

On the 6th, Ngalyema returned to us with his accustomed stateliness, triumphantly indicating by Dualla's presence that he was not treacherous. But he now required a larger japanned tin box. Then he begged for some more nice cloth; not cut pieces or fragments,

but entire pieces of twenty-four yards each; silk-cotton velvets, red flannel, red cottons of superior quality. We possessed none of these, but we substituted ten fathoms of red savelist, and a dozen uncut pieces of handkerchiefs, of the total value of £10. Promising to consult all his brother chiefs on the proposal to found a settlement at his place, and to return with the final word, he departed.

1881.
August 6.
Ntamo.

We waited until the morning of the 11th. Malameen came across again from Kinshassa with an invitation from Nchuvila, and a promise that the old chief would permit us to found a station with him. But as we were negotiating with Ngalyema this was impossible, and the invitation was declined for the present.

At 11 A.M. Ngalyema appeared, bringing five chiefs and three canoes. After a lengthy palaver it was declared that the natives were as yet undecided on the question of receiving any white men among them, as the Bazombo and Bakongo traders were jealous, and had threatened that, as in the event of white men settling in the vicinity of Stanley Pool, they would soon be able to undersell them, they would never return to purchase ivory. However, the chiefs said, "Give us ten of your black people, who will behave themselves, and do you return to your people and cross the river to the south bank, and come up to us in that way. By the time you arrive near Kintamo our people will have had time to consider whether it would not be better after all to have you live with us."

1881.
August 11.
Ntamo.

As this decision was irrevocable on their part, I finally agreed, and detailed ten Zanzibaris under Susi (Livingstone's head man), with fifteen loads of goods and tools to halt at Ntamo, until we should be able to arrive there by the south bank.

In summing up the exact cost of the articles with which we had purchased this favour from the chiefs of Ntamo, the total value was found to amount to £210, exclusive of the two asses and the Newfoundland dog. Besides the promise of a concession from the chiefs, we had received : 1 ivory tusk, weight 15 lbs. ; 50 loaves of bread, 2 pigs, 1 goat, 6 gourds of palm-wine, 6 cola nuts, and the chief's staff, as pledge that the agreement would be kept inviolate.

As we were returning to the advancing expedition, we reflected upon the various experiences of native manners and customs gathered during our patient intercourse with Ngalyema and his people, and among other things it became evident to us, that though we had sufficient goods of the proper quality to purchase food at the markets, and to exchange gifts with the small chiefs inland, or along the river in the cataract region, yet we were but poorly provided to negotiate with such superb creatures as these ivory-trading chiefs around Stanley Pool. My native servant, who had accompanied Ngalyema to his village, had been commissioned to employ his eyes and wits while staying at the village ; and availing himself of his opportunities, he had inspected Ngalyema's treasures. In one hut belonging to this chief he had seen about 150 tusks

of ivory, mostly large tusks of from 50 to 90 lbs. each; in another he had viewed piles of silk, velvet, rugs, bales of blanket cloth, glass ware, crockery, gunpowder, and stacks of brass rods, &c. As I have no reason to suppose that there was any exaggeration in this report, it was clear that his stores of cloth were far greater than the united properties of stuffs of all the chiefs from Boma to the Gordon Bennett. His wealth in ivory alone must have amounted to £1800. Estimating his entire wealth at £3000 worth of marketable goods, exclusive of his armed slaves, and considering the nature of his demands for even the promise of a concession—which was eventually as likely to be broken as to be kept—it was clear to us that to purchase his best influence in our favour at Ntamo we should have to be supplied with goods much superior in quality to any that I had as yet seen on the Congo. The traders on the Lower Congo required only such cheap goods as cotton stripes, twills, domestics, and prints, with blanket stuffs; but the Bazombo and Bakongo had access to seaports where superior goods were always in stock for the purchase of ivory.

1881.
August 11.
Ntamo.

Agreeably with these considerations I despatched Lieut. Valcke on the 13th of August to St. Paul de Loanda, with cash and bills amounting to £500, to purchase silks, velvets, fine flannel and crimson cloth, earnestly impressing on him the necessity of being expeditious and active.

On the 21st of August we met Mr. Lindner, at Mpakambendi, who had just succeeded in storing his

1881.
August 21.
Mpakam-
bendi.

goods on the plateau. The steamers were below in the river at the landing-place. This gentleman was relieved two days later, and despatched to the south bank at Manyanga, to purchase and lease ground in that locality at some eligible place, which, since the south bank at Stanley Pool was to be our destination, was most necessary for us.

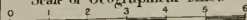
By the 24th we had reached the plateau with all the wagons, and an advance camp had been formed near the Lukuluzi River. Thirty men were detailed under Albert to make a bridge over this stream, and to continue road-making while the rest of the expedition conveyed goods and hauled the wagons.

So rapid was our progress with the fresh strength lent to us by the late recruits, that by the 31st of August we were in Zinga district, eleven miles from Mpakambendi.

A SKETCH OF
STANLEY POOL

BY COMPASS

Scale of Geographical Miles



SECTION OF RIVER AT ENTRANCE TO STANLEY POOL

FATHOMS

0
2
4
6
8
10
12
14
16
18

0 500 1000 1500 2000 2300 YARDS

Stanford's Geogr. Estab.

CHAPTER XVII.

SETTLEMENT AT STANLEY POOL.

The *only* study of mankind is man—"Killing the road"—A broken axle-tree—Braconnier's accident—We encounter Susi—"The news from Ngalyema is good and bad"—Ivory-traders' intrigues—Ngalyema in reality a powerless chief—Our "appetite for black babies"—Iyumbi mountain—Makoko—A six-foot beard—Overtures to Makoko—His reply—"But, my friend, remember we own the country"—Mild but valorous—"Influential" men—Makoko gives me his sword—Ngalyema comes to fight—Our preparations for war—A ruse—Ngalyema comes to the camp—A dissembling welcome—Masked hostility—"What nice thing has my brother brought?"—"Make up your mind that I go to or near Kintamo"—A war fetish—The signal of the gong—"Strike—strike it, I tell you!"—My force spring up like armed madmen—A general stampede—Success of the ruse—"Ah, I was not afraid, was I?"—Peace, brotherhood, and conviviality.

I now publish the notes I wrote the 1st of September at Zinga—a place which will ever be memorable to me as that from which I viewed the sad end of Francis Poccock in 1877.

1881.
Sept. 1.
Zinga.

"The only thing left to the traveller to study in this region is the human aborigine. His gun, which he always faithfully carries with him, loaded with scraps of iron and copper, has driven away every other creature except such as are domesticated and subject to his interests.

1881.
Sept. 1.
Zinga.

“He is not a bad fellow, provided the traveller has the happy fortune to impress him with confidence that he risks no personal interest or inconvenience in accepting him as a friend. He is somewhat of a traveller himself, and this in a manner creates a fellow-feeling; but he is easily provoked to cry out ‘Mandaka mabi,’ or ‘Evil designs,’ and if he is really serious, and cannot be persuaded to think otherwise, previous acts of friendship or kindness are soon forgotten, coolness follows, and a drinking-bout at a market gathering will serve to increase the trouble, and, to use his own words, ‘The road is dead.’ He is aware that to ‘kill the road’ is to incur punishment or retribution elsewhere, unless he means to retire from the caravan business. As he has meted out to others, he is in danger of its being meted to him, if he travels away from home. The bruit of the rupture soon spreads over a wide area, and the name of the offending district and village is extensively published. At the same time he is such a thoughtless being, especially on a drinking-spree, that, forgetful of this, he often gives vent to a raging humour.

“To an expedition of some strength whose only object was exploration, this rupture and closing of the road would matter little beyond the bad repute of having successfully forced its way through; but to one like ours, which hopes to make every man useful, for all time to come, to himself and country and tribe, it would be lamentable, if not fatal. Howsoever we might emerge from a conflict, a delay of many months would

1881.
Sept. 1.
Zinga.

ensue, besides vexatious parleying and explanation, and extravagant presents to every person of consequence.

“To-day the natives returned from the market are very hilarious, even in a worse state in many cases, proving that many gourds of palm-wine have been emptied. They are very numerous round the camp; but fortunately we have surrounded it with brushwood, not against attack, but to prevent a temptation to it during their arrogant moods, and to prevent them from laying their hands on property not belonging to them. If they were much tempted and unreasonable in their inebriety, it might lead them to commit acts which they would ever regret afterwards.

“There are six chiefs in Zinga district, Mvula, Monanga, Nzabu, Makanga, Kiubi, and Nsaka. In the aggregate these govern eighteen villages, averaging fifteen houses, or grass huts, each, say altogether about 270 houses, spread over an area of about fifteen square miles. If we allow five souls to each house, Zinga district will have a population of 2,350 souls, or ninety souls to the square mile.

“Close to Zinga are many populous districts. East lie Mowa and Massassa; west are Mbelo, Bukala, Suki, Kilanga, and Kinzoré.

“I perceive, by looking around from my camp, that these several communities have settled near or under the groves which crown the summit of almost every hill; that they are ancient for a country left to the haphazard care of patriarchal chiefs ignorant of written laws.

1881.
Sept. 1.
Zinga.

“Monango and his brother Mvula are very old men, probably near eighty. Yangassa of Nzabi district is white-headed ; in the village of Mpakambendi there were three men between sixty and eighty years old. None of these aged men know of any other grove as the landmark of his village, but that which rises high above his grass-covered hamlet, and affords him friendly protection from the sun during his open-air meetings.

“The oldest, tallest, and most conspicuous tree for height, girth, and umbrageousness may be 200 years old. It was not by an accident it grew there ; of that one feels assured by comparing the hill on which it grows with other hills. It was planted by the founder of the community which now flourishes under its shade. No disastrous event can have marred the growth of the groves, though the community must have often suffered from small-pox, dysentery, fetishism, and internecine squabbles. Had the community utterly perished, the grove had died ; the fires during the month of August, September and October recurring at each year penetrate further and further in such cases until at last the wild grass covers all.

“Reflecting on these things, a certain amount of respect is inspired in one as he gazes reflectively upon the scene. I am not ashamed to confess to feeling even something like reverence,—not for the hutted village, for the huts are mere mushrooms, scarcely one of them being older than three years—not for the individuals who own the houses, for few of them can boast of having seen three generations,—but for the

community collectively which, despite many vicissitudes, sad domestic events, evils belonging to crassest ignorance, low morals, &c., has maintained its own, clung together, and flourished, become possessed of traditions, and still promises, if it can bear the influence of these novel events, of iron steamers, engines and strange objects rolling overland close to its villages without convulsion, to last for many generations yet."

1881.
Sept. 1. |
Zinga.

On September 2nd, the axle-tree of the boiler wagon snapped in two. We took out the piece of English elm, which had arrived from the honest English wagon-maker only about a year ago. It was perfectly rotten. Externally it looked a piece of fine wood well painted. It was four feet one inch long, seven inches by five inches thick, and only weighed twenty-three pounds! An exact duplicate of this made in African guaiacum weighed eighty-one pounds.

Across the Inkissi River Albert built a strong bridge, over which the five-ton wagons rolled safely.

On the 14th of September, being incapacitated with a slight fever, I turned the command over to Lieut. Braconnier, and, for the first time, he had charge of the wagons. I requested him to take them down the slope of a hill to a camp at the river-side. Five minutes after he had taken the command, he was brought back, supported between two men; he was limping, and deathly pale, his body considerably bruised, and his shirt in tatters. Some confused command had been given, while the wagon was on the slope. This caused a misunderstanding, in the midst of which the boiler

1881.
Sept. 14.
Ziŋga.

wagon shot down the hill, and one of the trailing ropes gliding swiftly down caught the officer, and dragged him over the rough road at a frightful speed until the wagon ran into a tree, smashing the shafts, and damaging the boiler. Fortunately, beyond a severe bruising and a shock to the nerves, the officer suffered no harm.



THE NARROWS NEAR MSAMPALA.

He was, however, placed on the sick list, and left at a small ferry which we established at Kinsendé a few days later, where he remained for several weeks.

On the 18th of September our boats were in the Congo again, to avoid the terribly broken country east of the Inkissi, and which continues to beyond Kinduta. By the river we ascended past Msampala's narrows,

where the Congo is only 400 yards wide, sometimes by ropes helping the steamer through the rapids until we arrived at the confluence of the Lubamba with the Congo at the foot of the Lady Alice Rapids. Here the expedition on the 11th of October crossed to the south bank, to a small cove in Kinsendé district, the chief of which is Luemba.

1881.
Sept. 18.
Kinsendé.

Four days later a road, that cost much labour, had been made to the Ufuvu River, the steamer, the boiler and engines had been mounted on their respective wagons, and were preparing to depart, when two shots were fired on the opposite side, and through the binocular I recognised Susi and his squad from Kintamo with the asses that we had given Ngalyema. The whale-boat in a short time transported the people across, and as Susi's tale was interesting, I will give it in his own words:—

“The news from Ngalyema is good and bad. That moon in which you left us at Kintamo passed peacefully away without trouble, but the next moon, some native traders from Zombo came, and asked us what we wanted in the country. ‘Leave them alone,’ said Ngalyema. ‘What is that to you? They are staying in my village; they therefore must be my friends.’ From the people, however, they learn that Ngalyema had invited a white man to settle with him, and that we were the white man's people. ‘Very well,’ said they; ‘if that is the case the country is dead; we come no more. It will be no place for trade for us if the white man comes. They left Kintamo, and went to

1881.
October 15.
Kinsendé.

the Wambundu, the real owners of the country—for Ngalyema himself has no country. What he has been saying to you about his being a big king, and all that, is all boasting. The Wambundu, not having seen any white man, were frightened, and came storming to Ngalyema, asking, ‘Is this the way you behave, after we gave you ground to live on and trade; that you take upon yourself to say who shall come into the country? Very well; we shall kill your trade, your markets shall be closed, and you will die of hunger.’ For several days there was no market, and the people began to suffer for want of food. Then Ngalyema’s chiefs and great men came to him, and insisted that we should be sent away, otherwise they would go, and live at Kinshassa.

“Ngalyema stood alone against them, for a few days more, but it was clear to us that he would have to yield before long. We had not long to wait. He said to us one day, ‘You must go back to your father. Take the goods and the asses with you. I send the asses because they have a great name, and much of this trouble has arisen because of them.’ Then I said, ‘Our father gave us fifteen loads here, and we are but eleven men; how can we carry all of them?’ He replied, ‘That is nothing to me. Do you not see that the country will die if you stay here longer? Go and tell your father not to come on this side, but to return and build with Bwabwa Njâli.’ He put us into a canoe, and we travelled from Kintamo here, having paid seven pieces of cloth to that wicked Bwabwa Njâli. I have ended.”

In the narrative of Susi, despite the apparent gloominess of our prospects, I found one piece of consoling information. Ngalyema, in our absence, overawed by the unanimous hostile feeling of the ivory-traders at Kintamo, had at last yielded to their wish to sever all connection with the white men, and we might no doubt be assured that he would become as active an opponent as he had been a friend. But it transpired that Susi, during a residence of a few weeks there, had discovered that Ngalyema's fine assumption of principal chieftainship was simply vanity and arrogance. He was a Mteké ivory-trader, who owned a large number of armed slaves, one of many similar chiefs in the territory of the Wambundu. Kintamo, or Ntamo, then, was merely a village of a foreign community. True, the Wambundu did not appear to be very friendly to us; but they had never seen the white men, and it was but natural that the Bazombo and Bakongo traders from the coast—as these coast middlemen have been the bane of all advance of Europeans from the West Coast of Africa—would excel in artful word-painting of our fiendish qualities, our insatiable appetite for black babies, &c. Therefore the expedition was ordered forward, and the wagons were hauled that day to the Ufuvu River.

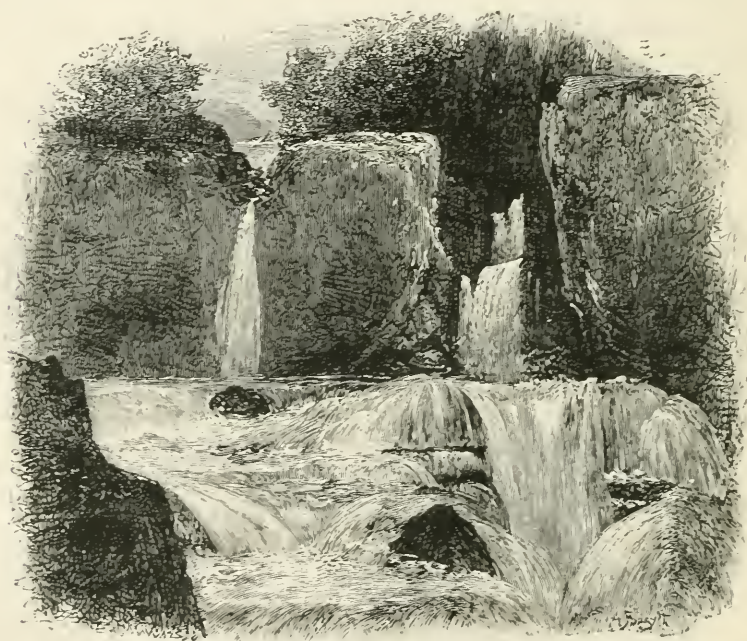
1881.
Oct. 15.
Kinsendé.

On the 4th of November our camp was on the summit of Iyumbi mountain, 2455 feet above the sea, and 1450 feet above the Congo at its base.

Since leaving the Ufuvu River, we had made sections of road in advance of the wagons. Then, all united,

1881
Nov. 4.
Iyumbi.

we advanced with them, first across the plateau, then into the Mpalanga Gorge, and across the pretty clear-water stream of that name, over another stretch of grassy plateau and into another gorge, then across another pretty stream, and so on in succession of gorges and plateaus until we came to the beautiful Lulu River,



THE CASCADES OF THE MPALANGA.

rejoicing in pretty little falls and cascades. After the Lulu we crossed the Kiki stream, and after the Kiki, we crossed the Loa River, whence we emerged in full view of Iyumbi Mountain.

Provisions were abundant, and the temper of the natives excellent. Our slow progress through their district was in fact an excellent education for them.



CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS BETWEEN THE MPALANGA AND LULU RIVERS. (From a photograph.)

[To face page 322, Vol. I.

They understood very well why the Bazombo traders had spread those absurd rumours about us. Fond of trading a little themselves, it did not take long to prove to them that it was mere jealousy that inspired the traders' hostility to the entry of the white man into a region which for generations they had exploited for the large profits obtainable in the ivory trade.

1881.
Nov. 5.
Iyumbi.

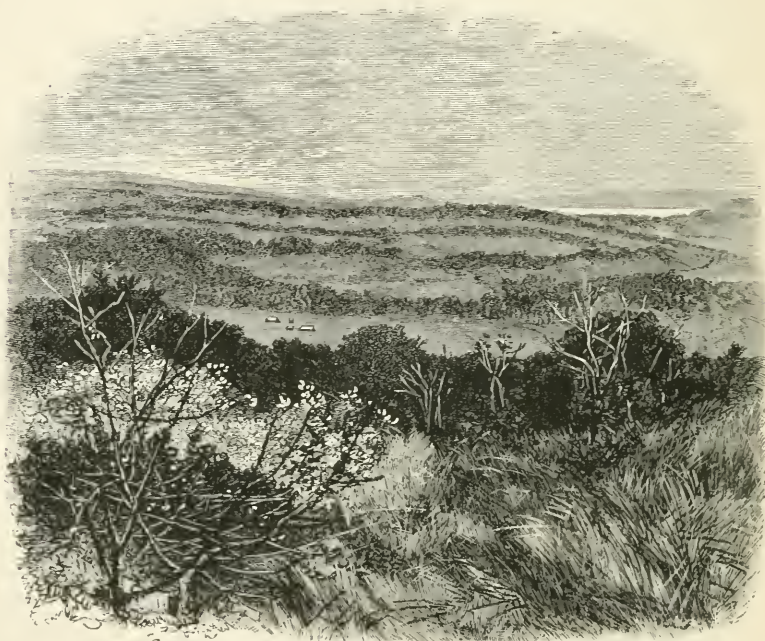
Long before we had surmounted the summit of Iyumbi Mountain we were thoroughly informed in the politics of the country. Since leaving the ferry of Kinsendé we had heard of a Makoko who, by reason of his seniority and the rank and powers of his father, was regarded as the umpire and referee in all disputes among minor chiefs between Kinsendé Ferry and Kintamo. His immediate district lay on the Kintamo side of Iyumbi Mountain. Next to him in rank were Ngamberengi and Kimpalampala, and after these came a host of minor chiefs owning small villages, every other mile or so, all along the road to Kintamo. The people of these villages were called Wambundu, sometimes Banfumu, or Freeman, a very ancient people, for in the very earliest accounts of this region will be found mention of them. Their territory begins at the Inkissi River, and extends to Kintamo, a length of 45 miles.

At first Makoko had sent word prohibiting the sale of food to the white people, lest the country might die. We bore it ungrudgingly, though it imposed on us the necessity of halting every three days to permit our people to go great distances to purchase provisions.

1881.
Nov. 5.
Iyumbi.

But as favourable reports were daily carried forward by the country people, this prohibition was withdrawn, provisions flowed abundantly, and everybody became sanguine of success.

From the broad summit of Iyumbi Mountain we may have a wide-sweeping view over a panorama



LOOKING TOWARDS THE STANLEY POOL FROM HIGH RIDGE INLAND.

of billows and hollows covering an area of 2000 square miles. Its commanding altitude will enable generations of tourists in time to come to thoroughly understand, by one round glance, the character and features of the region of the Lower Congo. Towards the north-east they will obtain the first glimpse of Stanley Pool, sixteen miles distant. Dover Cliffs at sunset

will show their white glistening walls, and every peak at the entrance to the Upper Congo will be easily distinguished; in an air line, they are about thirty-five miles away. To the southward we now can see our red road conspicuously winding past palm clusters and hamlets, dipping into the green wooded hollows, and rising up the lengthy slopes. Even Mowa is distinctly visible, while the twin peaks near Nsangu Ferry offer unmistakable landmarks. If we look on the right bank of the Congo, all the land from Mowa to Dover Cliffs, a distance of seventy miles, is clearly mapped out, with its numberless wrinkles and irregularities softened by distance to mere trifles. The south bank is likewise seen of similar length and irregularities; while between, the Congo's gorge may be easily followed until it is lost in the blue. The land is fair to look upon, and were it possible to be in possession of a tithe of the ordinary necessities of a civilised life, and to be able to communicate freely and safely with civilisation, a residence on the best parts of this breezy ridge, with such a daily prospect, would by no means be considered a privation.

1881.
Nov. 6.
Iyumbi.

The advance pioneer guard prepared a road down to the village of Ngoma's, which lay at the end of a spur projecting westward, and planted the white store tents. As they were seen by us from Iyumbi, they looked like mere snowballs, amid a general greenness of trees, shrubs, palm groves, and bananas. Four caravan journeys completed the transport of the goods, and a hard day's work ended with the arrival of the entire force in

1881.
Nov. 7.
Usansi.

Usansi, at a camp not a thousand yards distant from the village of the senior chief of the region, Makoko.

On the 7th of November the man, who was reported by all the natives on the south bank to be the arbiter of all questions relating to territory between Kintompe and Stanley Pool, appeared in our camp with an imposing following of neighbouring chiefs, Bazombo and



A VIEW FROM A CAMP.

Bakongo ivory-traders. Not that he had sufficient authority to command such an attendance, but man is a gregarious animal, and naturally of a curious, inquisitive mind. A caravan having arrived from the coast, and its members suddenly viewing this tented camp in the Usansi hollow, in the immediate neighbourhood of Makoko's village, and hearing that Makoko

was going to visit the white man who bore the name of "Breaker of Rocks," of whom they had heard frequently, had, out of sheer curiosity, joined their number to others inspired with the same idea.

1881.
Nov. 7.
Usansi.

Now, it would have been difficult to say which of us was most curious to see the other. As Makoko had been daily informed, during some months, of my doings, I, on the other hand, for some weeks, had become impressed with the fact that Makoko was to decide the future of the Congo State.

One look at Makoko satisfied me that he was not going to be a stern opponent. Such a little man, five foot nothing high, with such a guileless, innocent look on his thin meagre face, could surely allow his goodwill to be purchased if there was any merit in cloth and amiability! He came forward bravely, announced himself as Makoko, lord of that region between Kintompé and Stanley Pool, and held out his hand with a kindly smile. An old man, probably sixty, with a tall narrow forehead, temples deeply sunk, a pair of small eyes gleaming brightly out of deep cavities, cheek-bones very prominent, face thin, a curled beard on his chin, which proved, when at a later period he unrolled it, to be six feet in length!

His mat, covered with a leopard skin, had been prepared to receive him. He pointed his finger at the leopard-skin before seating himself, and said, "There is the proof of my titles."

There were about 100 people present at this meeting, and all were now seated expecting words from me.

1881.
Nov. 7.
Uvansi.

I began, "People call me Bula Matari (Rock-breaker). In old times I was known to Kintamo as Stanley. I am the first Mundelé seen by the natives of this country. I am the man who went down the great river with many canoes and many men years ago. I lost many men in that river, but I promised my friends at Kintamo that I would come back some day. I reached the white man's land, but, remembering my promise, I have come back. I have been to Mfwa already. The people of Mfwa have forgotten me, but the people of Kintamo have remained true. I saw them again, and Ngalyema asked me to return to my people, and lead them along the south bank to his village. Here is his staff as a sign that I speak the truth. I am going to him, to live with him, and to build a town alongside of his village; and when that is done, I will put the boats you see on the wagons here into the water, and I will go up the great river, and see if I can build more. That is my story. Let Makoko speak to his friend and say if it is good."

After a short pause, during which there was a good deal of whispering, Makoko in a very quiet manner and low voice, which gradually became stronger as he proceeded with his speech, said :

"We have heard, day after day for many moons, of Bula Matari. When we heard that he was breaking rocks, and cutting wide roads through the forests, we became a little anxious. What manner of man is this? we asked, who treats the country in this way. Does he mean to destroy it? Then we suddenly heard of Bula

1881.
Nov. 7.
Usansi.

Matari at Kintamo, and the word was whispered around that you had made a league with Ngalyema to take the country from us. Then we all got angry, for who is Ngalyema that he should do this thing? Is he not a runaway from the Bateké country who asked us for a place to build a house that he might trade? Has he not grown rich and great through our kindness to him? Little enough, O people, have any of us received from him. Yet he pretends to own all the land for himself now.

“Well, your people had to leave Kintamo. We did that. For how could you do what you proposed without hearing from us? Then we said, If the white man despises us, the real owners of the land, then he is a bad man, and there will be war.

“But now you are passing through our country to Kintamo. We have heard of you daily. We are pleased with what we have heard. We now know that you break rocks and cut trees to pass your boats over the country. That is right. It is all good. But, my friend, remember that we own the country. Neither Ngalyema nor any of the Bateké who buy ivory at Kintamo, Kinshassa, and Kindolo, have any country on this side of the river.”

Then followed a murmuring approval of this speech from the assembly.

When the applause had subsided, my response was as follows: “You have spoken well, Makoko. Though I passed through the country years ago, I knew nothing of native laws, customs, or rights. You all seemed very

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much alike. Until lately I could not tell the difference at sight between one of the Bateké and an Mbundu. I thought you all black men, and it takes a long time for a white man to tell the difference between one black face and another, just as it will take you a long time to tell the difference between Bula Matari and one of his sons. Therefore, for speaking to Ngalyema about the country before I knew Makoko, you will forgive me.



ONE OF THE BATEKÉ.

I now speak to Makoko, and ask him what has he to say to my request for land near Kintamo, or somewhere near the river, where my boats can come and go safely?"

"Only this," replied Makoko, kindly, "that I am glad to see Bula Matari and his sons. Rest in peace. Land shall be given to you where it will suit you to build. I want to see plenty of white men here. I have many things given me long ago from the white men's land, and I have often wished to see those who could make such wonderful things. I am told you people make all the cloth, the beads, the guns, the powder, plates, and glasses. Ah! you must be great and good people. Be easy in your mind. You shall build in Kintamo, and I should like to see the man who says No, to Makoko's Yes."

The mild old man, so little and weak in frame, was actually valorous! Comfort he certainly imparted to

me; but how much reliance in himself could not yet be defined. However we treasured his words.

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Under the cheerful influence of his softness of speech we accepted his gifts of palm-wine, goats, fowls, and bananas, and reciprocated them in the spirit of men who had been just gratified with a life's desire. Perhaps we were over liberal at this first meeting, but then we were overjoyed. We gave largely also to his four wives, beads to his children, and draped most of his principal men in cloth. Finally, Makoko introduced a man named Ngako, who was the brother of an Mbundu chief, who owned the land near Kintamo. We gave him twelve whole cloths, a cap, a blanket, a mirror, a few white-handled table knives, and endowed him with various other trifles. After the pile of gifts were made ready, Makoko appeared with Ngako to receive them. Makoko counted the gifts over, re-sorted them in a curious manner, and took with him over one half of them for his own share without demur from the other.

A little later Makoko appeared with another man, and ascribed to him also considerable influence on the shores of Stanley Pool, to which I only answered, “Indeed. Well, I am really glad to see you.” But no present of cloth came, and I fancied that Makoko's dark face—made darker by the soot of mourning—effused a stronger odour and a few more beads of perspiration.

Before the evening of a very pleasant happy day came, Makoko said to me, “Ngalyema gave you his staff to show the people he was your friend. Take

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this sword from Makoko as a sign that Bula Matari is Makoko's brother."

With a mind emancipated from all anxiety, and at peace with the whole world, so far as I knew, I was about to retire for the night, when a messenger from Makoko craved admittance to my tent with a message which boded trouble on the morrow, perhaps war.

Said he, "Makoko has sent me to tell you that Ngalyema, and all the chiefs of Ntamo, with about 200 guns, have arrived at his village. Ngalyema has already been trying to engage Ngamberengi, Kimpalampala, and others to assist him. He has also asked Makoko to help him to fight you, and drive you back. He says he does not want you, or any white man, near him, as no Bakongo trader would ever come near him if you did. But Makoko has sent me to tell you to sleep in peace, and that if Ngalyema fights he will cut the road between here and Kintamo, and his guns will help you to-morrow."

This was not very agreeable news, nor calculated to produce slumber and calm forgetfulness. To have travelled twelve miles so swiftly and suddenly indicated on the part of Ngalyema earnestness of purpose, and a determination to nip my hopes of peaceful settlement just as they had emerged in full bloom.

Tuesday, November the 8th, began with a drizzling rain, but at ten o'clock the sun shone, and the day promised to continue fair.

Ngoma's village, near which we were camped, was situated on a narrow but level-faced spur, extending

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from the eastern flank of Iyumbi Mount. It was one of several such spurs, separated from one another by wooded, scrubby gorges—the sources of several small crystal streams. On the next spur to that which we occupied stood Makoko's residential village, and it was from this direction we expected Ngalyema's approach. To approach our camp after declaration of hostilities was therefore impossible, if we chose to take him at his word, without risk of utter extermination. Ngalyema, though a barbarian, was too astute a person to commence operations in this manner. More probably, on the strength of previous brotherhood and mutual exchange of civilities, he would enter the camp with a bland face and an affectation of fraternal love, with ostentatious and noisy greeting, and trust to surprise in the midst of social drinking of palm-wine, &c., &c.

I sent my tent-boy to tell the people to muster on the furthest side of the hill, to be out of view of any spies who might be on the watch at Makoko's hill. In a few minutes I proceeded there myself, and found the men all assembled.

The instructions I gave them there were brief, and such as they could easily remember.

“Go, each of you to his own hut; put your cartridge belts on. See that your cartridges are in your pouches. Place your guns under your sleeping mats or grass beds. All of you then, excepting Susi's men (twenty), scatter yourselves about in the bush on this side of the hill. Some lie down in the *En Avant* in the wagon; some of you behind my tent; a dozen in the store tent;

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some of you pretend to be sick in your huts. No matter how many people are in the camp, or what you may hear, do not stir from your places until you hear the gong; but when you hear the gong struck, then all run and seize your guns, and rush up all of you, yelling like madmen; flourish your guns about wildly, and so on, like the Ruga-Ruga of Unyamwezi. Do you understand?"

"Inshallah!" they cried.

Susi's detachment were instructed to seat themselves about in the open, and assume a listless and indifferent attitude.

A quarter of an hour later a long line of men were seen descending Makoko's hill to the bottom of the valley intervening between it and our own. I counted 197 persons, inclusive of all ranks, who were in Ngalyema's expedition. Drum, trumpet, and native music announced that the chief had assumed state and ceremony for this occasion. Before any of them had shown themselves on our hill I was seated in a chair in the front of my tent, reading a book. I cast furtive glances about, and saw my own camp almost abandoned, except by a few Zanzibaris, some of whom were altogether over-acting their parts by pretending to be half asleep.

Keeping my eyes hidden by the vizer of my cap, I noted the quick glance thrown around the apparently abandoned camp by the advancing natives. When about a third of their number had entered the camp I rose, at the same time the near sound of the not

inharmonious music informed me that Ngalyema was not far off.

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I advanced towards them, and when Ngalyema finally came, gave him an effusive welcome. I turned sharply round to Susi, and pretended to scold him well for not preparing mats, sails, &c., to spread on the ground for my dear brothers and friends of Kintamo.

Ngalyema was moody-browed, stiff, most unbrotherly in his responses to my welcome, while I looked like one almost ready to leap into his arms with an irrepressible affection. Makabi was cold and repelling; Mubi grim and defiant; Ganchu seemed like a young leopard eager for bloody sport; young Enjèli acted surely like one who had suddenly come of age, so well he aped the man.

“Come, my brethren, friends, sit down. Tell Ngalyema, Susi, through Enjèli there, who knows Kikongo so well, how glad I am at seeing them all. Though it is very sudden, I take this visit and to have come so far to see Bula Matari as most kindly intended.”

Susi, who was so very clever, and could well enter into the elaborate joke I was perpetrating, did not, I am certain, interpret the welcome so well as I acted it.

The chiefs, who kept their eyes wandering over the boat, boilers, and machinery tents, and kept up in undertones a perpetual interchange of ideas, scarcely deigned to regard me, until, after being seated, Ngalyema abruptly spoke to Enjèli, his son, in Kiteke, who translated it into Kikongo to Susi and myself:

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“ I have come from Kintamo to see my brother. Let him tell me what he has come here for.”

I replied, showing the brass-banded staff: “ This is what brought me. I have done exactly what you asked me.”

At this moment another body of natives, also carrying guns, came by another path up the gorge, who seated themselves apart from Ngalyema’s large force. These were Makoko’s men.

The appearance of this force caused Ngalyema to launch forth into a history of his acquaintance with me, beginning from 1877, which was intended for their special benefit, as they had been accusing him of an intention to overstep his proper status as a foreigner who was only permitted residence on their soil to trade in ivory. He ended it in a peremptory manner thus:—

“ Now, my brother has been misinformed, and has misunderstood me. We Bateké are strangers living on this side of the river for trade only. The Bazombo and the Bakongo are our customers. We have no objection to trade with white men if they come for trade, but we do not think you have come to trade; therefore you cannot come to Kintamo. My brother must go back the way he came, unless he likes to stay here with Makoko. I have said it.”

Through my interpreter I replied,

“ I am not a little boy, Ngalyema, and I will not use many words. You have brought me thus far yourself. Makoko is going to give me land near Kintamo, and on that land I will build my town. I know something

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about the country now. The land is not yours to give away, therefore be easy. I have but one tongue, and if Makoko will take me to Kintamo, I will go with him and build a fine place there, where, if you like, you may come and see me; if not, why then, keep away. I have spoken."

"Bula Matari speaks well," he responded mockingly. "We know white men are clever, but Kintamo is still far, and in the way is Ngalyema and Makabi and Mubi, and plenty more chiefs, and the people you see here are few, and yet these people know how to shoot. How will Bula Matari reach Kintamo with those few men that he has got?"

Adopting the tone of my friend, I said, "Yes, white men are clever, I believe, and Ngalyema will say so before long. Ngalyema has many men and guns as I see, but Ngalyema and all his men cannot take that wagon to Kintamo; yet you see I have crossed many mountains and valleys so far as here, and in the same manner it will reach Kintamo. But, my friend, do not let us quarrel. Wait and see. I could be in Kintamo to-day if I wanted to; but I will take my time about it; meantime, be easy in your mind."

Now followed a consultation among the Bateké in an undertone, though once or twice some vehemence of manner attracted attention, and while they communed together I cast my eyes about the assembly. They were mostly fine-looking men, but made hideous by daubs and splash-like spots and lines and bars of white and yellow and black over their faces and bodies. They

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were all armed with muskets, except those who carried the ammunition, the gourds being full of powder and slugs of iron and copper.

Suddenly Ngalyema asked, after the knot of chiefs had ceased their whispers, "What nice thing has my brother brought me from the white man's land since I saw him?"

Evidently Ngalyema supposed that I had been to the coast since my departure from Mfwa; but I simply said, "Come to my tent, and see for yourself."



BATEKÉ NATIVE.

Ngalyema and his son Enjèli, with Ganchu and others, rose to their feet, and followed me to the tent. Here the party inspected a quantity of red baize, bright handkerchiefs, a pile of figured blankets, and lovingly passed their hands over japanned tin boxes and iron trunks; and, after his curiosity was thoroughly satisfied, and Ngalyema had chosen a quantity of goods valued at £138 for his own

perquisites, he expressed himself as follows:

"I will take these goods, but on the condition only that you stay where you are. You must make up your mind that you cannot come to Kintamo. The chiefs will not have it. If you do not promise, this must end in war, and I can no longer be your friend. Now, what do you say?"

"It is useless, Ngalyema, to talk more about this," I

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replied. "Make up your mind that I go to or near Kintamo. All the Wambundu are willing. You admit that you have no right to the country; that you and the Bateké are strangers; that the Wambundu own the land. How can you stop the Wambundu from doing what they like with their own country?"

"But the village of Kintamo is mine," he said; "I and my people built it."

"That is all well. I do not want your village; I only want to get near the river and build a village of my own, whither many white men will come to trade. White men will do you no harm; you do not care to whom you will sell your ivory."

"Enough, enough!" he cried. "I say for the last time you shall not come to Kintamo; we do not want any white men among us. Let us go, Enjèli." And as he said the last words he pushed aside the tent door and strode outside, with the emotions of suppressed passion visible on his face. While standing near the tent door, for a moment irresolute, he caught sight of the large Chinese gong suspended to a cross-bar supported by two forked poles.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to the gong.

"It is fetish," I answered sententiously.

His young son Enjèli, who was much more acute than his father, whispered to him his belief that it was a kind of a bell, upon which Ngalyema cried out—

"Bula Matari, strike this; let me hear it."

"Oh, Ngalyema, I dare not; it is the war fetish!"

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“No, no,” said he, impatiently. “Beat it, Bula Matari, that I may hear the sound.”

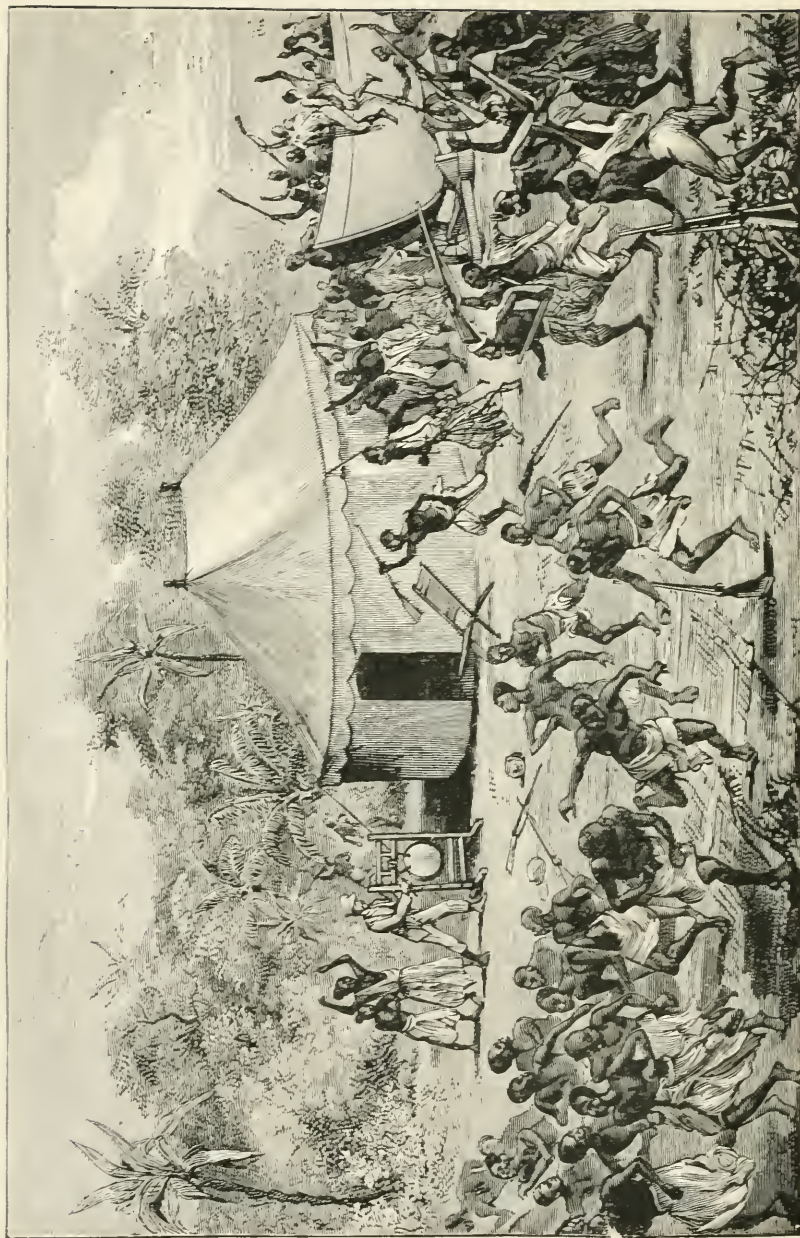
“I dare not, Ngalyema. It is the signal for war; it is the fetish that calls up armed men; it would be too bad.”

“No, no, no! I tell you to strike. Strike it, Bula Matari;” and he stamped on the ground with childish impatience.

“Well, then”—taking the beater in my hand—“remember, I told you it was a bad fetish—a fetish for war;” and as I lifted the beater high with uplifted hand, I asked again, “Shall I strike now?”

“Strike—strike it, I tell you!”

With all my force I struck the gong, the loud bell-like tone sounding in the silence caused by the hushed concentrated attention of all upon the scene, was startling in the extreme, but as the rapid strokes were applied vigorously the continued sound seemed to them like thunder. They had not recovered from the first shock of astonishment when the forms of men were seen bounding over the gunwale of the *En Avant* right over their heads, and war-whooping in their ears. From my tent, and from the gorge behind them, a stream of frantic infuriates emerged as though from the earth. The store-tent was violently agitated, and finally collapsed, and a yelling crowd of demoniac madmen sprang out one after another, every one apparently madder than his neighbour. The listless, sleepy-eyed stragglers burst into a perfect frenzy of action. From under the mats in the huts there streamed into



“EVERY NATIVE PRESENT, WOULD-BE FRIEND AND WOULD-BE FOE, LOST HIS SENSES COMPLETELY.”
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view such a frantic mob of armed men, that to the panic-struck natives the sky and the earth seemed to be contributing to the continually increasing number of death-dealing warriors. Every native present, would-be friend and would-be foe, lost his senses completely; the seated warriors forgot their guns and fled before this strange deluge and awful scene. The ammunition-bearers threw their gourds away—some were broken, and the powder and slugs were scattered over the ground; and as Ngalyema was standing paralysed with fear, and with his faculties benumbed, I seized him by the arm, and said softly to him—

“Be not afraid, Ngalyema. Remember Bula Matari is your brother. Stand behind me; I will protect you.”

The Zanzibaris were now a yelling crowd in front of me, calling out taunting and menacingly—

“Ha, ha, Ngalyema! You came to fight Bula Matari, Ngalyema! Where are your warriors, Ngalyema?”

There could not be a better representation of relentless, bloodthirsty fury than that which was shown by these amateur black actors in the suddenly improvised scene. Their assumed frenzy was the next thing to reality. Had I not been in the secret I also should have been duped; while the valour with which I defended my poor brother, who with his two hands grasped me round the waist, danced from side to side to avoid furious strokes from the wild-eyed men, while young Enjèli clung behind his father and followed his

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movements, reminded me of the long-forgotten play of "hen-and-chickens."

"Save me, Bula Matari; do not let them hurt me! I did not mean anything," cried Ngalyema.

"Hold hard, Ngalyema!" I cried, "keep fast hold of me; I will defend you, never fear. Come one, come all! Ah, ha!" &c.

But the camp was almost emptied of our visitors, much of the ammunition was left behind, the guns were strewn over the ground, and the play was well acted.

"Enough, boys; fall into line," and "Silence" was cried out by Susi and his brother captains, and the obedient, well-trained fellows fell into line at "Shoulder arms" with all the precision of military veterans. Then, as Ngalyema had allowed his hands to fall down by his side in mute surprise at this other transformation scene, I took hold of his two hands, and said with an assuring smile—

"Well, Ngalyema, what do you now think of the white man's fetish?"

"Ah, I was not afraid, was I? See, all my people are run away! Ay me, such braves! Only Enjèli and Ganchu left with me! But tell me, Bula Matari, where did all these people come from?"

"Ah, that is the bad fetish I told you of! Do you want to see any more? Come, I will strike the gong again, and the next scene may perhaps be more wonderful still."

"What!" he shrieked, while he laid his hand upon

my arm. "No, no; don't touch it. Ay, verily, that must be a bad fetish," he said gravely, shaking his head at the round innocent face of the gong.

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"Look yet again at these people, Ngalyema," said I, pointing to the long line of smiling soldier-labourers.

"Attention! right face! all of you march forward quietly; no noise; put your guns away, and each go about his business. Forward, march!" The line vanished, and it was only then Ngalyema began to recover himself, while Enjèli and Ganchu halloed loudly to the fugitives for their return. Half-an-hour later they were all back again in the camp, retailing to one another, amid boisterous merriment, their individual experiences, while Ngalyema's loud laugh was heard above all others. Messengers were then sent to Makoko's and Ngoma's for great gourds full of palm-wine; others were sent to procure goats and pigs and bananas, and these were given to me. Over the palm-wine we mutually swore faithful brotherhood and an everlasting peace; and the doughty warriors of Ngalyema embraced in a fraternal manner the jolly good fellows of Bula Matari, and the Europeans—the sons of old "Bula Mutari," who, for a man that was never married, and one of the most unlikely of men to be ever married, really were a credit to him—were fondly besieged by their ardent brothers of Kintamo. Makoko, who was generally believed to be the oldest inhabitant in the country, on being asked his opinion of the scene, said that he had "never witnessed such a day as this."

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Before evening, Ngalyema returned on his way to Kintamo with his people, much wiser than when he came, and I was left with the memories of my first practical joking on this expedition, which had so highly entertained everybody concerned in it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOUNDING OF LÉOPOLDVILLE.

Susi reconnoitres the country—Prospects of road-making—Payment of native workers—Ngamberengi's account of Ngalyema's life—Fighting strength of tribes—Our advance on Kintamo—Native villages—Selecting camping ground—Léopold Hill—An offer from Ngalyema—New camp formed.

THE next day a chosen band of young men was despatched under Susi, the head chief of the foreign native employés, and Wadi Rehani, who acted as quarter-master and commissary-general of the expedition, to reconnoitre the country as far as a camp near and in view of Kintamo, and to inform me what chances there were for speedy road-making and for the movement of the camp. I in the meantime devoted myself to enlist native carriers.

By night Susi and his party had returned and reported that the nature of the country prevented any very quick movement. There were a number of streams, valleys, and ridges to be crossed; but about an hour's march from Kintamo we should find a broad plain-like ridge covered with grass, which continued to within a short distance of the river, where it sloped

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gently to the water's edge. At one place, however, the plain maintained its level, and was projected to a point, whence a commanding view over all the Pool and the cataract was obtained. At the foot of this hill the rapids of Kintamo commenced.

But before we could reach the plain of Kintamo or Kintambu, as the Wambundu called it, there was hard work to be done, principally cutting through forests, grading along the slopes of several steep hills, where there would be some difficult hauling. Still it was said to be not so bad as many places we had passed already; and, what was more promising than all, they related that the practical joke upon proud, boasting Ngalyema, had won all the natives along the road to give their adhesion to Makoko's wish that we should settle near Kintamo.

The bantering humour and rough "horse-play" practised upon Ngalyema and his confederate chiefs produced a very remarkable effect indeed on the Wambundu, as was proved by our enlistment in one day of 78 native carriers.

Each of these was engaged at the rate of four red handkerchiefs for the carriage of a man-load—60 to 65 lbs.—on a journey of sixteen miles, the payment of which was to be made at sunset, according to his receipt given to him by the European in charge of the advance station. It was agreed also that the hauling of a wagon from one camp to another should be equivalent to the carriage of four loads, inasmuch as it generally occupied an equal time.

This enabled me to put a large force on the road under Albert, who was the only one capable of managing a company of men in the advance expedition at that time. By the aid of natives and the remainder of our own people, we should be able to

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TYPES OF OUR COLOURED EMPLOYÉS.

overtake the pioneers day after day with the wagons and goods.

Our camp was pitched on the top of Mbama Hill, on the 16th of November. Ngamberengi and Kimpalampala appeared—as we were now in their immediate district, and as these were the next in rank, authority, and influence to old Makoko—to express in person

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Mbanza
Hill.

their full consent to our occupation of the river bank near Kintamo. They were so cordial in their manner and reception that I experienced no difficulty in initiating a plan of action which was to be carried out when our vicinity to Stanley Pool would necessitate the selection of the ground to be occupied by the future station.

Ngamberengi, an intelligent man, far better qualified by personal appearance and worth than any one I had seen on the Congo to assume the rank of chief, related to me the following history of Ngalyema, which, as it was delivered publicly in the presence of Makoko himself, besides Kimpalampala, Sabuka, Ngoma, and Ngako, and others, corrected also by them when he was at fault, I believe is accurate.

Ngalyema and his two brothers were originally slaves of Bamanku, an important man and a chief living at Kinshassa. When Bamanku died his property was equally divided amongst the three slave brothers. They continued to increase their properties by ivory trading, *i.e.*, buying from the By-yanzi canoe men who brought the ivory from up-river, and reselling at considerable profit to the Bazombo and Bakongo men nearer the coast, who periodically brought cotton goods silk and woollen stuffs, crockery, arms, and gunpowder to Kinshassa for barter. They were, in fact, ivory brokers, like the Bateké whom we see to-day established along the shores of Stanley Pool.

One day at a drinking bout, during which a great deal of palm-wine and native beer was consumed, there

was a quarrel, and one of Ngalyema's brothers was slain. This caused an estrangement, wherein the first signs of discontent were manifested by Ngalyema towards Nchuvila, chief of Kinshassa.

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Mbama
Hill.

Some months elapsed, however, without any rupture, but at a subsequent drinking gathering an indignity to his house was fatally resented by Ngalyema's brother, who shot the offender dead. The murderer, though once a slave, being a person of importance, could not be captured, and a war was declared by Nchuvila against him. Ngalyema and his brother defended themselves for some time with varying success, but in one of the many fights that took place the brother was killed. The survivor, Ngalyema, took to flight that night, and escaped to Mfwa. There he resided for some time in peace, but trade was not so good at Mfwa as at Kinshassa, and much jealousy was caused by his presence; whereupon, to avoid further complications, he fled to Ngako, a brother (by a different mother) of Nchuvila, chief of Kinshassa. Ngako's village of Kintamo was then an unimportant place, the ground of which had been obtained from the Wambundu. Ngalyema was then known as Itsi. Before however he could avail himself of Ngako's village as a place of residence, he had to acknowledge the territorial rights of the Wambundu, the chiefs of whom, Makoko, Ngamberengi, and Kimpalampala proceeded to Kintamo to demand his authority for residing there. Ngalyema then related a most pitiful story of wars and troubles, and begged them to grant a place to build a village in

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Mbama
Hill.

the Wambundu country, debasing himself, as is the custom when pleading, by rubbing his face in the dust. He said that he only needed a small place to be safe from Nchuvila, who sought to kill him. He made each of the chiefs a present of a small tusk of ivory, and the permission was granted.

“Since which time,” said Ngamberengi, “he has grown great by trade. He is now a rich man. He married a daughter of Makoko of Lema, and another daughter of the chief of Kimbangu (about five miles above Kinshassa), and by his alliances he has put a ring round Kinshassa, so that old Nchuvila has been obliged to make peace with him. Ngako, who ought to succeed Nchuvila as king of Kinshassa when the latter dies, is now old and foolish; and Itsi, taking the power into his own hand, is the great chief of Kintamo. Several other Bateké chiefs have joined him, such as Makabi and Mubi. There are altogether nine chiefs at Kintamo, who have made it a much larger place than Kinshassa.

“Ngalyema has about 150 guns; all the rest put together have perhaps 300 more. Makoko of Lema has almost as many as Kintamo; Kimbangu and Mikunga have about 200 each; while Kinshassa and Kindolo cannot muster 300 guns. You see that Ngalyema, when going to war, can bring over a thousand guns easily. It is this that has made Ngalyema’s head big. All the Wambundu chiefs put together cannot show half so many guns as Ngalyema. We know we cannot fight him that way, but we have our own way of fighting, which is just as good. We stop the markets until

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the question is settled; and, as there are more people at Kintamo than can be fed by their fields, the people put a pressure on Ngalyema to listen to us, and then we obtain what we want.

“Now you follow our advice. Go on the way you are going right to the river; our people shall carry your goods and haul your wagons. If there is any question against what we say we shall stop the markets, and Ngalyema will fall from his high place deep to the ground if he makes any trouble in our country. Do you see those little boys?—they are not very big yet, but they are big enough to chase Ngalyema and his thieving Bateké back to their own poor country of Mbé where they came from.”

After this stirring speech, delivered in an energetic manner with frequent fierce gestures when emphasis was required, he proceeded to indicate the exact spot where he would advise me to build my town.

On the 19th, the camp was removed from Mbama Hill to Lama-Lankori Hill, near the banks of the Lutess stream. Ngamberengi, Ngako, Makoko, and Nkwama, all Wambundu chiefs, proceeded ahead of us to silence all the murmurs of the petty chiefs—Ganchu, Kimpé, Kinswangi, Kimyara, and Ngalyema—of the Wambundu; and that night Makoko and his little daughter slept in our camp, after reporting that everybody was quite prepared to give us welcome, and that all the country was at my feet.

Here, also, before I retired arrived a friendly message from Kintamo, and the remaining five loads of

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Nov. 29.
Kintamo.

goods left in Ngalyema's care by Susi. Said the messengers from their chief: "Bula Matari has won everybody on his side. Let him, therefore, come in peace, and all will be well."

Arriving finally at the plain which is near Kintamo on the 29th, I left the camp, accompanied by some of the natives, by a path which would take me to the mount above the rapids of Kintamo described by Susi. After three-quarters of an hour's journey over the almost level plain, I suddenly obtained a view of the navigable portion of the river leading up to Stanley Pool. To my right, at the distance of a mile, was the cluster of villages called Kintamo, on a terrace that was about 175 feet lower than the plain on which I stood. To my left there was a narrow projection from the plain, like an index finger, the topmost altitude of which was about 25 feet higher than the mean level of the plain. We continued our march for three-quarters of a mile, when we obtained a view of the great cataract of Kintamo. Below the hill 215 feet, and at the extreme left corner of this ridge-like formation, the Upper Congo first became ruffled and, a mile below, it became a dangerous cataract, nearly opposite to which could be seen the divided mouth of the Gordon Bennett. Tracing the northern shore for five miles, our eyes lighted on Mfwa. Above this village the shore was low and marshy, but wooded, and extended to a point, three miles beyond which was Malima. A few miles higher up, the low grounds around Malima were bounded by the forest mount of Kintari, while the great upright

walls of Dover Cliffs rounded in a crescent form southward, to the base of the Inga Peak, near which was the entrance to the Upper Congo. Opposite to Inga Peak, on the south bank, was a tall mount, indicating the neighbourhood of Kimpoko. The south bank continued to run west until it had arrived almost in a direct southern line from us, and distant about fifteen miles. Near here was a cluster of villages, forming Kimbangu and Mikunga. From the banks of these villages the southern shore curved a little east of north for six miles. Between Kinshassa and Kintamo there were two deep baylets separated by a cliffy point, since designated Kallina Point. The baylet of Kintamo curved grandly southward of west from Kallina Point, as far as the landing-place of Kintamo, whence it swept towards us past the foot of the ridge on which we stood, and broke into small rapids.

As the shore of Kintamo baylet was the nearest navigable portion of the Upper Congo, and between it and the coast the country was open, and peopled only by friendly tribes, whom we had learned during our slow progress hither to esteem for their kindly dispositions and mild manners, necessity as well as prudence bade me select for the station such ground as was still unoccupied, and which the Wambundu had power to give me, without the prospect of our possession being disputed. The natives who were with me were well acquainted with the distinctive boundaries, and, on an examination of the water front of the unoccupied territory still available for navigation, I estimated that

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its total length was about 500 yards, that is from the beginning of the rapids to the first stream below Ngalyema's village. It was a very modest acquisition. Inland it was of course wide enough for all purposes; on the level plain of which this hill was part even a city might be built. Khonzo Ikulu Hill, now called Léopold Hill, on which we stood, was 110 paces wide, and supplied a most admirable situation for a sanatorium, with a very pleasing prospect of the lake-like expansion of the Congo known as Stanley Pool. It would, however, be about 700 yards direct distance from a cove in the shore below, near which I marked out a fit landing place. Were we to adopt this hill as a site for our station it would be too far in my opinion from the boat cove, with only thirty men to guard it. I judged that in the night time it would be easy enough for a few bold fellows from Kintamo to make a swoop upon the boats, cast off their chains, and shove them out into the current, which in a short time would take them down the great cataract to total destruction.

There only remains, to refer to, the hollow and slope of Léopold Hill, which was now a wild waste of tall grass, several feet in height. I could not return to the camp with an unsettled mind, and I traversed the whole of it in various directions, to find the eligible spot, for view, defence, and safe proximity to the boats. At last I stood on the slope of Léopold Hill at a height of eighty feet above the river, whence, looking southward, I had a good view of Kintamo village, 600 yards in front of me, two small streams being between us and

the village. Eastward I could see, up the river, Mfwa on the north bank, Kallina Point on the south bank, and a long stretch up the Pool extending to Dover Cliffs. Between Kallina Point and Kintamo I could see the patriarchal baobabs of Kinshassa, and the *Adansonia* marking Kindolo, and, bounding the view from south, the uplands and mounts inland from Kimpoko and Mikunga. I should be 300 yards from the landing place, but the ground sloped easily towards it. I could have the village of the coloured men between the store-room and residences of the Europeans and Kintamo, with abundant spaces for gardens of bananas and fruit-trees around, which would give vivid greenness to the view from the front door of the residence. From this slope I could carve out a terrace, and a broad road could lead gently up the plain, on which some day perhaps we should see rows of shade trees. A bloom of civilisation should be the foreground of the picture that would first meet the eyes of the traveller from the coast, as he looked down from the verge of the plain over the expanse of the Pool.

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Having definitively settled the site of the new station as agreeably with our circumstances as the nature of the ground would permit, we returned to the camp. Soon afterwards another peaceful message came from Ngalyema inviting me to build in his village. But, much as this message would have been welcome a few weeks previously, it was now too late. My thanks for proffered kindness was all that I could give.

On the 1st of December at daybreak a hundred men

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were led out of the camp, and with machettes, hoes, and axes marked out a straight path to the ground intended for the station. Then a brush circle or fence many feet deep and about 100 yards in diameter was formed, also half-a-dozen log towers to command the approaches. This work was followed by cutting the grass and scrub level with the ground for a hundred yards clear space around the encampment, which completed our first day's task. A small guard of men were left in the encampment, and we then retired.

The next day we widened the road for the wagons, and by noon it reached the camp and thence to the landing-place. The afternoon was employed by the united force of aborigines and our own expeditionary people in transporting the tents and the goods, so that by sunset on the 2nd of December there remained only the wagons behind. We now slept in the camp near the place whence the steamers should depart on their mission to the Upper Congo. By noon of the 3rd of December, 1881, the wagons had been drawn to the landing-place, and the steamer *En Avant* was floating in the quiet haven of the Kintamo baylet, with no rapid or impediment intervening between her snug cove and Stanley Falls, and with open navigation of about 5000 miles before her.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FOUNDING OF LÉOPOLDVILLE—*continued.*

Ngalyema and "Bula Matari"—Wily tactics of Ngalyema—A one-sided balance sheet—Strained relations—"Everybody's finger is on the trigger"—Armed visits—Gorgeous apparel—"Speak, Ngalyema; is it peace or war?"—"Ay, kill me, Bula Matari!"—The brotherhood is not broken—Kintamo a populous place—Proposed palaver—Outbreak imminent—Mysterious disappearance of two of my men—Arrival of Konko—The palaver takes place—The trouble is ended—Noisy rejoicing—Trading operations—Kinshassa—Nchuvila—Our blockhouse—News from Vivi—New recruits—Bwabwa Njali's convenient forgetfulness—Strength of the expedition—Malingering—Anxiety about the exploring party—Selling to the natives—Witchcraft—Profit on ivory—Thriving gardens—A lost party—Enjéli's enmity—Ivory transactions—The people anxious to trade—Brotherhood with Ngalyema.

THE founding of Léopoldville deserves a book for itself. It is such a curious story, full of petty but interesting incidents woven round two central figures, namely, Ngalyema and "Bula Matari." Doubtless "Bula Matari" is well known, at least many who have read his works on Africa fancy they have a dim idea of the man. But Ngalyema? Who could describe him without giving in detail the illustrative incidents which presented the man finally, after patient study, to the full comprehension of his own blood-brother?

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I must endeavour to sum him up in a few paragraphs, lest this early photograph of him will fade away. He is improving so fast that he soon will be unrecognisable. His former roguish simplicity has been supplanted by the faculty of knowing that his cunning acts are being detected as fast as they are formed, so that his rogueries are now only practised when opportunities arise.

At Mfwa his cue was to test what the arrival of the white man signified in connection with the possibilities of his own enrichment. Believing, through some stupid exaggerations of the native coast traders, that the white man's wealth was boundless, he set about fathoming the readiness of the white man to select his, Ngalyema's, person as an object of liberality. Sobered somewhat by Susi's descriptions of white men in general, he suddenly came to the conclusion that he had overestimated their liberality; he listened eagerly to suggestions that the white man might choose to pay only so long as he received something in return, and forthwith, when confirmed in these impressions, he drove Susi away.

When he heard that the white man was, after all he had said, advancing upon Kintamo, he hit upon a plan of enforcing the withdrawal of the white man for ever from the scene, and presented himself at the camp fully prepared to effect his object. He was not quite so sanguine that he could compel Bula Matari to return when the Wambundu turned a deaf ear to his offers and Makoko and Ngamberengi refused their aid; and

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he utterly collapsed after that late astonishing exhibition of humour on the part of the white man.

From that day he started on another tack. The white man was rich; he had seen his store-tents full of goods—it might be that some portion of these might fall to his share. He became interested in his dear brother's health; although at heart he would much prefer to have seen all of his brother's colour poisoned right off the face of the earth could he have known some safe method of clearing them off. He despatched kind messages day after day, accompanied with loaves of bread, goats, sheep, palm-wine and beer. In reciprocating these the white man was expected to give presents amounting to many times their value. About six times this reciprocal interchange of gifts had been effected without question. The white man then struck a balance-sheet one day in this form:—

<i>Debit.</i>	£ s. d.	<i>Cr.</i>	£ s. d.
30 whole pieces of cloth . . . }	60 0 0	To value of 4 goats . . .	6 0 0
60 yards red savelist	10 0 0	„ 1 gourd of palm-wine	0 3 0
Handkerchiefs . . .	3 15 0	„ 56 breads	0 15 0
Figured blankets. . .	1 10 0	„ 1 tusk of ivory . . .	5 0 0
2 japanned tin boxes.	7 10 0		
1 wooden trunk . . .	3 0 0		
Gunpowder	10 0 0		
Umbrella	0 10 0		
Large bath-tub . . .	5 0 0		
Gin	2 0 0		
	<hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> £103 5 0		<hr style="width: 50%; margin: 0 auto;"/> £11 18 0

Convinced of the enormous disproportion in value of these mutual offices of goodwill and friendliness, Bula

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Matari ransacked his note-books, and casting up the costs of the various articles with which Ngalyema had already been enriched, he was amazed to find that Ngalyema was debited to an amount exceeding £900, while to his credit scarcely £66 could be placed!

Little by little had his true political status in the country become known to us. From being king by divine right over an important tribe he had dwindled down to a mere ivory-trader who was building up a future power by investing his profits in the purchase of slaves and arms.

He had developed a singular talent for brag—he had an aptitude for assuming airs of consequence such as well might become a born African king; he surrounded himself with the state of a great chief, was exact in suppressing liberties unbecoming the presence of one in great authority and power; withal he was insatiable, the more he received the more devouring became his greed, and the large gift of one day seemed to be utterly forgotten on the next.

This man was to be our neighbour. His residential village was only 600 yards away from our camp, which we proposed to replace shortly by a station. To build anywhere above his village would have been imprudent, because our native caravans while following the road, which would of necessity run by his district, might be dispersed by a mere threat. Life would soon become unendurable under such conditions.

Ngalyema would only be guided by his own lawless instincts. If he were daily flattered and daily bribed

to keep the peace, we should never be in a free condition to prosecute our work on the Upper Congo. Our mission would be only an endeavour to satisfy an appetite growing ever greater by gross feeding. He was sharp enough to be able soon to perceive this, and to take care that his appetite should not become cloyed.

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We, on the other hand, lived in a constant dread of rupture, and had to contend against numerous enemies of various nationalities, castes, creeds, and colour. In our present condition it was most likely to be a protracted war of wits. My supposition turned out to be correct, and that is the reason why I say that the founding of Léopoldville would really require a whole book to itself to give due justice to our manœuvres to keep the peace.

The aboriginal subjects of Makoko, when returning with the wages they had earned in the transport service, were asked by their chief about the state of affairs at Kintamo; they replied, "Everybody's finger is on the trigger."

This was a pithy and concise description of the attitude in which Ngalyema and his brother chiefs of Kintamo and the Expedition stood towards one another. I regret to say that it existed for many months. Every now and then it appeared as if an explosion was imminent; but the rupture was always warded off by some triumph, until finally it has become almost an impossibility, so thoroughly has Ngalyema learned the lesson of exercising self-restraint on his passions.

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For the illustration of the above I quote a few extracts from my diary of that early period.

“December 3rd, 1881.—Camp by Stanley Pool. Ngalyema appeared after we had finished the launch of the steamer, and had secured her by chains to stout trees. He was accompanied by about two dozen armed followers. After his usual gifts of palm-juice and a goat, he asked to see some of our nice things. I showed him silks, satins, velvets, gold and silver lace, fine shawls, military and livery coats, robes, hand and sleigh bells, swords, and cutlery, &c.

“He then begged for a fine coat, a hand-bell, a knife, a pair of brass anklets for his child, and finally seized upon a boat robe, worth £8 in London, my private property.

“I put my hand on them, and said, ‘Now, Ngalyema, you have seen all these nice things as a proof that I have the means to be liberal. To get nice presents from us you must be good. It will not do to get into a passion and storm about. Besides goats and sheep, and such things, you must prove your friendship by keeping your people in order. There must be no fighting between your people and mine; and to prevent that we must make a law to stop your people from carrying guns to my town, and I will make a law to stop my people from taking guns to your place. People when they have taken too much palm-wine and beer are very apt to be quarrelsome, and fight; somebody is killed, then there is either a heavy fine or a fight. You lost a brother at Kinshassa in this manner. Let us agree to stop it right here.’

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“ ‘Ay, true,’ said he; ‘that is a good thing. It will not do for two great men like you and I to fight. Give me your hand. You have spoken wise words. Now let me have the things. I agree to all.’

“The goods were delivered to him.

“December 4th.—To day is Sunday, and a day of rest; though I cannot keep my mind from dwelling upon our future, which seems to me to be very unsatisfactory—almost hopeless.

“December 5th, Monday.—Ngamberengi paid me a visit, and desired to know how things were going on. ‘Bad,’ I replied. ‘I think Ngalyema will give me a deal of trouble. He is asking for every nice thing he sees. I cannot satisfy him. If refused he blusters, talks about the country being his own, asks us what we came for, if not to give great chiefs like him something.’

“ ‘Ah, he is a great liar! Never mind him. If he fights we shall all be at your back. Do not give him so much cloth. He has got too much already. That is what has given him such a large head. If he wants any nice cloth tell him to buy it with something.’

“At 3 P.M. Ngalyema, attended by Makabi, Mubi, Ngako, and other chiefs, and followed by about 100 armed men, appeared. I gave orders that none of the arms should be admitted within the fenced camp. One of my servants, trying to block the gateway, received from the hands of Ngalyema an unintentional spear-wound near the eye, from which the blood flowed

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copiously. I pointed it out to Ngalyema. He was sorry, and assisted to stanch it, and he also assisted with his orders to keep all weapons out.

“Ngalyema and his chiefs were dressed splendidly this day. It was probably a visit of state. Each chief was dressed with a flowing silk robe, under-vest of silk, cotton underclothes, with an outer dress of silk; yellow, blue and crimson seemed to be the favourite colours. Ngalyema’s arms were almost completely covered with polished brass rings, over which were heavy brass wristlets and armlets. His ankles were adorned with red copper rings, which must have weighed 10 lbs. each. Makabi was similarly dressed, for he seemed to be a rival in dress and equipments. The other chiefs exhibited their individual tastes.

“The hair of all the Bateké chiefs and people was tucked neatly in a knot or chignon over the hinder part of the crown of the head. The native barbers must have had a busy time of it this day preparing for the visit, the fetish face-marks of ochre, white pipe and yellow clays, relieved the bronze-coloured faces, though not to advantage. Circlets of round zinc-framed looking-glasses were worn round their heads as a makeshift for kingly crowns.

“Ngalyema laughed greatly, as though pleased with himself. Makabi strutted about more than usual—to hear the soft rustling of his silk—I presume. Mubi was not loth to attract attention, as he was more conversational than ordinarily. Old Ngako or Nkow, as they variously called him, though quite in his dotage,

asserted himself. Young Enjeli, in his silks, was in better form than usual.

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“ I again took an opportunity, before they returned to their village, of telling them that if they wished to keep on friendly terms with me, they must omit the habit of bringing guns and spears into my settlement, otherwise it was impossible to say how long the peace could be maintained.

“ I marked out the terrace to-day, and work has begun in earnest. A large clearing of bush and scrub has also been made, by which we are enabled to feel a little safer against any treacherous attack.

“ December 6th.—Ngalyema visited me again to-day, with another large following of armed men. He did not seem to remember that we had mutually passed a law against the carrying of arms in each other's territory. His men were disagreeable in their manners, I thought rather insolent. My friend, unstable as water, pouted, looked cross, when reminded of this law. ‘ Ngalyema to-morrow will return the things Bula Matari gave him, and will break the brotherhood between us.’

“ ‘ Be it as you say, Ngalyema. The trouble is not with me; it is in Ngalyema's heart; it is not in Bula Matari's camp, it is at Kintamo. Keep the goods or return them. Law is law, and nobody will be received with guns in my camp again. If I see you approach this camp with guns, mark me, I will take it to mean war!

“ December 7th, at 2 P.M., Dualla rushed up to me, saying, ‘ Ngalyema is crossing our little river with

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forty guns. Makabi, Mubi, and Ganchu are with him. Over a hundred men with guns are beyond the little river in the grass.' Not to be taken at a disadvantage, forty of my men were placed quickly under arms, and we marched down to a large marquee tent we had constructed fifty yards away from the palisaded camp. Ngalyema and his party had already arrived, but our party were placed in skirmishing order about twenty yards away from them in a crescent from between the tent and the path which led to Kintamo; I had also my double-barrel smooth-bore with me, and advancing a few paces forward with my gun in the hollow of my left hand, muzzle downwards, I said, 'Speak, Ngalyema; is it peace or war? What do you mean by bringing guns to my camp?'

"The poor pagan thought he was in my power, and looking for a moment at the stern faces of my men, who had also followed my movements, though not one gun was loaded, instantly threw his gun away, and threw himself on the ground, rubbing his face, in the dust, and crying out—

"'Ay, kill me, Bula Matari! Ay, kill me, my brother. Yes, you are strong—strong! Kill me; see, here is my breast.'

"Ngalyema had conquered me by this appeal. I gave my gun to one of the escort, and went up to him, taking hold of his hands, lifted him up, and said—

"'Fear nothing from me; it is you playing the child who brings this trouble constantly. We made a law together against the carrying of arms in one another's

village. We don't know what you mean by bringing so many guns to see a friendly neighbour so close to you. I have given you numbers of fine things to prove to you that with us there is no fear. As you brought yours to-day for the fourth time to my camp, I was determined to show you that we were not sleeping. If we meant war on you, how long do you think it would be before Kintamo was in our power? The Wambundu come to see me every day; they do not bring arms; they bring food to sell, and their men are working with us every day. Why cannot you do the same?'

"But poor Ngalyema was so excited by his fears that he was nearly breathless with his emotion, and he scarcely knew what he was saying; yet his people in the grass took the precaution to rouse all Kintamo, and there must have been a large force at hand; advance they dare not, however, as Ngalyema and all his chiefs were surrounded.

"I kept murmuring pleasant words to Ngalyema to inspire confidence in him, which by-and-bye he obtained, and while fondly patting his hand I explained further to him that, if he did not like the sight of my men with guns in their hands, he must not bring armed men with him on his visit. 'My place,' I said, 'is simply a market-place for everybody to meet in safety, and it was not the custom anywhere to carry guns to the public market.'

"I then turned to the goods he had brought, and said, 'Ah, I see you mean to return the things I gave you! Well, count them out; our brotherhood will then

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be ended. My people shall not cross the stream to go to Kintamo, and your people must not visit my village.

“‘No, no, no,’ cried Ngalyema anxiously; ‘our brotherhood cannot be broken; our blood is now one. I will take these back with me; and, in future, if you see any of my people in your village, with a weapon in his hand, seize him, bind him tight, and he shall pay dearly for it.’

“‘Ah-ah-h,’ cried everybody present. ‘If that law is kept, there will never be any trouble.’

“This ended this troublous day.

“Now I am bound to teach this intractable brother of mine; first, that, although my brother, he must not expect several bales for nothing. He is king of no country, he can give no privileges nor concessions; he is simply a broker in ivory, or what is called a middleman, from the Bateké country. I will still be kind to him, and he shall have decent gifts, but I must draw the line at bales.

“Second, that though we are very quiet and inoffensive people, and will do no harm to any body, we are well able to punish violence.

“Third, that carrying weapons during a visit to friends is not permissible.

“Probably when he has well-acquired these lessons I may have others to give my rude pupil.

“December 7th.—The *En Avant* made a trial trip to-day, and the By-yanzi and Bateké who are living at Kintamo lined the banks by many hundreds. I did not

know until to-day what a populous place Kintamo is. There are probably 5000 people of various tribes in this settlement. Therefore there is more reason for persevering in the effort to teach Ngalyema his lessons before I leave for up-river.

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“We are working hard on the terrace, which must be of considerable length and breadth before we are able to begin building.

“December 8th.—Ngalyema, mortified after the scene of yesterday, no sooner returned to his village than he recovered his usual loud bluster. He despatched his son to Lema and Kimbangu, requesting their assistance to drive us out of the country. He also asked Kinswangi, Kimpé, and Kimfila, Wambundu chiefs living between us and Makoko’s town, to help him. They have refused, and sent me warning that Ngalyema means mischief.

“December 9th.—No visits from any one to-day excepting a young native, who informed us that Ngalyema has threatened to kill any one caught carrying food to sell to Bula Matari’s people.

“Makoko has sent a messenger to tell Ngalyema that he himself is the cause of the trouble, because of his jealousy of the white man, and to advise him to leave Bula Matari alone.

“December 10th.—Makoko’s messenger arrived, after conveying his chief’s message to Ngalyema to say that he intends to call all the Wambundu chiefs together, and visit Kintamo to hold a palaver wherein the trouble should be settled.

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“December 11th.—Sunday; rest from labour. Eela, wife of Kibibi, an important trader on the Kwa river, paid me a visit to-day. I first made her acquaintance at Mfwa in August, when she professed to commiserate the poor white man, when driven away from Malima by wicked Gamankono. Eela is artful; she knows the white man is rich, and she accordingly purrs in his presence to extract more cloth. She is very much like her white sisters in her nature!

“December 12th to 22nd.—Each day sees us at our regular work of excavating the terrace from the slope of Léopold Hill; making roads to collect the trees for building purposes; sawing planks for doors, steps, window-frames, tables, stools, shelves, &c. We have also made a fine road from the terrace as far as Kinswangi's. Ngalyema observes a distant attitude. ‘Everybody's’ finger is on the trigger. No outbreak has occurred, but it is imminent; the position is very delicate; rumours of wars and councils for wars reach us, but I pay no heed to them. I am just now acting the part of a schoolmaster. My pupil's sulky moods must not deter me from pursuing what my conscience approves.

“Two days ago a man of mine mysteriously disappeared. To-day another is reported absent—lost, killed, or deserted. I strongly suspect Ngalyema.

“December 23rd.—Konko, an important chief and a great ivory trader owning a district nearly midway between Kintamo and the Inkissi River, paid me a visit to-day, acting as spokesman for our friends Makoko

and Ngalyema. He said that he wished to make peace between Ngalyema and Bula Matari, and that two of my men were prisoners in Ngalyema's hands!

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“Konko was told to cut his story short, as he had told too much already. He was asked to go back to Ngalyema, and bring the men by noon, otherwise I should go myself to fetch them.



TYPES OF OUR EMPLOYÉS.

“Konko returned, and at noon brought back Ngalyema himself and the two prisoners, who were charged by him with having been detected stealing cassava in his gardens. I did not press the matter, as the story was as likely to be true as not. A velvet cloak of the value of £15, a silk shirt worth £3, a private rug of the value of eight guineas in London, were given to

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Ngalyema, nor was Konko permitted to depart without substantial proofs of my wish to be considered his friend.

“December 24th.—The great palaver took place to-day. Ngalyema, Makabi, Mubi, Ganchu, Ngako, and Enjëli of Kintamo; Kinswangi, Kimpé, Ganchu, Kimfila, and Ngalyema, sub-chiefs of the Wambundu; Konko, Makoko of Lema, accompanied by 134 of their followers, all being unarmed, were present. This meeting was to satisfy the Wambundu that Ngalyema had not attempted to sell the country to me, as he had been accused of doing by common report.

“Ngalyema, with that methodical accuracy for which these natives are distinguished, first recounted all the incidents attending his first acquaintance with me, and then commenced the relation, with tolerable fairness, of the events of the last few days.

“I then was requested to give my version of how I met Ngalyema years ago, and how I had again met him at Mfwa; how he had led me to believe that he had a country called Kintamo; how I had asked him to be allowed to live with him; how, finally, he had declined as his friends and neighbours were unwilling; how I at last came to Makoko, and Makoko, with the consent of the other Wambundu chiefs, had given me the country between Kintamo and the cataract, and far back inland; how Ngalyema had made me presents of food, and I had reciprocated with many gifts, but that the gifts, though many and rich, were not for the country but to secure his friendship.

“The Wambundu chiefs then spoke, and finally

Makoko of Lema, father-in-law of Ngalyema, chosen umpire in the palaver, said: "I have heard the story of Ngalyema and I have heard what Bula Matari has said. Let Bula Matari make the sign, and clear Ngalyema of the crime he has been charged with by the Wambundu, otherwise there can be neither friendship nor peace."

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"Dualla, at a sign from me, drew a piece of pipe-clay, and marked a broad white band, running from the wrist to the shoulder along each arm of Ngalyema as a sign to all men present that he was guiltless, at which all the people shrieked with joy and surprise that Bula Matari knew the custom of the Bateké."

(Cunning Konko had imparted the secret previous to the meeting.)

"It is ended; it is ended—the trouble is ended!" cried Makoko of Lema. "Build, build, everywhere as much as you like; the country is free and open, and all of us are now your friends."

"All shortly after retired to Kintamo, when such a fusillade began in that village that we first thought that a mutual massacre had commenced. But our messengers were informed that it was to celebrate the results of the palaver. Ngalyema expended, it is said, seven ten-pound kegs of powder; Makoko of Lema, five kegs; Ngamberengi, on behalf of the Wambundu, three kegs.

"December 25th.—Sunday, and Christmas Day. Desirous of celebrating this day by gifts, but being unable through poverty of material to make much

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parade, I gave 500 cheroots, one bottle of brandy, and one bottle of sherry to the Europeans, and to each member of the coloured force four yards of cloth.

“ December 26th.—Began bartering cloth for brass wire, at the following prices :—

“ 1 piece of unbleached domestic, 24 yards .	14 brass rods (5 to the lb.)
1 fathom of red savelist	14 ” ”
1 piece of common striped cloth, 22 yards	10 ” ”
1 ” ”, superior striped, 26 yards .	15 ” ”
1 knife, white-handled table, 3 rivets .	6 ” ”
1 ” ” ” ” ” 1 rivet .	3 ” ”

“ The brass rods are the currency of the country, beginning from Iyumbi ridge, and ending at the upper extremity of Uyanzi. They are to-day about twenty-six inches long, but they may be shorter, as the clipping in many instances is excessive. Three of these brass rods purchase two five-pound loaves of cassava bread. A five-pound loaf is a two-days’ ration for the coloured men. Any extra work is paid for, which serves to keep most of the people in dried fish, bananas, ground-nuts, and palm-oil.

“ December 28th.—Heard several rifle-shots on the north bank. Ngalyema’s people inform me to-night that another party of white men has been driven away by the Mfwa natives.

“ December 29th.—The terrace is so far advanced that we began to plant the heavy timber-frames of the block-house I intend to raise here for defence and shelter. The heavy timbers are solid logs thirty feet long, one foot in diameter. We have already collected about eighty of these large logs, and duly prepared them.

“ The visits of the natives are frequent and amicable. There is no question pending between us and any natives. The health of everybody is excellent, as usual at this season with all those who have employment for mind and body.

“ December 30th.—Despatched a caravan of fifteen men to Manyanga.

“ January 1st, 1882.—I paid a visit to Kinshassa this New Year's day. Large crowds collected at Kintamo shore to see the first steamer on the Upper Congo. At Kinshassa a similar crowd appeared; but instead of the angry demonstration that drove the missionaries in 1880 away, our reception was most flattering. Malameen was there, of course, with his bright tri-colour, which he never seems to part from. Nchuvila, the chief, is a tall, thin bronze-coloured old man about seventy-five years old. His nephew, Bankwa, is a burly stout man of about thirty, who, it is said, will succeed Nchuvila, when he dies, as chief of Kinshassa. Though he has two sons, twenty-five and twenty years old respectively, Bankwa will inherit the chieftainship. We spent the visit sociably and mannerly. Our long stay at Kintamo without rupture deprived Malameen of the power of slandering us by his absurd reports of our cannibalism. Kinshassa and Kintamo have still a feud between them, though latterly they have not ventured into exchanging musket-shots.

“ Jan. 10th.—The frame of the block house is almost complete. We have consumed 125 noble trees—teak, red-wood, and plane; 2582 small trees 4 inches diameter,

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15 feet long; 21,156 rods 8 feet long; 18,900 lbs. of long grass. The house is to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the floor of the terrace, which is now 100 yards in length by 50 in breadth. We shall now begin to clay it. As the central section of the house will have walls 22 feet high, wing-walls 15 feet high and 2 feet thick, it will be a slow work, as the clay is 300 yards off, being at the landing-place, and it is absolutely necessary that the Europeans and small garrison should be above all anxiety. In the event of a rupture with Ngalyema in my absence, they would be able to retire within an impregnable house. It would be very imprudent to trust any man's professions of friendship, whether he be white or black. Show any man that you depend only on his goodwill, and your position is a very insecure one.

“January 12th.—Our caravan returned from Man-yanga to-day, by which we have news that the chief of Vivi station has suddenly left for Europe! This person having been engaged by me, by formal contract, has not thought it necessary to inform me of his intention. However, Lindner, his successor *pro tem.*, is a sufficient person, and his first correspondence conveys me the news of this sudden change of chiefs at my principal base.

“A better piece of news, however, is that informing me of the arrival of one hundred new recruits for the Expedition, and the arrival of thirty other men to accompany a Dr. Peschuel-Loeche on an exploring tour in the Loango district.

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“January 19th.—Thirty-two of the new recruits have arrived, accompanied by a woman, who, being the only female in the expedition, has created a great interest in the minds of the natives. She is very neat, and can boast of youth and superior charms to any that I have seen on the Congo. We are all rather proud of her.

“January 21st.—I despatched an officer and a small expedition along the south bank to Manyanga, preliminary to forming a regular transport service.

“January 22nd.—The block-house, terrace, garden, and native village are well advanced this last week. We have now 153 coloured people at station, out of whom eighteen are detailed three times a week to procure rations for such a large number. Nineteen of the others are tent-boys, body-servants, sick people, &c., so that there are really only 117 men at active work.

“January 26th.—All last night up to 9 A.M. to-day the natives of Kintamo have been celebrating a marriage. Singing, dancing, shouting, and firing guns have been going on incessantly. The Wambundu chiefs and Makoko pay me regular visits. Ngalyema has also frequently condescended to visit me, but the screw is being gently pressed to reduce him to order and manageability. Some of these days I hope to be proud of my pupil. The weather has been extremely hot the last three or four days.

“January 27th.—Caravan brought goods from Manyanga. All well down river.

“February 3rd.—Bwabwa Njali paid me a visit to-

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day, and I have enjoyed a triumph over him. The last time I noticed him in my diary he was indebted to me for ten fathom of red savelist which he had received as a loan. He was next heard of as levelling muskets at my people who had gone to his village by his own invitation. Imagining that we had forgotten this trifling episode, he came to day with a goat and a black pig and some fowls. I received him very graciously, and, after handing them over to the goatherds, I smilingly reminded him that he was in debt to me for the ten fathom of blanket cloth received last August, and I would therefore be greatly obliged to him for them. A quick flash of guilt stole over his features, but he promised that he would repay me to-morrow.

“February 4th.—Bwabwa Njali brought me 200 loaves of bread to-day, which included principal and interest. As bread is a necessity at this station it was received, and a noble present relieved my friend of all fear of consequences.

“February 5th.—I perceive from my last accounts from down-river that we are progressing exceedingly well, despite drawbacks caused by faithless Europeans. The following table will explain :—

“Vivi . . . Europeans	5	Coloured people	74
Isangila . . .	1	”	12
Manyanga . . .	3	”	36
Ferry of Kinsendé . . .	0	”	12
Stanley Pool Station . . .	5	”	153
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	14		287
Exploring expedition . . .	1	”	22
En route with caravan . . .	0	”	78
	<hr/>		<hr/>
Total	15		387

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ville.

“One of my Europeans has been malingering for five weeks, while the value of him since he joined us about eight months ago has been absolutely nil. I have spoken to him in the most paternal manner several hours altogether, endeavouring to encourage him, but I perceive that it is useless. It will probably end in his sudden dismissal some day. However, the prompting of it will emanate from him.

“February 25th.—Our house is completed and we broke up our camp, each European moving to his own chamber. Compared to our tent life it is palatial. There are five chambers, a dining-saloon, and a formidably strong magazine. Shelves are made also to exhibit our stock of goods.

“February 27th.—Work begins on the Steamer’s Cove, so that at high water steamers and boats, besides a flotilla of canoes, may enter into harbour, safe from all danger of flood and marauders.

“March 2nd.—Caravan with steel whale-boat arrived to-day, and also another from Manyanga with goods. The native village is finished and roads swept clean.

“March 4th.—We are also at work on large garden. Wadi Rehani’s company clear the ground for it. Susi’s company builds goat and fowl houses. Everything is proceeding most satisfactorily, though I see a prodigious amount of labour yet before me. I am anxious about news of the exploring party.

“March 5th.—The goods are now on exhibition in the magazine. The barred windows are crowded by curious natives. Native imagination, fired by the brilliant

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display of cloths of all colours, silks, satins, ribbons, fancy jewellery, cutlery, pottery, crockery, glass ware, guns, swords, machettes, threads, bobbins, ribbons, gold and silver laces, &c., &c., will report that my wealth exceeds calculation! Who would have expected such a result as this three months ago? Over £500 worth of goods were sold by us before night.

“March 6th.—Sale continued to-day, brought £300. Ngalyema went to visit Gamankono of Malima on account of Mwana Mundelé, his nephew, who was arrested there on a charge of witchcraft. Being a person of importance, seven slaves and a tusk of ivory were given to hush the charge. Had he been a poor man he would have been burnt.

“March 7th.—Ngako, our old chief of Kintamo, during a visit to Kinshassa, has been assaulted there by Bankwa’s people.

“March 8th.—A grand council of war was held at Kintamo to avenge the indignity to Ngako. The By-yanzi stopped the preparations for war, because I had not received the news, and no one knew what Bula Matari might do in case of a war near his country.

“This is the second time that our presence in this vicinity has prevented a sanguinary native conflict.

“March 9th.—The first ivory was purchased to-day as a test of the price. The weight was 2 lbs. I paid six handkerchiefs, which cost in England 1s. 3d. We have to pay something for learning. The number of our coloured force at present is 171 men, the money cost of rations for whom is £1 12s. 8d. per day.

“March 10th.—Ganchu, who first met us at Mfwa last year, sang the praises of Ngalyema. He attributes to him infinite and powerful virtues. He possesses charms which render him invisible. More than once during some of the petty wars of their region he has suddenly appeared in the midst of his foes with his short sword destroying men like a demon before any one knew by whom the fatal blows were dealt. Aged Ngako, Ganchu’s father, enjoys also this faculty, and demonstrated it only a short time ago at Mfwa, for when assaulted and seized by two of Bankwa’s people he suddenly disappeared, leaving his torn robe in their hands!

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“March 15th.—Indian corn planted in the hollows below the European gardens. A few peas have begun to sprout up in the latter; the parsley, radish, and lettuce are thriving famously. Onions we look for in vain. White beans do not thrive. Melons, pumpkins, Spanish pepper, cucumbers, are doing well. Sweet potatoes, being native, are spreading vigorously. We are such tyros in gardening that these are mere experiments. The season is too late. We should have begun in October, I fear. However, we shall learn something from our maiden efforts as to quality of soil, season, bugs, and insects. A pine-apple plat has also been planted, and a few dozen bananas.

“March 22nd.—Caravan from Manyanga arrived with news. Hardworking Flamini, the engineer of the *Royal*, has suffered an accident, and gone home; and another European has relieved us of his presence. The exploring party declares the road to Manyanga

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by south bank free and safe, though the chief expects trouble some day at a place called Luteté's. The seventy-eight recruits left Isangila on the 19th of February, yet up to the 14th of March there is no news of them, the European in charge having resigned and gone home, leaving the people in the bush.

“March 23rd.—Sent a detachment of first-class men to search for the lost relief party.

“March 26th.—Caravan entered the station with letters from Europe. Am told by Comité of Association to expect Lieut. Valcke out again; also Capt. Hannsens, officers Nilis and Grang. Visited Kinshassa. The chiefs were uncommonly amiable. They have made overtures to me to build there. I have promised to think of it.

“March 27th.—The Kintamo people have become jealous; they have heard that Kinshassa people have made offers to me. Ngalyema and Enjeli are furious.

“March 30th.—A formal accusation was sent to Ngalyema against his son Enjeli for five offences: 1st, Of having locked me up in my room and absconding with the key, which had caused me to command through a window that he be arrested and the key taken from his person. 2nd, Of having, after passing over the first offence, shaken a spear at me defiantly on the public terrace, loudly saying, ‘See how easy it would be for me to kill Bula Matari now.’ 3rd, Of having cried out the same day, ‘Look through the windows and see what nice things Bula Matari has got. Some day my father will carry all away.’ 4th, Of having hidden himself behind the staircase

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leading to the upper storey to listen what I had to say at a palaver with By-yanzi strangers from upper river. 5th, Of having said to his brothers, after most of the people had gone out to the station to carry the meat of a shot hippo., ‘Oh, if Ngalyema only knew how few people Bula Matari has got with him now, my father could kill all who are here and seize upon everything!’ A warning that any other such dangerous speeches uttered in the hearing of any man in the station would be instantly followed by arrest, sound flogging, and a heavy fine.

“March 31st.—The Kinshassa people now resort to the station for barter.

“April 2nd.—The Kintamo chiefs paid me a visit, and impressed on me the necessity of making blood brotherhood with Ngalyema, as security against the fears they entertained that my visits to Kinshassa boded evil to them. The promise was given that some day I should do so.

“April 7th.—The following transactions in ivory took place to-day. It is not quite a fair test, as we must visit the upper river before we are able to know anything about what we ought to pay:—

	£	s.	d.
“To 1 ivory tusk, weight 97½ lbs. at 9s. per lb. in England	43	17	6
Purchased for 2138 brass rods, value in England	16	4	8
Difference for profit and carriage	£27	13	10
“To 1 ivory 48½ lbs. at 9s. per lb. in England	21	16	6
Purchased for 1864 brass rods, value in England	7	15	4
Difference for freight, insurance and profit	£14	1	2

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“ These brass rods, after being paid to the ivory-sellers, were then exchanged for silks, cotton-goods, guns, glass-ware, crockery, powder, red handkerchiefs, &c., in which, if for silks and good cloths, another profit was possible. It would never have paid us to effect any large purchases, as our mission is for a totally different purpose than trade; but, in endeavouring to find the real truth about the state of trade here, we must put it to a practical test. I find then that ivory is abundant at all these trading villages at Stanley Pool; that, while the By-yanzi sell the ivory to the Bateké of Stanley Pool at the average of eleven brass rods, or 1*s.* 4*d.*, to the pound, the Bateké have been induced, after eighteen experiments, to sell it to us at 3*s.* 4*d.* and 3*s.* 5*d.* per pound. If we were willing to purchase more, the Bateké possess sufficient ivory to exhaust the stock of goods that a hundred men per day could carry; besides which we are pestered with people who wish to sell rubber, camwood powder, &c.

“ During our long residence here we have become intimate with the people's wants. We note the eager, hungry look of the strangers who come from hundreds of miles to visit us in the hope that we would purchase something from them. When we tell them that we do not want ivory, or rubber, or camwood powder, or cola nuts, or gums, they appear to despair, and ask sorrowfully, ‘ Well, what is it you do want? Tell us, and we will get it for you. We came here to get some cloth, and now we come here with things to sell you will not buy them. What kind of a white man are you?’

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“April 8th.—Recruits arrived to-day. Caravans leave here now every five days for Manyanga, and goods arrive as often regularly. I am only waiting for the arrival of an officer to start up-river to establish another station.

“April 9th.—Brotherhood with Ngalyema was performed. We crossed arms; an incision was made in each arm; some salt was placed on the wound, and then a mutual rubbing took place, while the great fetish man of Kintamo pronounced an inconceivable number of curses on my head if ever I proved false. Susi, not to be outdone by him, solicited the gods to visit unheard-of atrocious vengeance on Ngalyema if he dared make the slightest breach in the sacred brotherhood which made him and Bula Matari one and indivisible for ever.”

CHAPTER XX.

UP THE CONGO TO LAKE LÉOPOLD II.

Naming the new station "Léopoldville"—"The middleman," "lingster," or "ivory trader," and his influence—Docility of Ngalyema—Description of Léopoldville—Fine view from Léopold Hill—Companionable neighbours—The pomp of death—A rich but neglected land: what might be made of it—Departure of the first Upper Congo expedition—Bamu Island—Wild animals—Stanley Pool—Slow progress—The fierceness of crocodiles—Impressions of scenery—Comparison with Scotch scenery—Width and soundings of the Congo—Volume of the river with its tributaries—Jottings for future pilots—Mswata—New acquaintances—Gandelay's favourable decision—Giral, a French quartermaster—Return to Kintamo; a cordial greeting—SusuMpembe, the "White Chicken"—The Kwa river.

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By general consent the new station was named Léopoldville, in honour of the munificent and Royal Founder of the "Association Internationale du Congo."

We will now leave that system of stringing together daily incidents in the manner observed in the preceding chapter, and betake ourselves soberly to our narrative. The diary form has the merit of presenting the ups and downs of our long stay at Léopoldville in a far more convincing and life-like manner than could be done by the happiest style of narrative; for, despite the implicit belief in our veracity, which our polite readers would be willing to profess, I fear there would

still be a lurking suspicion in many minds that there must have been more play than work in the building of Léopoldville.

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Ngalyema's peculiar temper also required more than a few phrases before an exact representation of the man could be given. The dullest reader may now see what an African "middleman," "lingster," "ivory-trader," is in disposition and nature. On the West Coast of Africa he has been one of the strongest impediments to civilisation. Who that has been on the Niger does not know him? Where is that West Coast trader in the oil rivers—or near any part of the surf-beaten African shore—who has not regarded this class as his greatest enemy, and the most inveterate opponent to his progress into the interior? To be sure, Stanley Pool is a little too far in the interior to have been an obstacle to the trader; but that is because the impassable Congo cañon forbade his approach to the Upper Congo. We found in Ngalyema the rearguard of the Congo middlemen—and trouble enough he gave us, as has been seen. It cost more money to overcome this man peacefully than the aggregate expenditure on all the chiefs of the country, who possessed something substantial to give us in exchange. Ngalyema was a landless slave owner, and had nothing but his unfounded pretensions, his unreal claims, his loud bully's voice, and an insatiable appetite for the dues of blackmail. Through long patience, liberality, and a timely hint now and then, that he might be sorry for going beyond certain bounds, he was at last fairly won to good

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behaviour, and to stout and friendly alliance, by which I eventually succeeded in getting other obstreperous chiefs, notably those of Kinshassa, Lema, Kimbangu, and Mikunga, to confederate with me for the preservation of the peace on the south shore of Stanley Pool.

My content was extreme, as may well be believed, when the annoyances—the perpetual fluctuations from bilious ill-humour to fawning friendliness, from the peevish intermittent temper, to a few hours of sunshiny moods of feeling—were finally substituted by the steady glow of good-nature, and I had leisure to prepare for my long-deferred journey up-river to seek other fields of adventure.

Léopoldville, with its one-storey block-house commanding from its windows all approaches, impregnable to musket-armed natives, and proof against fire, despite its grass roof—because underneath that grass roof there was an earth roof two feet thick, on which the fire might burn itself out harmlessly—appeared a safe refuge should trouble arise. The terrace was long and wide—the native village was formed of one broad street—flanked by a row of clay huts on either side. Starting from a point thirty feet below the block-house, and sloping gently down to the landing-place, gardens of young bananas and vegetables extended beyond these huts. Water was handy; fuel was abundant. The agricultural Wambundu were our landlords as well as our good friends. In a basin right in front of his residence, which time and industry might render pretty, the work of the station chief lay

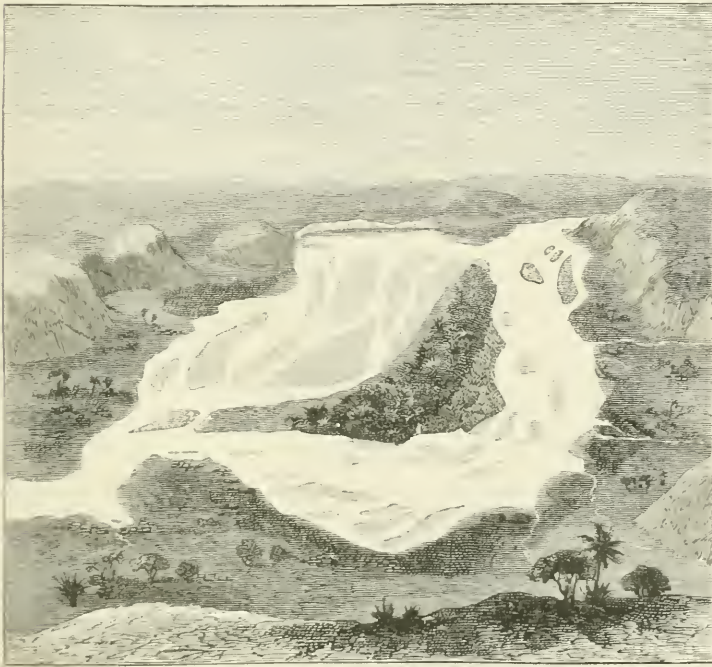


VIEW OF LÉOPOLDVILLE AND KINTAMO.

[To face page 388, Vol. I.]

before him. On Sundays, the Europeans might find pleasant exercise in promenading along a smooth road to Léopold Hill, whence a view worth seeing was always obtainable. From its coign of vantage the great leaping cataract of Kintamo, at a moderate distance off, could be seen. The circular basin of Stanley Pool,

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STANLEY POOL.

rimmed with mountains and cliffs and isolated mounts, could be admired, as well as the great island of Bamu, and its tiny sister islets, slumbering in sunshine and haze, or lying silent under the black clouds which threatened to deluge it all with rain, and shroud it with the darkness of the coming tempest. If the

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rain has already fallen the night before, and the opalesque skies give promise that the day will be bright and clear, the glories of the Pool and its encircling ring of hill and mountain, with their wooded slopes, are unequalled. Both the mountains, and the wide plains they enclose, islands, and lake-like river emerge through the bright atmosphere into view, with a clearness of detail and beauty of outline almost new, although you may have before gazed at every feature in the scene until nearly sated. Nor is the view inland or westward to be despised. To be delighted, however, I could confidently recommend an ascent to the top of some structure on the hill, from whence the vision embraces an uninterrupted view over the trees in the immediate neighbourhood. One will be astonished at the enlarged breadth and improved beauty in the wilderness of hill-cones, and tabular heights, and winding wood-clothed ridges, or sinuous depressions, and irregular waves of land which are exposed. There is Iyumbi's massive form and bald top, the cones of Nsangu and Kinduta's square-edged mount. To our left advances Lama Lankori's dark forest ridge, while Usansi's frowning mountain line is to our right. Across the Congo expands in rich brown colours the grassy plains of Mundele Masuna; and right opposite the woods gather thicker, shrouding Bwabwa Njali's and Gampa's villages. From under the depths of the dark green leafage shoots the flood of the Gordon Bennett in two silver sheets, while a long broad band of sun-lighted water recedes further and further into

the stony heart of the hilly world. Many and many a time had I stood alone, dreamily gazing at the really interesting view visible from the summit of Léopold Hill, without once suspecting that there was such a luxury within reach, until one day I mounted the roof of the Sanatorium, and then I knew what a pleasure had been hitherto unknown.

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That broad low plain—from Kintamo south, to the foot of Mabengu mountain—which forms the western shore of the Pool, is to me full of promise and beauty. Even now it is almost idyllic in appearance, yet there is only the grass huts of Kintamo conspicuously in view; the rest is literally only a wilderness of grass, shrubs, and tree-foliage. But my mind, when I survey the view, always reverts to the possibilities of the future. It is like looking at the fair intelligent face of a promising child; we find nought in it but innocence, and we fondly imagine that we see the germs of a future great genius; perhaps a legislator, a savant, a warrior, or a poet. Supposing the rich fertile soil of that plain, well-watered as it is by many running streams, were cultivated, how it would reward the husbandman! How it would be bursting with fulness and plenty! In all the Mississippi valley there is no soil to equal it; yet here it lies a neglected waste. And perhaps for generations yet the prospect will possess the same idle slumbrous appearance it presents to-day.

If the station-chief and his comrades are sociable beings, they may form warm friendships with some of the people in that human hive at Kintamo. There

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are human beings here, as elsewhere, amenable to the softer emotions, though the principal chief is such an eccentric wrong-minded person. Old Ngako is garrulous and amusing, and requires but little prompting to spin out tales of adventure and war. The ancient fifer of Ngalyema, who lives recluse-like in his lone hamlet halfway between Léopoldville and Kintamo, is a chatty, agreeable old man, and is by no means churlishly inclined. Makabi is a character also deserving closer study; he is an acute fellow, neat in person, fully possessed of the authority of a chief, and lord over a large number of pretty wives and bright-eyed children. Even Ngalyema himself at home is a better man than Ngalyema abroad; he has a miscellaneous treasure which he has no objection to show; he will tell you with equanimity of what will happen when he is dead; how he will be swathed in cottons and woollens and silks and satins, and, after many days of continued fusilading, will be buried in an honoured grave. Indeed, from the pleasure he takes in reciting all this, he seems to you as a person whose life is devoted to prepare for the great event of death. The part of dying is hateful, because it involves pain; but the period after death will be glorious. All those robes, and silken stuffs, and velvet cloaks that I have given him, will adorn his body as it is conveyed in state, followed by chanting warriors, and multitudes of female mourners loudly lamenting, while the youths of all the surrounding villages will fire incessant volleys of musketry for many days and nights.

“Ah,” says Ngalyema, admiringly shaking his

head, "that is what I call grand, and worthy of a king!" from which I gather that, in his opinion, life does not become a king half so well as death.

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A five-mile march across that intervening stretch of plain between Kinshassa and Kintamo may cause our Europeans to reflect upon the prodigious waste which this madcap population by whom they are surrounded is guilty of. Eight hundred muscular slaves, retainers, followers of the nine Kintamo chiefs, absolutely doing nothing. Nay, they are almost starving, only one day from it at least, and here, round about them, are nearly 50,000 square acres of the richest alluvium it would be possible to find in any part of the world! At Kinshassa there are some 500 stalwart male bodies just as lazy. Mikunga, Kimbangu, Kindolo, Lema, and other places, can show over 1500 more, whose most industrious employment is sitting down, while they are being rubbed over with palm-oil and ochre by their females, or having their beautiful chignons or hair top-knots dressed. While they have to despatch squads of men miles away, to hunt up provender for their people, there exists on this immense waste of fat earth, enough virtue, if solicited, to raise half a million tons of rice annually, and wheat, sugar, yams, sweet potatoes, millet, Indian corn *ad infinitum*. The lower slopes, too, of those ridges, which lovingly shield the plain from the cold sea winds of the South Atlantic, would permit the remunerative growth of tea, coffee, cocoa, sago, and other spices.

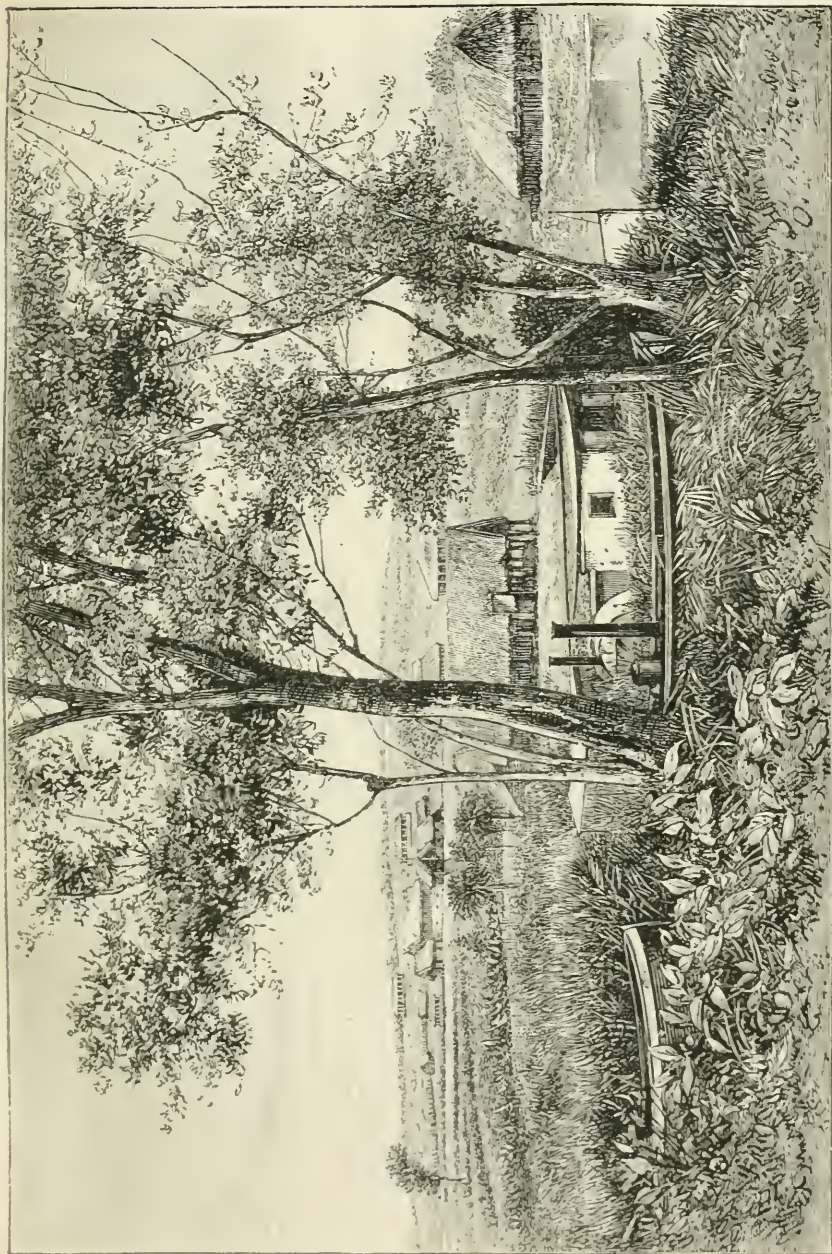
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In short, if these Europeans will only use their Sundays in pleasant excursive walks, to study human nature in the vicinity, they will go home thoughtful men, and may return again to this land to put to good use the wisdom they should have gained, and the kindly social relations created during their peaceful sojourn at Léopoldville.

By the 19th of April, friendly relations had been established with all our neighbours. Within Léopoldville all was in fair order. The caravans marched in and out of the station at regular periods. Goods, provisions, tools, &c., flowed in as they were wanted, a flock of goats formed the live-stock, among which there were two or three milch goats. The fowls were also numerous; a few hens were hatching, a few furnished fresh eggs, a few tended their young. I directed the chief of the station to continue the work of improvement; to build another store-room in a line with, or a few feet removed from, the block-house; to extend the terrace, to look after his gardening, to increase his stock of goats, and to do all he could towards consolidating our political interests, as well as promoting the comfort of his people and the prosperity of his estate.

At 6 A.M. of the 19th we embarked the first Upper Congo expedition, as follows:—

<i>En Avant</i> . .	19	coloured men.	3	whites.	Freight	62	loads.
Whaleboat . .	10	„	„	1	„	53	„
Two canoes . .	20	„	„	—	„	14	„
	—			—		—	
Total . .	49	„	„	4	„	129	„



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The powers of the little paddle-steamer were tasked to the utmost, towing the two canoes, as the twenty men in them were totally unpractised in the use of paddles, and the steersmen gave us an infinite trouble by their ignorance of knowing on which side their steering paddles should be used.

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ville.

We crept along the south shore, rounded the cliffy point now called Kallina in an hour, and continued upward along the coast of the Kinshassa district, until, coming abreast of the town, we cast the canoes off, and, driven by necessity, the men were compelled to paddle their own canoes, an art which they soon acquired. The steamer occupied nearly an hour in crossing the broad southern arm of the Congo, running between Bamu Island and the left bank. From thence to 5 P.M. we skirted Bamu Island, and in a cove opposite the river Nseléh, which issues into the Congo from the southern side, we halted to cut fuel, and rest for the night.

Bamu Island is about fourteen miles in length, and occupies the centre of the Pool. The larger portion of it is low; at high-water about three-fourths of it may be inundated. On the southern shore it shows many miles of stiff clay bank, three feet of which may be above the highest flood. On the northern shore it is much lower; abundance of timber fit for native uses may be found on it. Buffalo, elephant, and hippos, haunt its interior parts. Its south-eastern extremity is a more grassy or reedy flat, close to which are wide and extensive sandbanks. During a very low Congo, all this

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part resembles a low sandy plain, where the fishermen love to erect little grass huts to dry their fish. During a high Congo the steamers may skirt Bamu right up to the head of the Pool. The south-eastern part of the island may be called the hippopotamus preserve; the herds are always numerous here. Altogether there may be about two hundred of these amphibious animals depending upon the reedy flats for their subsistence.

Stanley Pool is a lake-like expansion of the Congo, about 250 square miles in extent, of which Bamu and the other islands in it cover about 42 square miles. Kallina Point is at its lower extremity; Inga Peak dominates the entrance to the united river above the Pool. The distance in an air-line, which runs between the base of Inga Peak and Kallina Point, is seventeen and a half English miles, the greatest breadth from shore of southern mainland to shore of northern mainland is sixteen English miles. Bamu Island disparts the river into main branches, each of which, however, contains several small rocky or sandy islets. The southern branch, which is the navigable one at all seasons, has a shore-line twenty-four statute miles long, while the northern is only nineteen English miles long. Nearly one third of the northern shore is occupied by Dover cliffs; the other half is mainly a low plain, which in one part projects in a low grassy valley between high ridges. On the southern shore, however, the mountainous ridge which has formed the left bank of the river above, recedes from the immediate neighbourhood of the river a few miles above Kimpoko,

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leaving a series of low hills, which descend into a terrace, or low alluvial plain, of considerable breadth, between the river and the base of the mountain ring, terminating about three miles to the south-west of Léopoldville. It is on the verge of this alluvial plain, close by the river, that Kimpoko, Mikunga, Kimbangu, Kindolo, Kinshassa, and Kintamo, are placed, and further inland, near the foot of the mountains, other large villages such as Lema may be found.

The southern branch sweeps by the shore of the mainland with great force, and with destructive effect at Kimpoko, the high clay bank of which is constantly falling in large masses into the river to be dissolved into sediment, and carried below by the current.

A rain-storm began at 1 A.M. of the 20th, continuing until 8 A.M., wetting our fuel, and retarding the start for an hour. For three hours we continued along the reedy flats of Bamu, and within forty minutes more had crossed the south branch. With the whale-boat and canoes in tow we made but slow progress. At two we were well above Kimpoko, in a channel between a woody island and the south shore, which was now a steep elevation clothed with tall young trees. Presently the steep rise took a bolder height, the woods became taller, wherein monkeys flung themselves with desperate leaps from tree to tree, whence the white-collared fish-eagle, with a shrill scream, sprang from its perch and winged its way across to the island, and divers and kingfishers darted ahead of the panting steamer, whose strange noise caused all

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animal life to skurry away from its fearful neighbourhood. It was amusing to observe the effect of the steamer on the hippo herds in the vicinity, the pointed, attentive ears, the steady earnest attention, and a sudden disappearance from the horrible distracting noise; whereas the crocodiles darted with the velocity and directness of a Whitehead torpedo. Evidently they were fully determined not to stop until they had pierced the steel hull with their wedge-like heads through and through; but the creatures generally sank when they were about twenty feet off, probably to explore the keels, rising up a short distance behind to pursue us again, no doubt wondering greatly meanwhile what strange animal this could be that had no legs to give a crocodile a chance to bite!

It was an exceedingly hot day, and the current flowed three miles an hour in the channel. The towing of the boat and canoes was a severe strain on the powers of the *En Avant*. Added to the hot sun, which, as it westered, shot an intolerable heat under the awning, was the heat of the boiler; and besides this trouble, trifling as it may appear in these pages, the cramped posture, and the most unluxurious materials—boxes and bales—on which we lay, vastly increased our discomforts. At 4.30 P.M. we arrived at First Point, on the south side above the Pool. We had occupied seventeen and a half hours on this first trip, to perform what we have several times since performed in eleven hours with the same steamer.

From this first point to Mswata we generally occupy

in the *En Avant* twenty-one and a half hours, but on our first voyage we were twenty-eight hours in performing the journey.

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Our impressions depend on our feelings. A man travelling in misery is not likely to be so enthusiastic as the one who performs his journey in comfort. Given a comfortable and quick steamer, good food, and my mind free from anxiety, it is most likely that I should try to do full justice to the real beauty of the scenery of the river between Stanley Pool and Mswata. Until that happy hour arrives I had better confine myself to sober description of it. It never struck me that I ought to be enthusiastic about the towering ridges that rise in stately majesty above the broad brown flood, or to paint the dark-green foliage of the guaiacum, or to point out how it contrasts with the tender green leafage of the bombax, or floss-wood, and the silver-grey stem resembling a marble column amid the wealth of leafy verdure which it overtops; or that I ought to dwell upon the petty details of a jungly grove, to point out the difference between the tender green of the climbing calamus, and the darker green of the bending feathery frond of the *elais*, and to show how there are colours in a tropic forest, from the crimson glories of the travellers' tree, to the yellow blossoms of the acacia; that deep shadows and bright lights are here as elsewhere, and that when the sun is slowly setting, the watching of the rosy light diffused over the lengthy slope of the hills on the left side of the river,—now narrowing, ever

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narrowing—chased by the shadows of the right side, which are rising in fantastic lines, fast after the retreating light, until it is seen for an instant tipping the very crown of the tallest hill, and the shadows grow deeper and deeper, and darkness, as of the grave, has fallen upon us;—I say that I knew not to what pitch of poetic fancy I ought to have been exalted until the other day I travelled with a sober American friend from Greenock to Tarbert through Loch Fyne. It had been a damp, dismal, disagreeable day, with the wind howling, and dense stormy clouds rushing wildly above. When we were about the middle of the Loch my sober friend became excited, and touching me upon the arm, cried out, “Look there! What do you think of that? Is it not lovely! Ah, there is nothing like Scotch scenery!”

“What is it? What is lovely?” I asked quickly, fearing that I should lose the sight of some rare thing.

“Why, look at that sky—and look at those hills. See, the sun is coming out!”

I saw a bit of mist just whitened by a sun, deep buried beneath fold upon fold of stormy clouds struggling to beam upon desolate, cold-looking hills covered with a low growth of heather. These hills were really of equal height to those grand hills which line this part of the Congo, and Loch Fyne was about the same width. The colour of its water differed from the brown volume of the Congo. But why this sober gentleman should have gone into such ecstasies of language about Loch Fyne, with its cheerless grey sky and desolate-looking

hills, passes my comprehension. If such exaggerations are permissible because William Black has set the fashion of enveloping every bit of Scotch scenery from the Clyde to Stornoway with wealth of word-picturing, what language shall do justice to the infinitely superior glories of Congo scenery? How shall we paint the effects of steady, bright sunshine on the lonely, untenanted woods which clothe the gorges and the hillslopes and the lordly mountain-tops, which, with bare heads, tower for 500 and 600 feet high to salute the tropic sun? They meet the eye proudly on either bank, and wait tranquilly the advent of the Congo poet who shall sing of the glories of the Congo mountains, and their own unequalled river. American patriots have invented poetic imagery to extol the beauties of scenery which should perhaps, but do not, belong to the Mississippi. From the Belize to Omaha I have seen nothing to excite in me a poetic madness. What there is of beauty on its shores belongs solely to the industry and enterprise of man and to the spirit of utility pervading it. The Hudson is a trifle better in its upper parts, the Indus, the Ganges, the Irawaddy, the Euphrates, the Nile, the Niger, the La Plate, the Amazon—I think of them all—and I can see no beauty on their shores that is not excelled many fold by the natural beauty of this scenery, which, since the Congo highlands were first fractured by volcanic caprice or by some wild earth-dance, has remained unknown, unhonoured, and unsung.

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My purpose, however, is not to make nations envious, so we will drop this view, and become austere modest in our description.

In measuring the width of the Congo I found it to be 2200 yards; a little below the first point we meet above Stanley Pool I made a careful survey of the bed of the river. Beginning at the right bank the soundings across ran thus:—

1st 500 yards,	39, 48, 69, 78, 73, 72, 75, 72, 63, 66, 62, 60, 57, 48, 42 ft.
2nd „ „	36, 35, 34, 32, 31, 30 feet.
3rd „ „	31, 30, 28, 27, 26, 30 „
4th „ „	32, 30, 31, 29, 32, 33 „
200 yards,	30, 28, 26, 24, 20, 18, 17, 15 feet.

Which, at three and a half knots per hour, will give a volume of
1,436,850 cubic feet per second.

By a plain high-water mark on a rock on the right bank near by, I observe the river rises twelve feet higher. If we suppose that the current is increased a knot faster per hour, we shall find that at flood time the Congo discharges into Stanley Pool a volume of 2,529,600 cubic feet per second. In addition to this gigantic flood, before the mighty river issues into the ocean, it has received from the right bank the Gordon Bennet, Lubamba, Inkissi, Edwin Arnold, Mbika, Lualla, Lulu, and Bundi Rivers, and from the left bank it has been increased by the Nseleh, Lulu, Loa, Mpalanga, Inkissi, Kwilu, Lunionzo, Lufû, Luizi, and Mpozo, besides hundreds of smaller streams, the united waters of which may well swell the Congo during its flood to discharge the full sum of three millions of cubic feet per second.

The mean width of the river from the head of Stanley Pool to Mswata is about 1500 yards. The base line of the hills, which is of rock, except in the bights or curves, is, of course, very irregular. I counted thirty-four different and distinct points within the distance of 6½ English miles intervening between the Pool and Mswata.

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From the following brief jottings for future pilots some information may be gleaned :—

1st point above Stanley Pool, S. side. Two or three large trees at point serve excellently for shade. Good camping place. Forest behind a few paces. Hill steep—600 feet. Native path to district of Nfumu Nguma, chief of the Banfumu. Red wood abundant, good for fuel. Inga Peaks on right bank visible from Léopoldville just opposite here. View noble.

2nd point. Not very prominent, except to small boat skirting close to shore.

3rd point. On rounding this point you lose view of Pool. Go a little way out into stream, see view of river over twenty miles long.

4th point. Not prominent, but distinct to boat hugging the shore.

5th point. Opposite two gullies close together on N. side, just above tabular hill.

6th point. Opposite deep valley N. side.

7th point. Opposite another deep valley, tall woods. Game abundant sometimes at river-side.

8th point. One Palm Point on N. side comes into view. Bald top, mount opposite. Beware of rocks at point, keep 100 yards off shore.

9th point. Low Point extreme end of low spur. Hills recede a little from river. You are not far below One Palm Point, right bank, and just below Hyphæne Palm Grove, left bank.

10th point. Some rocks close to point. You are now half way between One Palm Point and Long View Point, right bank. Manioc gardens on hill slope, on left bank, are seen after rounding this point.

11th point. You are now above Hyphæne Palm Grove, left bank, yet below Long View Point, right bank.

12th point. Another hyphæne palm grove above, and this is called Rapid Point. Stream strong, six-knot power required to pass. Row boats must be pulled by hands in shore.

13th point. Before you come to this, pass close to fine forest-clad hills. You are now a few hundred yards below Wampoko River, entering Congo

1882. from left bank. Stream dark as strong tea, water much colder than Congo
 April 21. Wampoko is sixty yards wide; a terrace plain on each side of mouth.
 Mswata. Keep well out to avoid shallows. At this point you are just at bend.
 Best side for ascent is left bank.

14th point. Above Wampoko River and plain. A small village not far off. Good marketing, fowls cheap, eggs procurable, and dried fish. People pleasant, and love to trade.

15th point. River strong at this point. A narrow creek is just above.

16th point. Just below the grey cliffs on right bank. Strong current at point.

17th point. Opposite brown rock bluffs, right bank.

18th point. Narrows. Brown rock bluffs, right bank.

19th point. Hyphæne Palm Point, cliffy rock opposite, and you are just below Dualla Island. Fuel on island.

20th point. Just above Dualla Island, and first below Pururu Island. This island is large. Splendid grove of hyphæne palm. Twenty minutes steaming by to pass it.

21st point. Thirteen minutes above Pururu Island. Village close by in plain. Food procurable. Fuel abundant on right bank.

22nd point. One hour forty minutes above 21st point.

23rd point. Forty minutes above last point. Land poor. Hills unpicturesque on left bank. Right bank better.

24th point. Five minutes above last point.

25th point. Twenty-five minutes above last point. Cross over to right bank unless you have plenty of fuel on board.

26th point. Right bank. Splendid young trees for building, on low terrace along shore. Hill slopes forested. Lions, elephant, and buffalo, and many antelope frequent this shore. The right bank is utterly uninhabited.

27th point. Half an hour's steaming above last point. Mswata in view on left bank. Note the large trees near river to distinguish it. Ganchu's Point, right bank, visible above it.

28th point. Thirty-five minutes above last. Opposite tall bush and trees on S. side in Malivu Bend. Villages opposite. Hills on left bank lower than on right.

29th point. Just above first village seen on right bank from Stanley Pool. Twenty-five minutes from last point.

30th point. Just above little river. Grassy Point very suitable for camp. Thirty-five minutes above last point.

31st point. Just above little snug cove. Twenty-five minutes above last point.

32nd point. Malivu village is opposite. Thirty-five minutes above 31st point.

33rd point. Just below Mswata. Forty-five minutes above last point.

34th point. You are now opposite native village of Mswata. About twelve miles below confluence of Kwa and Congo.

“These directions are for small, light-draught steamers and row boats. Fifty yards off shore will clear most points. No trouble of ascent to six knots steam-power. Between the points there is slack water clear of rocks. If steamer is powerful, say ten knots, night and day are available for navigation without fear. No night so dark but you can see the grey gleam of water, or black outline of shore. Centre of stream has depth from 60 to 250 feet deep. Average velocity of current in middle, five knots; in many places it is seven knots, which our small steamers could never ascend.”

On April 26th we appeared before Mswata, and after coquetting a little with the people on shore, were invited to approach. The chief, Gobila, was an exceedingly stout man, of about forty-five, very unking-like in dress. Beyond friendly greetings, no business was done on this our first arrival. Eleven full days were employed in the negotiations. A great deal of patient palavering was needed for both parties to arrive at a thorough understanding.

Above Kimbangu, on Stanley Pool, the chief Gobila is the first Kiteké chief we meet on the left bank. The aborigines are Banfunu, whose chief is Gandelay, without whose permission and consent it would have been useless to conclude negotiations, as a contrary word from him would have made them impossible. After he was informed of our arrival, he appeared at Mswata with an unusual display, heralded by musical instruments. Ganchu of the Bateké, on the right bank, also came in three canoes, drums, bells, and horns melodiously an-

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Mswata.

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May 1.
Mswata.

nouncing his approach. Ganchu, however, was not on his own soil, great as he might be on the territory of the Batéke. He was a very handsome, light-complexioned man, exceedingly vain and ceremonious. His head was covered with a knit cap, made of palm fibre, to which was fastened the tail feathers of several chanticleers. Some of his men sported the downy feathers of the pelican.

Gandelay's state eclipsed both Gobila's and Ganchu's, for he was borne in a hammock, possessed a couple of leopard skins to sit upon, several females to brush off the flies from his stateliness, servants to blow sweet music on ivory horns, and drummers, great and small, to increase the sound. He was also a good-looking person, amiably disposed, if one may judge by results. He presented three goats, a basket of ground-nuts, a jar of palm oil, a pot of honey, half-a-dozen fowls, and several bunches of bananas.

Gobila broached the subject of my coming amongst them. The land, he said, belonged to Gandelay, chief of the Banfunu, while he was only an ivory trader, long settled on the river. He was quite willing to admit me as his neighbour and friend. A choice of places would be given me, but Gandelay, who was present, must confirm the deed.

Ganchu, tax-collector of Mpumu Ntaba, the great chief of the Bateké country on the north bank, spoke: "I belong to the Bateké. I like white men to come into the country. If Gandelay refuses Bula Matari, I will take him, and take 'Commanda,' and take all who

come; the more the better. We will make plenty of trade then. Speak, Gandelay. Will you take him, or let him come with me?"

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May 1.
Mswat.

Gandelay replied: "I am chief of all this country, from the Wampoko to the Kwa, and from the mouth of the Kwa to the land of the Wabuma. To Gobila I have given the river bank from Malivu to the Kwa. If Gobila accepts Bula Matari as his white man, the Banfunu will also accept him, and Bula Matari shall be my brother."

Under such friendly auspices we were duly initiated into the lordship of our little estate. Lieutenant Eugene Janssen was introduced to the chiefs, by whom he was taken by the hand, and made to stand on a low hill, where he was bade to look around and choose the site of his house. We chose a long low hill, commanding a lengthy prospect down the river, and a shorter, though not more unpleasing prospect, above. It was situated about 800 yards below the native village.

The day succeeding the termination of our negotiations was marked by the arrival of a good-looking quartermaster of the French navy, named Giral. He rejoiced in perfect health, and was as merry as a cricket. He had been visiting Léopoldville, of course, and had at last relieved poor Malameen from his compulsory residence at Kinshassa. With 100 such young men as Giral, so good-natured, so brave, so intelligent, one might find an empire in Africa easily enough.

Gobila had imbibed a larger quantity of Kiyanzi beer

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May 3.
Mswata.

than usual this morning, and was disposed to be rude at first to the stranger, which Giral had the good sense to laugh at. We finally persuaded Gobila to be happy and good, when he became zealous to show Giral what a remarkably hospitable chief Gobila could be when pleased. After partaking of our hospitality for one night, Mons. Giral left next morning for Ganchu's village, which is just above Ganchu's Point, on the north side. From here he proposed to travel to the capital of Mpumu Ntaba in Mbé, on the right side of the Congo.

Fourteen hours' steaming from Mswata down the river brought us to Léopoldville on the 9th of May, when the assembled chiefs of Kintamo clustered at the landing-place and greeted us with cordial welcomes. I was much affected by this manifestation of friendship, as it encouraged me greatly. It was like a return home.

During my absence four caravans had arrived at Léopoldville, and I learned, among other news, that Lieutenant Harou had delivered up his station to Lieutenant Nilis, but that no officer had arrived at the Pool to take command of the Sixth Station, nor was any officer *en route*, despite my frequent letters urging the despatch of the Europeans from Vivi.

Unable to wait, I despatched the whale-boat and two canoes, with the men and stores for the Sixth Station, on the 10th of May, and on the 11th I steamed up river again in the *En Avant*, arriving at Mswata Station at sunset on the 14th.

Young Lieutenant Janssen had distinguished himself meanwhile by a great progress in the construction of a commodious house, while to Papa Gobila he bore himself with filial respect. The stout old man regarded him with paternal pride. Gobila, with rare humour, had christened his white son "Susu Mpembe," or the "White Chicken."

1882.
May 10.
Mswata.

As it would be a month at least before any Europeans could arrive at the Pool, after the departure of the special courier bearing the order to the chief of Vivi to despatch all the Europeans designed for the Upper Congo, it appeared to me advisable to set forward with the steamer, and explore the Kwa river, in order to discover whether any special advantages would result from a more intimate acquaintance with that river and its tribes. Meantime the men of the Sixth Station might render valuable assistance to Lieutenant Janssen, and expedite the construction of the station, clear the ground in its neighbourhood, lay out gardens, and improve the approaches to it from the river, and from Mswata and the inland villages.

CHAPTER XXI.

DISCOVERY OF LAKE LÉOPOLD II.

Start on the exploration of the Kwa—The Mbihé and the Mfini—The scenery of the Kwa—Fertile soil—Towing canoes, unsuccessful—Curious natives—“Don’t frighten Gankabi too much”—Kemeh Island—Sepulchre of chiefs—Different colours of the river—Musyé—Eela, the faithless—Mosquitoes in myriads—Natives extracting salt from grass—Gankabi, Queen of Musyé—A commanding woman—“Follow me this instant to Ngeté!”—Scarcity of food—Musyé—Munono—Difficulty in getting information—Hostile natives on the river’s banks—An unexpected lake—Film of dust upon the water—Bays and wood-clad shore—Our lessening food—Encounter with native canoes—Fright and skurry—Pursuit and a dive for a capture—“There are many better than I in our village”—Repelled by natives—Circumnavigation of Lake Léopold II.—Hunger, illness, and return to Léopoldville—Rest at Isangila.

1882.
May 19.
Mswata.

HAVING engaged a couple of guides from Gobila, and one from Ganchu—the tax-collector on the north bank—we set out in the *En Avant* on the 19th of May for our exploring trip up the Kwa.* which river, from all we could hear, was formed of two rivers, white and black waters, respectively named Mbihé and Mfini. Further, we were told that the Mbihé was large and rapid, and that it was dangerous to canoe navigation

* This river was falsely named Ibari Nkutu to me in 1877 by the unscrupulous sons of Chumbiri. The natives along its banks call the united river, below the junction of the Mbihé and the Mfini, the Kwa.

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May 19.
Mswata.

because of frequent explosive movements in the water, which was liable to sudden boiling up with wild commotion, followed by an equally abrupt subsidence. The Mfini, however, was a wide and even-flowing stream, navigable for a great distance until there was a barrier, formed by the two banks curving and meeting together. The natives, by embracing two hands together, endeavoured to explain this union of the banks, or formation of a barrier—by which I supposed they meant a reedy tangle of papyrus, water-cane, *Pistia stratiotes*, water-lilies, &c., a feature of tropical aqueous vegetation common to many African rivers of sluggish current. Clearer information about these rivers we could not obtain, owing to the jealousies of trade, and the information we did receive was coloured deeply with alarming reports of aboriginal ferocity: the spears were sharper and longer, the muscular force greater, and the will to do mischief upon every possible occasion more ready than elsewhere. Consequently I was not very sanguine that I could do more than merely examine a certain length of river and return speedily.

I prepared for a 200 miles journey, or six days steaming against the current. At the utmost I supposed I should be absent nine days, and rations for that period were accordingly placed aboard. With a few bales and boxes of beads, some packages of brass rods, fuel, reserve of oil, fourteen men, and three guides, "*En avant!*" was uttered to the engineer, and we started.

Within a little less than an hour we had rounded

1882.
May 19.
Mswata.

Ganchu's Point, when, on account of the narrowness of the stream, we encountered a strong current; but a rush across to the left bank enabled us to avoid the tedious ascent of the north side, and to make a noticeable headway. The bend below is a grand sweep of water. On the southern shores of it is a fine field for the future agriculturist. Its rich soil shows its adaptability to his wants, which are further met by the presence of clear water, fuel, timber on the slopes of the hills for building, and the choice of many points on which a farmhouse could be built having the enjoyment of a long prospect of river scenery.

In half an hour, Ganchu's promontory was out of view, and the river opened out to the width of a mile and a half by the receding north bank, which shows from the south bank in agreeable and well-wooded lines of hills, pierced by many little streams issuing cool and clear from beneath shady depths. On the south side we have nothing very agreeable to look upon; the ground rises in a dry front of arid bluffs, with scrub on their edges; in the hollows are a tree or two, and at the mouths of gullies a clump of trees, guarded by ugly rock, close in-shore, until by-and-bye, a few miles above Ganchu's promontory, a belt of young trees lines the low shore, and screens the hungry features of rocky hills, and lean wasted knolls, while above us, we have as grateful a view as could be desired. The left bank curves outward to the north-north west, and midway we see the mouth of the Kwa River, variously called the Kwango, and Ibari

Nkutu. Uyanzi begins on the right bank, presenting to us a triangular tract sloping up from the confluence with a green smoothness of aspect, like the glacis of a fortress, to the top of some hills behind, which may be, perhaps, 250 feet above the river. The north bank opposite presents a bolder outline, with hills of more commanding height and steeper slopes, but, by their woods, proving the fertility of the soil.

The Kwa, at the mouth, we found to be a deep rapid stream, 450 yards wide, of a much browner colour than the Congo. It enters from the north-east, while the Congo meets it here from the north by west. The first view upward is not promising; the banks are sheer bluff walls, of reddish stone and clay.

We had been three hours and forty minutes ascending the twelve miles from Mswata, which, with a little palaver at Ganchu, had so delayed us that it was now 1.30 P.M. when we entered the river. The Kwa we soon discovered to be much more crooked than the Great River, and until well after sunset, our course up was a series of traverses from right bank to left bank, and *vice versâ*, or from point No. 1 to point No. 2, and so on; no portion of the route offering a resting-place until we had passed the third point, when the low plain of Manaliza, on the left bank, offered at least a change in the scene. The river now widens a little, and presents a longer reach; while presently, on the right bank, we see another village, called Matari's. Before we come to point No. 5, we have a little islet to admire; the hills fall back, giving place to narrow

1882.
May 19.
Mswata.

1882.
May 19.
Gobila's.

level terraces, which might be of some use to man if there were more trees in view. Round Point 5 is an old village of Gobila's; in fact, a poor brother of Gobila has been made lord of it, but judging from the poverty-stricken look of the village, he appears to be a shiftless kind of character. Gobila's guide being a headman, of course obtains for us a welcome, and dark night has covered us all before we can see the outlines of the huts.

Next morning, while the crew of the steamer is busy cutting fuel, and steam is being made by my young Danish sailor, Albert Christopherson,—who by this time is clever at native languages, clever at hauling wagons, clever at carpentering, and now shows his cleverness at driving an engine—we have a chance of seeing what kind of soil is on these riverine terraces. Gobila's headman takes me round the fields, to the cassava plantations, and he pulls up several mammoth tubers well fitted to obtain the prize at an Agricultural Exhibition for healthiness and size; he also shows the sugar-cane, of gigantic height and, when tried, of exquisite saccharine flavour. I am like a city boy on a rustic outing. I admire everything, eat raw cassava, try the sugar-cane like a barbarian of inner Africa, eat the ground-nuts, which are so fat, so white, and so tender. I load my pockets, and finally, pockets and hands being full, think of my cap, and return to the steamer with my gifts of rural produce to exhibit to Albert, who shows his hearty appreciation by driving his white teeth into the cane-stalk, and smiling broadly

his full content with the situation—because, for the first time since coming into Africa, we are relieved from stern, severe, and exacting work. We have thrown off memories of anxieties and privations endured together, and are now as happy as schoolboys out on a holiday, during which we intend, God willing, to procure a maximum of pleasure.

Steam ready, fuel stacked aboard, we leave the landing-place, and continue the journey up the Kwa. There is a grassy islet close to the soft bank opposite, and a quiet channel. We steered for the channel, and soon met a canoe bound down river to Stanley Pool with ivory. Our native guide had friends aboard, who were hailed. Soon we overtook two other canoes going up to Queen Gankabi, who lived with her tribe at a place called Musyé (pronounced Musyay). The crews seemed in a terrible fright; but our chief guide Ankoli soon quieted them. They had great pots of beer aboard, heaps of dried fish, crockery from Uyanzi; they had been on a trading expedition, and were returning to Musyé.

“Would they like to be towed up river?”

“Ah, well, we don't know. We are rather afraid of those turning things (paddle-wheels).”

“Oh, no. We will give you a rope, to which you will hold fast; and if you look after your steering, it will be all right, and Ankoli says we shall reach Musyé to-night.”

They were persuaded to try. We gave them a rope, to which they held on firmly. The steamer moved

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May 20.
Kwa River.

1882.
May 20.
Mabwa.

ahead, the paddle-wheels revolved fast, and drove the brown waves far astern. The prow of the canoe was dragged through, and its steersman, becoming a little excited, deflected the prow athwart the waves. Then the water began to enter the canoe; the excitement increased with the imminent danger; the native was being dragged overboard; the canoe was capsizing; then we halted the steamer, and the poor natives shook their heads and said—

“ Ah, no; those turning things are bad—they throw too much water at us.”

We waved our hands to them, and went on our own way alone.

The village of Mabwa is first seen on the right bank, bowered in banana-fronds; the peaky hills sweep round in a comfortable, cosy fold. It is a pretty, agreeable locality. The river opens out finely. On the left bank is a broad plain. By the depth of alluvium which the broken banks show, we know the plain must be a fertile tract.

Above Mabwa, the river appears a veritable Congo in breadth—more than two miles wide.

Embo-Embo comes into view, with a grove of tall trees around it, and a still more spacious plain extending inland to blue hills. The left bank is also a rich plain well-wooded, while along the river border numbers of villages appear. They include Livini, Mabula, and intervening and recurring fishing hamlets, each owning a little flotilla of dug-outs. Grassy islets are of course numerous, in series with channels between

them. Egrets and ducks and pelicans are startled in successive flocks away from these islets, by the strenuous throbbing of the engine, and the noise of the escape-pipe. The hippos gather in sober conclave to wait the advent of this terrible disturbing demon intruding on their quiet haunts, and then, utterly bewildered by the increasing clearness of the sounds, they abandon their apparent studious indifference, and, like fish, disappear from the surface.

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May 20.
Mabwa.

At Mabula the valley of the Kwa is broad. On either banks are the plains of rich grass, stretching to distant lines of deep blue hills.

Soon after passing Mabula we take advantage of a channel, and cross over to the right bank. Seeing some canoes which desire to accost us, we halt, and allow them to come up for conversation.

“Where are you going? And what is this all for? What kind of a thing is this that goes up by itself on our waters?”

“Oh,” Ankoli responds in a matter-of-fact manner (he has forgotten that he was also frightened by it a few days ago), “we are going to visit Gankabi. This is Bula Matari, you know, brother of great Gobila, and this is the white man’s boat. Ah, it takes the likes of white men to do things like this, you know!”

At which there is a great cry of admiration, and very cautious approaches, lest those things begin to revolve again, and send them all to the bottom.

Finally, when we express a desire to go on to find

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Mabula.

a camp before night, they cry out. "Now, mind don't frighten Gankabi too much. We hope you will be very good to her."

"Oh, we won't frighten her, not for the world, poor woman, not for the world!"

Kemeh Island appeared, with its tall trees, far ahead, dominating the waters and the plains. The pale blue sky, out of which the sun had shone with fervour all day, now began to be overcast. Large masses of grey clouds advancing from the west, finally shrouded the sun; and then the clouds grew blacker, auguring that the day would close with a rain-storm. Long before we could see any immediate signs of a camp, the lightning began to play, darting through the dark clouds, and with the rolling of thunder announcing that the tempest was near. The breeze rose, fair and strong astern, and a sail was hoisted to assist our progress. On the level expanse of plain to our right we were yet unable to see aught by which we could replenish our fuel; but at 5.45 P.M. the rain began to drop, and we had to lay up for the night, a clear mile away from a scrubby grove, where fuel might perhaps be found in the morning.

We were ill-prepared for the rainy tempestuous night that followed. With the sail, however, stretched over an oar, we contrived to pass the night without being wetted, though a certain dampness was unavoidable.

We were a long time in getting under way next morning. Fuel had to be carried a great distance over a sloppy plain. The young scrubby grove furnished

but poor material. The mud at the landing-place became a quagmire, and looking at it in this chilly, damp state added to the disagreeableness of our situation. Steam took hours of coaxing before it rose in the meter, despite our fond nourishment of the fire; but at noon we started.

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Kemeh Is.

Kemeh Island—the Holy Isle—wherein the kings and queens of the Wabuma are sepulchred under the shade of the tall, deep grove, was soon reached. Clouds of parrots rioted above, and made the air alive with sound. Turtle-doves cooed their love-songs to missing mates; hawks soared in the clear air contemplating some desired prey. Aboard came dragon-flies; and great gad-flies now and then bit us viciously. Tsetse, too, were not wanting to force us to desist from romantic brooding over the histories of the dead chiefs who in sweet oblivion lie honorably interred in the Holy Isle.

Still skirting the right bank, we arrive at a place where grey rocky hills slope to the water's edge. We round the first point, and half-circle with the curve of a bight, and come to another rocky point, passing which we discover ourselves at the lower extremity of the populous settlement of Musyé.

What with the miserable feeling of the morning, and the racing of the night before in search of some convenient trees, I have omitted to say that the right half of the Kwa is black as coffee, while the left half is a pale grey, resembling lime-wash in colour. The black water is discharged by the Mfini River, which is

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Musyé.

the right branch; the grey comes out of the Mbilié, or the left branch.

The centre of Musyé settlement commands the confluence of these two rivers. As they are so different in colour, it will be easy for the future traveller to find his way from one stream to the other without a guide. But a hasty glance at the prospect will scarcely denote the route he should take. He sees only a wide flat prospect covered with pale green reeds, from a distance, not unlike a wide field of waving grain, through which he views two broad watery channels as wide as the Seine at Paris, conflowing towards the united river he has voyaged upon to Musyé.

Naturally the appearance of a steamer created a sensation among the inhabitants of Musyé. For us it is well that it did so, since anything less would scarcely have roused the drowsy people from their noon-sleep, or from their noon-carousals over beer and trade-gossip under their verandahs, or in the cool twilight of their houses. Within two minutes the rumour had awakened the whole place; the people mustered in crowds on the bank; and many of the most daring shot out into the river in their light dug-outs to examine, while floating down the stream, the strange structure that, without aid of hand or effort of muscle, cleaved the waters of the Kwa, and beat them astern into two lines of rolling waves.

The first founder of the community must have possessed an eye to business. No European could

have chosen better. The site was a rich earth terrace, 20 to 40 feet above the highest flood. Behind it, at a respectable distance, was a low grassy ridge, in the folds of which there was ample room for gardens, fields, and pasture ground. The grey Mbihé was open to them for several days' journey; the black stream of the Mfini offered to them the same advantages. The lower course of the Kwa offered access to the cloth markets of Stanley Pool, or to the upper markets of Uyanzi for ivory, beer, and crockery, in exchange for the camwood powder and dried fish and millet and Indian corn and tobacco that could be obtained from some tribes of their rivers.

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Musyc.

Ankoli discovered, after some inquiries, that Gankabi, the queen, was absent up the Mfini. The people did not know, or would not tell, when she would be back, and no one would undertake to invite us to the settlement.

We asked for Eela, the wife of Kibibi, the woman who had vowed a score of times that Bula Matari was her "man." Eela came raving up. Oh, woman, coy, and hard to please, faithless like all the rest! In the hour of danger she denied her "man."

"Ha! Bula Matari," she screamed, clutching her throat. "Have I no throat? Must this, my only one, be slit to please you? Who am I that you ask me to take you in when Gankabi is away? Out upon you for a fool! My throat is worth more to me than all your cloth!"

"O Eela, Eela; never more will I trust the word

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Musyé.

of a woman!" I cried. "Is this the extent of your love for me? Have I dared the dangers of the mighty river's flood and many stony points and rapids, and come up the Kwa, to be denied by you, who exclaimed before all Mfwa and Kintamo that I was your 'man'? Oh, Eela! Eela! ungrateful, faithless, fickle Eela! Adieu, wicked traitress! I go. Rest in peace!"

The steam meanwhile had risen to ten atmospheres, and when I gave the order to "go ahead," the *En Avant* seemed to partake of my rage, for she darted off with such velocity that a cry of admiration was raised along the peopled bank.

The villages of Musyé extended along the right bank, continuously from the Mfini to the Kwa, a distance of five miles. The population may be estimated at 5000 souls. Gankabi's reign is absolute over this portion of the tribe of the Wabuma, and it is evident that her subjects stand in considerable awe of her. Her son, Buguku, is chief over both banks of the Kwa, and his territory must be extensive, judging from the reports of the guides.

We camped at 5.45 on a little island in the Mfini River, a few miles below Mbutchi. Hitherto we had enjoyed considerable immunity from mosquitoes. At Vivi and Manyanga mosquitoes were unknown; at Léopoldville they troubled us occasionally at first, but the large clearing and terrace chilled them, and finally drove them away. At Mswata they were so rare that they were comparative curiosities, but in this low grassy region, in the extensive reedy flats in the



UP THE MFINI TO LAKE LÉOPOLD II.

Mfini, they existed in myriads upon myriads. Not an inch of space above or below, except within the boiler, seemed untenanted by the vicious and insatiable insects. Our mosquito-nets contributed some relief to Albert and myself, but as for the poor crew—fires all round them, and clouds of smoke and long wisps of grass availed them but little—they said it was one long agony all night.

Fuel was very scarce. Everything that bore the semblance of being dry wood was industriously searched for, but it was eight o'clock on the 21st before we were able to move from the islet.

We seemed to be voyaging up some reedy river delta. High green spear-grass, taller than a man's head, spread over a space some fifteen miles in breadth, and of unknown length, through which these two rivers flowed for many miles. About a mile to our left, as we ascended, was a continuous range of low hills, with the crest partly wooded, and the slopes and base wholly. If we look to our right the line of hills seems to be between fifteen and twenty miles off, and all the space between seems to be occupied with this low and level grassy expanse, except where some scrubby tree grew, or a clump of worthless cotton-wood, whose soft, pithy, fibrous texture was most unfit for fuel. Altogether this was a most singular condition of things to us who had been so long amongst rocks and hard wood forests. Yet it should be mentioned that the river was now at high-flood, or near the commencement of its subsidence, as the black loam which

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nourished this dense crop of spear-grass here and there showed itself.

Necessity has taught the natives that a nitrous salt can be extracted from this grass. In June, July, and August they cut large quantities of it, which they leave on swathes on the ground until it is dry, and then collect it into heaps and burn it. Afterwards they collect the lye, and in their pots—which this black clay and loam enable them to make—they boil it. In the residuum they find their salt, which is a dirty grey in colour.

A singular thing which we observed in this river, so close to such fat pastures, was the utter absence of hippopotami, whereas in the Mbihé they are very abundant. This may, however, be due to the fact that, being high-flood, the river overflows the water-courses, and penetrates the depressions behind the natural banks of the river, where they may lie undisturbed. But in the whole course of the Mfini River we did not observe one of these animals; crocodiles also were very rare.

About an hour after we left our camp we were met by two well-manned canoes; in the foremost of which there was a female paddling vigorously for a few strokes, and then in a peculiar style bringing her right arm akimbo to her waist. Ankoli recognised her, and cried out, “There is Gankabi!”

Naturally, to meet such a celebrity, the Queen of Musyé, the friend of Gobila, and the principal person on the river, we halted very quickly; and, without the

slightest sign of timidity, she steered her forty-five foot canoe alongside. This very action on her part denoted a person of character. She brought her paddle in-board, and with her right arm to her waist she examined us keenly and attentively for some minutes without speaking.

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She probably was listening to Ankoli, who, like all other natives, begin at the very beginning of a story, and continue to the end. Her attentive survey of Bula Matari was with interest reciprocated. Excepting her hair and colour she had nothing negroid about her. Draw a figure with the Martha Washington type of face, colour it with rich bronze, put short frizzly hair of a negro above, and one has a striking likeness of Queen Gankabi. If of full length, draw it to represent a figure of 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches of sturdy, square-shouldered, substantial form, with an ample grass-cloth about her; bare bust, bare feet and bare head, with no ornaments about her except a heavy copper wristlet, and you have a life-like picture of Queen Gankabi.

Among negro women this kind of face of the Martha Washington type—austere, fixed, resolute, and earnest-eyed—is very unusual. Probably I have seen 200,000 African women during my many years of travel in the Dark Continent, and I cannot remember to have seen more than half-a-dozen such women. A certain feminine softness was prevalent; they were narrow browed, with narrow and receding chins, but the best of these formidable types were governing women, great in their own way, such as the Queen Mother of Uganda, and

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Musyé.

Gankabi, Queen of Musyé. That the latter was not greater is due solely to a lack of opportunities. Perhaps Candace of Ethiopia, and Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, may have been women of the same type. I observe, however, that such women have one strong character written on their features, viz., Maternity, the ideal maternity!

“So you are Bula Matari!” She did not speak gently, but abruptly, rather with the air of a judge.

“Yes.”

“Come along with me. You can stop at Ngeté to-day, and to-morrow we can go to Musyé.”

This woman commanded already.

“Pardon, Gankabi. Musyé I saw yesterday, Musyé drove me away. I came up river, and I am now going to the end of it.”

“What! you cannot go higher than Ngeté with me. Do you know I am Gankabi, and what I say is done? Ay?”

“Oh, well, Ankoli has told me of Gankabi. Gobila has spoken of Gankabi. I know Gankabi is great, the mother of Buguku, and Queen of the Wabuma; but my name is Bula Matari, ‘the man who breaks rocks.’” (There is nothing like asserting one’s self in such an obstinate presence. If I had not done so, this virago would have taught me, I believe, what a stout-armed mother can do. The paddle was in her hand!)

“Be quiet. Follow me this instant to Ngeté. What do you want to see the river for? There is nothing beyond Ngeté. The two banks meet so. [She inter-

laced the fingers of both hands.] Take my word for it, and come along."

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Musyé.

"No," I replied. "To-day I do not wish to see Ngeté. I am going to see the end of this river, and when I return, if you are at Musyé, I will see you, that is, if you wish; if not, I go down as I came up past you."

"Well, what next, I wonder! How will you go past Ngeté? The people will fight you. No one is allowed to go past Ngeté. The people are bad; they will kill you all."

"Ah, well, I shall be very sorry to get killed, of course; but I must go all the same."

"What for?"

"To see the river."

"And what will you do with it, when you do see it?"

"Nothing. When I have seen the end, I will return."

"Enough then. Listen. Stay here. Go close to the bank there, and I will go and get you something to eat, and we will go together down to Musyé."

"No. I am glad to have seen you. You go and do your work at Ngeté. Wait there two or three days, and I shall return to you, and together we will go to Musyé."

"No, no, no; do not be foolish, Bula Matari. Come on with me to this next village, and I will give you some food and you shall stay there. Meantime, I will go to Ngeté and get my things, and we will go down to Musyé to-day."

I assented to go with her as far as the village, where she procured me a goat and some bananas, which were

1882.
May 21.
Musyé.

very acceptable presents. We waited an hour for her return from Ngeté, after she had departed on her errand, and then, fearing that she might have another opportunity to begin her obstinate entreaties, we continued on our voyage. When Ngeté, which was also a populous place almost as large as Musyé, appeared in view, Albert received a hint to fire up to eight atmospheres of steam, with which we dashed on despite the frantic shouts of the people of Ngeté, in the midst of which Gankabi's conspicuous figure was seen waving her hands energetically with all the stern mother's manner so noticeable in her character.

Ngeté is on the left bank, and commands the entrance to two channels caused by a long island. The site is a reddish clay hump rising above the surrounding sea of spear-grass. Just above are the villages of Impali, and five or six miles higher is the district of Muleké, where we arrived at 3 P.M. Our fuel was almost consumed, and there seemed to be no prospect of obtaining any. The wooded hills appeared to be about a mile away from either bank. After consultation with Ankoli we thought it best to treat for fuel, bread, and bananas. It may be imagined what kind of a country this was when we had to purchase wood for fuel!

The people found a means to approach the steamer, and visit us by a natural canal. We found them a wild-looking set. Their women, like the Wy-yanzi, affect heavy brass collars, from ten to sixty pounds weight of brass around their necks, while leglets and

armlets were also massive. The hair was in towering top-knots. They carried spears like Zulu assegais; the shafts being slender and long, and beautifully grooved.

1882.
May 22.
Ngeté.

With Ankoli's assistance we were not long in making friends with Ifwé, chief of Muleké. But negotiations with African chiefs are tedious affairs, and require a vast deal of patience. The explorer may fret and fume, and wish to finish his set task within a reasonable time; but the force of circumstances in this grass-banked river were too strong for once, even with a steamer. Our fuel cost us 100 brass rods, which at this distance were worth sixpence each. Fish—dried and fresh—was abundant; one dried, twelve inches (*Silurus*), was worth one brass rod, or a sixpence; six fresh fish, a foot long, were purchased for four brass rods, or two shillings.

On the 23rd, our steamers, well loaded with dry fuel, set out from Muleké at noon.

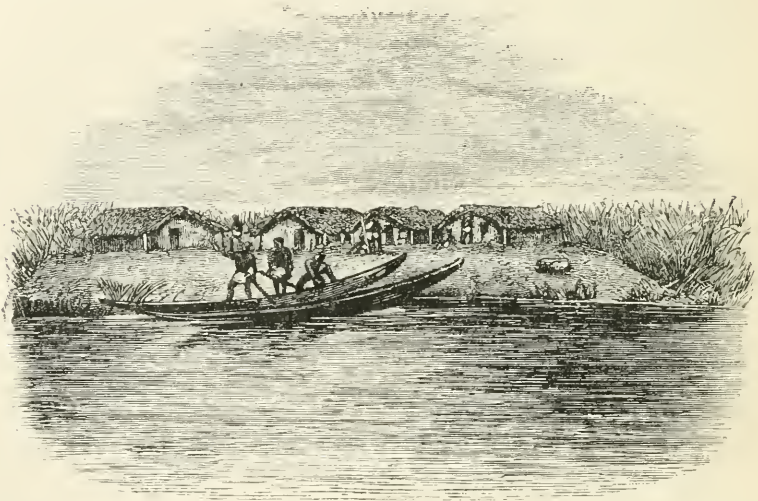
The tribes inhabiting the district on the left bank, and who extend far inland, are the Basazza. Muleké is the first district we encountered. There is but a slight difference in dialect between their language and that of the Wabuma. Ankoli was therefore still useful to us.

Ndua, a village situated on another humpy rise in the land, reminded us of a Nilotic village during an inundation. Though it was only 12 feet above the level of the river, it was at a commanding height above it, the sea of grass rustling and waving beneath, judging from the prominence of the black figures of its people,

1882.
May 23.
Ndua.

who stood grouped, watching the approach of the steamer under sail and steam.

A few miles above Ndua, we came to the upper end of the long island, to pass which had required five hours' steaming. At its upper extremity on the right bank stands the village of Ganto. At 5 P.M. we prepared to camp on the left bank near a clump of cotton-wood trees, from which we managed to pick some remnants of dried wood.



VILLAGE OF NDU A.

Early dawn on the 24th found us moving up river, and about 7 A.M. we came to a grove of hard wood in a bend of the stream. Such being a great rarity in this region, we availed ourselves of the treasure, and in two hours we were well loaded with at least enough for eighteen hours' continuous steaming.

Ndu Kumbi, a large village on the left bank, was reached within an hour, and about 1 P.M. we were

abreast of Musyé Munono, where Ankoli possessed friends. This compelled another stoppage for the day, which was not considered regrettable, since we obtained a supply of fresh bread, made of millet, sufficient to last for several days. The bread was in the form of a roll of about nine inches long and one inch in diameter, thirty being obtainable for a brass rod.

All this time, despite our utmost efforts to obtain information, nothing was elicited tending to make one suppose that farther up there was any extraordinary feature worth seeing. The natives willingly imparted all they knew; they gave the names of villages and peoples, and told us what villages possessed "good people." At "the end of the river," they said, was a meeting of the banks, beyond which the steamer could not travel.

Since leaving Ngeté the river had varied in breadth from 250 yards to 400 yards, deep enough for all the purposes of navigation. Although the man at the bow held the sounding-pole in his hand, and continually tested the depth, we were never warned of shoal water. The current was a steady even flow of two and a half knots per hour, and the river was clean from bank to bank, presenting no obstructions, such as snags or sand-bars, between the sedgy banks. Had there been wood on its shores we should have considered it as superior even to the Congo for navigation, from its unruffled flow, deep water, and clean bed. An artificial canal could not have excelled it. It had also a gently-winding course, though erratic in the detail of

1882.
May 24.
Ndu
Kumbi.

1882.
May 25.
Yamvu.

the curves, but was without eddies, backwaters, or rushing currents at the corners; everywhere it was smoothly flowing, even at the angles.

On the 25th, soon after leaving Musyé Munono, we passed the village of Mukana—right bank—which was hostile, we were told, to the former. Near noon, on a bluff about 80 feet above the river, appeared Yamvu, the people of which, despite our endeavour to be peaceable, would not respond, but kept regarding us, weapons in hands, with a mute and stupid curiosity. By the banana groves flourishing around, we should judge Yamvu must be blessed with plenty. Abundance of fish, unequalled growth of bananas, with palm-oil, millet-seed for bread, form a luxurious chop for black Africans bred on such a diet.

The latitude at noon showed we were in S. Lat. $2^{\circ} 27'$. At 12.45 P.M. we sighted and passed Unkuri. Until near night we held on our way—sedgy banks on either hand, to the depth of half a mile, backed by a line of low hills, which were always inaccessible, except for narrow dug-outs, which could be punted through the foot-wide channels in the sedge.

Near the evening of this day, at the end of a long reach, we came to a sudden curve of the river. The hills on the right ran sharply to the left, while the river reach appeared to end at their base. The sedge became narrower on the right, and for the first time we looked upon the space between the river's course and the base line of the hills, and saw they were lines of silent pools or lagoons, connected by intricate narrow

channels. On an ant-hill, where there were a couple of ruined huts, we made our camp. The next morning we were obliged to break up one of these huts to obtain fuel.

But next morning, pressing onward, we found the river course simply curving at right angles to the long reach, and that we had not arrived at the end yet. An hour later a change in the monotony of sedgy banks and broad sedgy valley appeared. The river now washed on the right the base of well-wooded and green hills of moderate height, and green-topped bluffs, crowned with populous villages, were seen. Mutumba was first spoken. Ankoli had never been so far. He mentioned the name of Gankabi, but the name evoked not that interest we should have expected. They crowded to the steamer in unpleasant numbers, which seemed to be augmenting. We should have purchased food were there any immediate prospect of being able to effect a favourable impression. But time was valuable to us, and we were not prepared for a lengthened sojourn on the present voyage. We steamed on, with a promise that we should call on our way back. Half a dozen other villages, pleasantly situated, came into view one after another. The two last commanded the confluence of two channels, the left, a hundred yards wide, "led to Ngana;" but whether Ngana is a river, lake, village, or district, we did not know. We chose the right-hand channel, as being the largest, or rather widest, being three times the width of the other. A sedgy tract, which spread out like a waving grain-

1882.
May 26.
Lake
Léopold.

1882.
May 26.
Lake
Léopold.

field, separated one from the other. The right bank was a tree-clothed steep, exquisitely green, and the large umbrageous red-wood trees towered from near the water's edge far up the bluff face of the hills. Then we were sheered from their immediate neighbourhood by a tract of sedge again, but there was still 500 yards of clear water. Within two hours, a break in the dense low sedge on our left gave us a view of two miles of clear water, and it was only now I began to suspect that we were about entering a lake, perhaps a wide marsh.

I examined with interest the shores, and observed that we were passing them at an unusual speed. We halted, and reversed the engines; there was a slight current perceptible still. We dropped a lead-line overboard, and found 22 feet.

A low point, with one palm conspicuous on it, stood out from the right bank, and the nearer we approached it, the more I became convinced that we had stumbled unexpectedly upon a lake, for to our left the low hills were five miles away, and between us was open water.

As we steamed along, we observed on the inky surface of the lake a film of dust, which was like flour of sulphur in colour, and far away in the wake of the steamer astern, the water was like a lengthy mirror set in a broad gilded frame.

Just above One Palm Point we found a bight, with a smooth pebbly shore, and deep impenetrable woody tangle aback. Here we camped, at 5 o'clock, to obtain

fuel, to romp on the clean pebbled shore, to skim flat blue slate stones, and sling round marble-like pebbles of quartz and porous red stone on the yellow sulphurous face of the lake. The light pithy cotton-wood we had obtained on the banks of the river below was here discarded and thrown overboard, and harder white wood, with a deep red core, was substituted instead. In the morning the discarded firewood was still floating in our neighbourhood.

1882.
May 26.
Lake
Léopold.

The water, when held to the light in a glass, was of the colour of brandy, but looking down into deep water, it was like ink.

The next day, the 27th of May, we continued our voyage of exploration, and skirted the shore, at the distance of 100 yards off from it.

As we proceeded, we observed that the left shore receded gradually from view, until our eyes rested on a watery horizon eastward. But, by the dark loom of land over the bow of the steamer, we became convinced that this lake possessed great bays indenting far inland, or that there were large islands in it. We sounded occasionally, and found the depth to vary from 10 feet to 24 feet. Not a ripple ruffled its smooth dead surface, but that winds did occasionally agitate it was proved by the line of wave-washed shore, by the rounded pebbles strewn on it, by the form of the sandy beach, and the traces of the effects of spurted spindrift, and sprayed surge visible in the shade of overhanging shrubbery.

Most of our attention was, however, attracted to the

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wood-clothed shore, which rose in harmonious lines from the margin of the lake to the leafy summit of hills varying from 150 to 300 feet above, to the wagtails and sand-pipers which were hopping briskly on the beaches, while jays careered from bush to bush, and contemplative fish-eagles perched on the highest boughs, curiously regarded us. Parrots, flying with affected weary wing, and uttering harsh strident cries as they passed overhead; a family of weaver-birds, hovering under their pendent nests, with their yellow bellies upward; divers darting in alarm from our proximity, or some slow lumbering fat crocodile, loth to be disturbed, sneakingly moving his lengthy form waterward, added to the satisfaction we felt as we steamed swiftly along.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that much as we were willing to enjoy ourselves, there were serious drawbacks to enjoyment. Our pleasure jaunt was disturbed by the fact, ever recurring to the memory, that we had but little food. It was now the ninth day of our departure from Mswata. It would require three days to return to the station, even if we on the instant desisted from further exploration. Who could tell how many days we might be occupied on this circumnavigation of the lake?—for that is naturally what we had resolved upon, the moment that the idea flashed upon us that a lake had been discovered. Some wise man had implanted the lesson in my mind when I was still young, “Never to abandon a good thing until you have seen it through, lest you may never have the

opportunity again." In other words, if you discover a new lake, or a new river, exert yourself to see as much of it as you can, lest the accidents of life may prevent another visit to it.

This is what we were bent upon doing, although the crew were already looking unutterable things at me for my hardihood. But we—Albert and I—were not a whit better off than they. Two days more would make us poor indeed. Who could have dreamed of a sedgy-banked river whereon fuel was so scarce that we should be compelled to lose precious half-days in bargaining for it? And who could have dreamed of a lake lying in this direction?

The bights were noble curves of land, but the rising land behind showed nothing more than one continuous forest, the notable details being, perhaps, some towering cotton-wood, attracting attention by its large and upright grey columnar trunk, or some palm raising its head in a tuft of bending fronds. But there was not a break to indicate that there might be human habitants in the unknown land. Unbroken by any incident the day passed, and in the evening we camped in the wilds beside a silver beach, being apparently the undisputed lords of the silent lake and land.

Near midnight we were roused from our slumbers by a storm of driving rain. The lightning darted in fierce flaming pennants and blinding white flashes through the intense blackness of the night, and the thunder followed with long-continued reverberating rolls, or in short, sharp explosions which stunned our

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Lake
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senses. Then the rain fell afresh in eager showers, as though forced down upon us; and presently the wind rose into a gale, and we soon heard the surge responding by sounding blows upon the hollow shore. Fortunately, we had been so far prudent that the steamer was safe, though we did not quite escape the swell. I should have wished that this stormy event had happened during the day, that I might have seen the inky water rise in waves crested with its syrup-coloured foam.

But by morning of the 28th the rain had ceased, the wind had been hushed, and only the uneasy swell reminded us of the wildness of the past night. Our sail had ill-protected us from either rain or damp; the steamer had six inches of water after the copious rain. Baling had to be done, fuel had to be cut, steam required careful attention, a warm breakfast had to be prepared of very mild tea and roasted bananas, before we were encouraged to venture out.

About ten o'clock, as we were issuing out of a long bay-like bight in the shore, we saw half a dozen small canoes well out in the lake, and one probably two miles further out, and after passing the rocky point, we saw the village to which these canoes evidently belonged. I thought this an excellent opportunity to obtain some information respecting the country, and perhaps obtain fresh fish and food. We bore down upon the fishermen, who, all engrossed in hauling their seines aboard, permitted us to approach within a mile of them before they were aware of our presence. And

such a presence as we must have been to them! A large white boat with outspread and ample wing, emitting strange noises, which was unlike the sounds sent out by any animal they had ever heard! They lift their hands up in dismay. One, with more presence of mind than the others, claps his hands to his paddle, and instinctively skims away. "An admirable idea," the others seem to cry, and all strike their paddles deep in the black water, and urge their tiny dug-outs until they appear to fly over the lake. But the other—the canoe all alone in the watery waste—in which the fisherman, profoundly abstracted in his task, sits heedlessly hauling his seines aboard? When, hark! What is that? What strange sighing sound, and harsh grating, and plashing noise is that? He turns toward our direction, and beholds a strange structure, all white, with lofty wing, and a pair of revolving clappers striking the lake water into long trailing waves behind. He falls sideways into his little canoe completely paralysed, as if striving to realise that the vision is not all a dream. No doubt the thought flashes into his mind, "But a moment since I swept my eyes around, and saw naught strange to inspire fear or anxiety in me. But this! Whence could this have issued? It must be a wild dream, surely."

But again the gentle wind bears to his ears the strong pulsating sounds, and the deep but sharp sighing; he hears the desperate whirl of the paddle-wheels; he sees the trail of rolling wavelets astern. Leaping to his feet with frantic energy, he takes one

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Léopold.

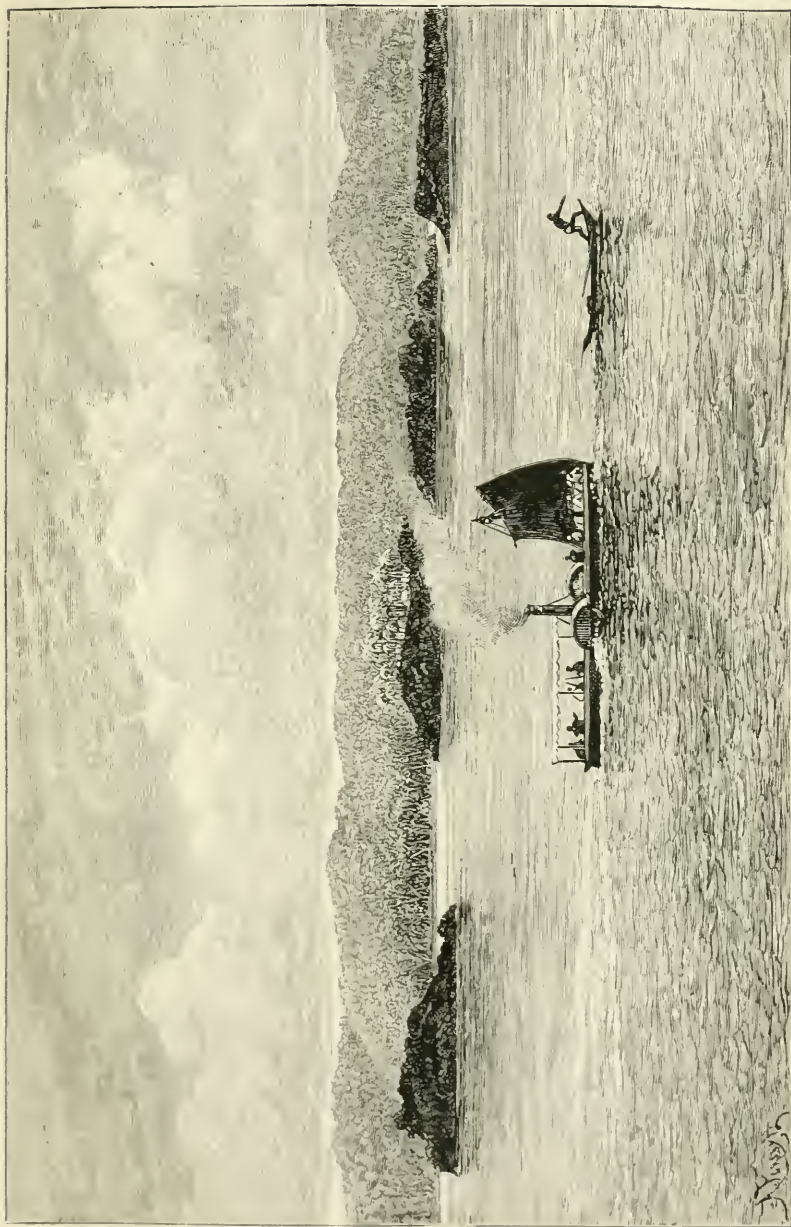
short glance around, and realises that he, insensate fool, while indulging in Waltonian reveries in midday, has been abandoned by his friends! However, there is hope while there is life; he bends his back, and draws, with long-reaching grasp, the water sideways, this way, and that, and the tiny pirogue, sharp as a spear-point, leaps over the water, obeying his will dexterously.

“Down with the sail, boys,” and the wing is folded, and a tall shaft stands revealed, with a black column behind vomiting flame and smoke from its muzzle.

Nearer and nearer the steamer draws on the fugitive pirogue, but, by a whirl of the paddle, the dark man shoots triumphantly at right angles away, while the *En Avant*, confused by this sudden movement, careers madly along. In a short time, however, she is in full chase again, this time carefully watching every movement. The man has kept throwing wild glances over his shoulders; he observes the monster rapidly gaining on him, and each time it seems to loom larger and larger to his excited imagination; he hears the tremendous whirl of the wheels, and the throbbing of the engines, and the puffing of the steam. Another glance, and it seems to be overwhelming him, when, “Ach Gott!” he springs overboard, and we sweep past the empty canoe.

“Now, Uledi and Dualla, we will go round to the spot where he sank, and as he comes up jump overboard and catch him.”

We steered the steamer round, and proceeded slowly



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“ANOTHER GLANCE, AND IT SEEMS TO BE OVERWHELMING HIM, WHEN, ‘ACH GOTT!’ HE SPRINGS OVERBOARD.”

towards the empty canoe. The man was swimming in its vicinity. As we came up he dived, and our two sailors flashed into the depths after him. It was a pretty sight to see the graceful bodies darting like sharks towards their prey. They brought him up, each holding an arm, and swam with him to the boat. We lifted him up tenderly, and seated him on the sail, waiting patiently for his pulses to beat less wildly, and the excited heart to cease its rapid throbbing.

“Now, Ankoli, speak softly to the poor man.”

No answer was given to Ankoli's cooing tones and wooing accents.

“Try again—softer still, Ankoli.”

And again Ankoli, in soothing whispers, asked what his name was.

“What did you pick me out for? There are many better than I in our village.”

“One what?” I ask. “How better? What does he mean?”

“He means,” answered Ankoli, “that there are finer slaves than he in the village.”

“Ah! There have been slave-catchers here, then. Where do they come from?”

“How do I know?—I never saw this lake before. Perhaps Gankabi, perhaps Ingyia of Ngeté.”

Having evidently obtained all the information the poor fellow could give, Dualla filled his two hands with bright beads, and laid a dozen handkerchiefs by his side, then bringing the canoe alongside, we asked him to step in, and placed his cloth in the stern of it,

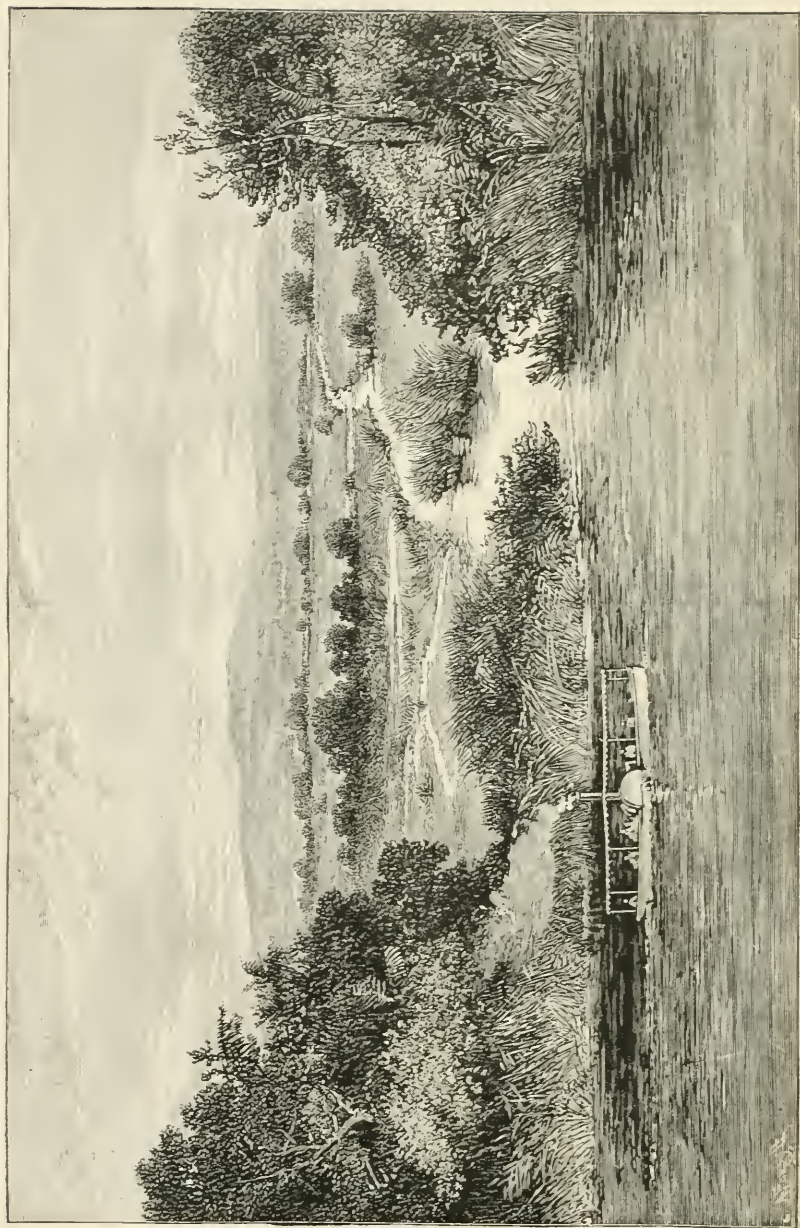
1882.
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Léopold.

with a small parcel of cowries. After he had stepped in, he did not seem to realise that he was a free and rich man until there was such a distance between us that he thought it impossible for us to catch him again, even if we tried. When he seemed a small speck in the lake, we saw the figure rise to its height, and then we knew that he was conscious that his old life had begun again.

We arrived at the head of the lake, which is in south lat. $1^{\circ} 28'$, and after going into two or three deep bights in the hope that in this direction we should meet some navigable river, we came in sight of a very large village. We halted, and lay to about 150 yards off shore, while Ankoli endeavoured to make himself understood. But the inhabitants gathered together, and only made hostile demonstrations with their bows and arrows. To put the matter beyond doubt, a native advanced to a projecting log, and deliberately placed his arrow ready, while a few more lined the shore with light assegais. Ankoli recited Gobila and Gankabi's names, as though they were the names of protecting deities, but never a word of reply gave these people. Under such conditions, with time flying, and food now at starvation scantiness, we could not stay to convert them into showing hospitality to strangers. Rebuffed by these coercive intimidations we steamed away, still skirting the rock-bound shore, until, coming to an island, we encamped for the night.

On the 29th we were away before the dawn, running in and out of deep bays, along a low shore of rock



THE HEAD OF LAKE LÉVOULD II.

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capped by humus and alluvium, until about noon, when we entered another bay in the southern coast, where a large extent of forest was submerged, and the water penetrated far inland.

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May 31.
Lake
Léopold.

On the 30th we were still engaged in exploring the deep bays of the irregular south coast. Only a few villages were seen, but the instant we appeared the inhabitants betook themselves to the bush. Numbers of small streams entered these bays.

On the 31st I wrote the following in my diary:—
“Explored three bays to-day, and, clinging closely to the shore until 2 P.M., I crossed over to the west side, arriving at One Palm Point at 3.30 P.M., and the circumnavigation of Lake Léopold II. was completed. The greatest depth I discovered is 24 feet; its average depth is perhaps 16 feet at this season; it may be 6 or 8 feet less in the dry season. Though so shallow, it covers a considerable area—nearly 800 square miles. I have only discovered one river of any importance, which is at the north-east extremity of the lake. I penetrated upward 5 miles. Ankoli informed me that the Wyyanzi sometimes came down by the Mfini, but by what means they could have reached the lake, if true, I am at a loss to know. A great many small streams converge into the lake.

“The southern coast presents mainly the irregular fracture that a cake of slag might be supposed to present after being struck with a hammer, it is so jagged in outline. It is a hard grit-stone, and pitted like punice-stone in its character, veined with iron ore.

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May 31.
Lake
Léopold.

The north coast is composed of lines of hills, well-wooded, with open bights and a few snug coves. Red wood powder, and rubber and fish, with ivory, are the principal products of these people, according to my guide, who has traded often with Gankabi, who, in her turn, has obtained most of her trade with the villages near the entrance to the lake.

“ We are almost famished, because I was buoyed up with the hope that we would be able to obtain food somewhere; but such is the extraordinarily wild and timid character of the natives around the lake, that, with the best desire in the world, prompted by pinched vitals, we have been unable to obtain anything. It would probably take two voyages more to conquer this suspicion of our intentions.

“ Besides my anxiety about obtaining food for my crew I am oppressed to-night with a deathly languor. My entire frame aches with pains, but fortunately I have all my observations worked out, and if I am taken seriously ill, it is only a descent down a river that has been sufficiently surveyed while ascending.

“ June 1st.—We start at 7.55 A.M. from One Palm Point, Lake Léopold II. Arrive at confluence of Ngana with Mfini at 11.20 A.M., and Musyé Munono at 6.20 P.M., when, late as it is, the ravenous people begin bartering, and the natives, never loth to trade after their confidence has been obtained, respond heartily.

“ I have a strong fever on me to-night.

“ June 2nd.—Left Musyé Munono 7.5 A.M.; arrived

at Muleké 11.45 A.M.; arrived at Musyé 4.45 P.M. Gankabi has received my excuses. My illness is increasing in intensity. Albert and Dualla must now take charge.

1882.
June 12.
Léopold-
ville.

“June 3rd to 6th.—Halt, and sick at Gankabi’s.

“June 7th.—I urge departure, and at 11.30 A.M. we leave Gankabi’s, and arrive at Mswata 3.45 P.M.”

By this time I had become perfectly helpless. On the 11th, Albert, engineer and captain, took the boat to Stanley Pool. Next day we arrived at Léopoldville, where I dimly remember being carried to the station.

Four or five days later I remember to have been told that some Europeans had arrived, those very people I had waited for so long. I remember that they came to my bedside, but I have no distinct recollection of anything particular relating to them.

There were brief intervals of consciousness each day. In one of these I gave orders for a caravan to be prepared; and, as the Zanzibaris who had accompanied me from Zanzibar had performed their three years’ term of service, they should convey me to Vivi.

It was on the 27th of June, in camp at Mpakambendi, that my position fully dawned upon me, and I believed myself free from danger. We had left Léopoldville on the 23rd, and had since crossed the Congo to the north bank. On the 28th I was conveyed to Manyanga, and here incipient gastritis made itself manifest.

During the interval of waiting for the boat from Isangila, Mr. T. J. Comber, head of the Baptist Mission, applied to me for advice, and I strongly recommended

1882.
July 1.
Isangila.

to him a settlement at Léopoldville, and agreeably to his request I managed to scrawl a letter with a trembling hand to the chief in charge.

And now with other infirmities—excessive weakness after my month's illness; with gastric attacks in the stomach—my lower limbs assumed a dropsical largeness. I was glad to hear the boat had arrived, that I might reach some locality where a little good nourishing, palatable food was obtainable.

Though I had been absent from Manyanga station nearly twelve months, I cannot say that I was other than depressed by the very little progress made in that time.

Within sixteen hours we arrived at Isangila, of which my former secretary, Swinburne, had command. Poor and humble enough the station seemed, but at least goodwill was manifest. Within the station-house the young chief had contrived to modify the harsh squalor of his surroundings by the simple elements of neatness and cleanliness. A few yards of printed calico over the bed, a scrap of snow-white sheeting over the window, a narrow fringe of crimson savelist, a cloth hanging here and there, tastefully distributed, did wonders; and so rude had my existence for the last three years been, that the effect of even this small effort acted like a tonic on my vitiated system.

CHAPTER XXII.

RETURN TO EUROPE.

Return to Vivi—No progress—Dr. Peschuel-Loeche—Zanzibaris sent home—Good-bye to Vivi—St. Paul de Loanda—Appearance of the city—Absence of sanitary measures—The hospital and prison—A Howard wanted—The Governor-General in the past—Neglected water and railway works—*En route* to Lisbon—Ports of call—Discomforts of the voyage—Madeira, the Pearl of the Atlantic.

TOWARDS noon of July the 8th the caravan ascended the steep road that led up immediately to the Vivi rock platform. When near the summit the hammock was stopped, and a group of strange Europeans appeared to tender a welcome. Among them was a middle-aged gentleman, whom Herr Lindner introduced as Dr. Peschuel-Loeche.

1882.
July 8.
Vivi.

“What? Good heavens! Dr. Peschuel-Loeche still here! I thought he had gone four months ago on his mission. I am surprised.”

Vivi was in the same condition as I had built it in Dec.—Jan. 1879—80. Only one magazine had been added, and for that Herr Lindner deserves the credit. The roads also were much in the same condition—if anything, they were worse. The bridge over the

1882.
July 8.
Vivi.

Nkusu had long ago been swept away, and no attempt had been made to build another. Man had been indifferent, but nature had not been idle. The mango trees were growing finely, the papaws were tall, and by their verdure relieved the glaring white of the painted magazines. Had nature been assisted by man I should have had cause to be grateful.

Dr. Peschuel-Loeche was currently reported to be an enterprising person, and believed to be a man of intense energy. He had been of some note in the German Expedition of 1873-1875, on the south-west coast of Africa. He volunteered his services to the Comité of the Association, and was despatched in December 1881 to Vivi, whence he was to obtain thirty-four picked men to make an expedition to Loango and the interior. Two or three Europeans were deputed to assist him in his mission. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the causes that seem to have arrested the party. His staff and expedition, after some months of preparation, were still resting at Vivi, patiently inactive, although I had reason to believe that in March the expedition had departed on its mission.

Dr. Peschuel-Loeche appeared before me with other credentials. He bore a sealed commission from the President of the Association appointing him commander of the Expédition du Haut Congo in the event of my being disabled by accident or by serious indisposition. Dr. Peschuel-Loeche could scarcely have done me greater service than by showing this document from the supreme authority. To a person in my state it was

a reprieve. But for this I should have been anxious, and worn myself out with fretting over my pitiful condition and slow convalescence. I should have dreaded the arrival of every courier from the interior, lest he bore some grievous news necessitating my instant departure. But the legitimate substitution of a person of Dr. Peschuel-Loeche's attainments and well-known character for energy, coupled with his African experience and scientific acquirements, satisfied every hope that my work would be prosecuted with the same devoted spirit that had animated me.

To the learned doctor I imparted such necessary information and hints for guidance as would enable him, provided that he was endowed by nature with a moving impulse, to realise perfect success. As a further encouragement and augury of success, Lieutenant Louis Valeke appeared with 225 new recruits for the expedition.

The services of Albert Christopherson, who was the first European to serve his three years' term faithfully and honestly, were rewarded by his being charged with the escort of the brave, hard-working, patient Zanzibari pioneers on their voyage home.

On the 15th of July I was conveyed down the hill-road of Vivi, placed aboard the Comité steamer *La Belgique*, and, with many cheers from my dark comrades in our late terrible work ringing in my ears, I was quickly carried away by the little steamer which sped down the river to the steamer *Heron*, which was waiting for me at Mussuko.

1882.
July 8.
Vivi.

1882.
July 19.
Loanda.

Four days later we were in the harbour of St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, where we found that the Portuguese mail steamer had already departed. This misfortune compelled a stay in the city for a month, during which time I was comfortably housed and kindly attended to by Herr Nieman of the Afrikaansche Venootschap and doctored by Senhor Oliviera, a noted physician of the city. Through the skilful treatment of Doctor Oliviera and the pleasant hospitality of Mr. Nieman, I gradually recovered strength, although the dropsical swelling of the lower limbs prevented me from enjoying many excursions.

A few paragraphs will dispose of the city of St. Paul de Loanda, although, being over three centuries old, it has a famous history.

From the harbour and sea the view is noble, and presents an aspect of importance. The city extends in a row of substantial structures along the shore-line of the harbour, up the steep red bluffs, and continues over the summit, on which there are a number of detached and disjointed buildings of commodious length and commanding prominence, stuccoed, washed with lime, and coloured white, zinc-blue, or yellow. There are three forts in view, possessing a strength and solidity sufficient to resist the attacks of the puny cannon of past ages; but ill adapted for defence against the prodigious dynamic power of modern guns. The Custom House is a tremendous erection, covering some acres of flat ground near the water side.

I mentioned the steep red bluffs. These are a

portion of the almost continuous sea frontage of the land, extending from the Congo. Being of soft clayey material, the rains have gnawed and eaten into its face, until, on a close examination, you see that the bluffs are a series of precipitous earth cliffs, showing dangerous crevices and fissures, several fathoms deep. In places that are unoccupied by houses, this state of dangerous ugliness is immaterial; in the city, however, it has caused painful troubles. Once upon a time, when the slave-trade was at its height, and legitimate, St. Paul de Loanda was solidly paved, and laid out with all the semblance of prosperity. Dark days have, however, come over the city. Civilised nations frowned upon the nefarious and inhuman trade. The abandonment of the slave-trade was decreed. Like falcons, the British cruisers pounced upon and hunted the slave vessels, and St. Paul's commercial prosperity shrank before the punishing policy of England. Deficits in the colonial treasury became frequent. The churches fell out of repair, and became roofless as they are to-day. The pavement of the streets was forgotten. Year by year the rains swept down the sands from the bluffs, and deeply buried the streets. The ruin, unchecked, grew each year worse and worse; the sand was washed down into the harbour, so that now that fine expanse of protected water is half filled. If it continues in this state, and no Governor with intellect and energy rises to stop this decay, arising from the slovenly neglect of a gift of Nature, there can be no doubt that in a few

1882.
July 19.
Loanda.

1882.
July 19.
Loanda.

generations the harbour will be of no use whatever. Nature, while untouched, kept that harbour deep for man's use. The Portuguese, however, with a view, it may be presumed, of utilising what they had seized upon before the law of *meum* and *tuum* was so strictly defined as it is now, made paved streets perpendicular to the harbour. Of course the rains swept the débris of the clay bluffs down the scoured pavement, into the flats below, and thence straight into the harbour. An expenditure of £50,000 would be required to remove the effects of this madness of the colonial engineer, and perhaps £100,000 would hardly suffice to cover the expense of clearing out the sands in the harbour.

They need not have told me that it was useless to unearth the pavement, because the next rains would cover the streets to as great a depth with sand. That is true enough; but the sand meanwhile is an undeniable nuisance. Every street corner is a nuisance. The lowest of the inhabitants find it convenient to use the sand of the streets as latrines. This is surely an abominable system for the cathedral city of Angola to maintain.

Worthy efforts have been made to plant rows of umbrageous trees and sweet-flowering shrubbery in the streets; but they are unable to thrive, owing to the censurable neglect which leaves them exposed to injury through the filthy practices of the inhabitants. Sanitary laws receive no enforcement; and the absence of restrictions in this respect is only too pungently

exemplified. There never was a city in the old or the new world where a broom—a broom of power—was so wanted as it is in modern Loanda.

1882.
July 19.
Loanda.

I went to the summit of the bluff, where the residences of the dignitaries are found. I was first attracted by the new hospital they are building for Loanda. The architects and builders have effected their work worthily and well. It is a notable and magnificent feature in the modern city, and will be visible from afar. If the attendance and the diet will bear any comparison to the commodiousness and airiness of the hospital, the place will deserve renown.

In the front, grading, excavating and levelling the approaches to the hospital, were seen some hundreds of convicts from the mother country. I have no idea of the nature of the crimes these people were guilty of to render them liable to compulsory expatriation. But it seemed to me that the numbers of men who have been received in this penal colony ought, under a wise administration, to have contributed something towards its enrichment. When I think of the number of fair and rich valleys in the interior of Angola, it appears to me that by this time good work might have been done by the establishing of agricultural reformatories.

One Sunday I saw the exterior of the prison, where many of these people are confined, and I observed that, for such a warm climate, the poor prisoners were much too closely packed, and must have suffered

1882.
July, 19.
Loanda.

greatly. Every window was crowded with pale sallow faces, whose black eyes glared despairingly at the passer-by. A man having the instinct and benevolence of a Howard would probably discover painful incidents in connection with this Loanda Bastille.

The Governor-General's palace is much too fine a building for the official who generally occupies it; but not too fine for the type of man who used to govern Angola in former days. I have never yet been within the mansion without giving a mental *Requiescat in pace* for the heroes of the old days when a Governor-General of Angola acted as a man of spirit and bravery. Within, it has the air of faded stateliness, with its time-worn crimson carpets, plush gilt-edged couches and chairs, full-length portraits in gilt frames, large chandeliers, and suites of semi-gorgeously fitted rooms. A garden adjoining the palace presents a dreary scene of neglect, unworthy of being looked at twice. The public park or garden close by is better; but it seems to be hard work to get its verdure to look fresh.

I recollect that in 1877, there was an intention to convey water in pipes from the Bengo River; but this very necessary public work has never yet been accomplished. The intention even has become dormant through some inexplicable difficulty to raise means. In 1877, also, there were surveyors at work in connection with a proposed railway to Ambacca on the Kwanza River. The survey was completed, and cost a large sum of money for outfits, &c.; but the

railway scheme, as well as the water-supply project, has utterly collapsed.

1882.
July 19.
Loanda.

St. Paul de Loanda is reported to have a population of 11,000 souls, consisting of Europeans and natives. It is the chief city—euphoniously termed "cathedral city"—of the province of Angola. The recognised northern boundary of the Portuguese dominion on the West Coast of Africa is the River Logé, S. Lat. 7' 50", whence it runs southerly to S. Lat. 18°, a distance of over 600 geographical miles. Direct authority is exercised, so officials report, over an area of about 300,000 square miles.

On the 17th of August, the mail steamer *China* appeared at the port of Loanda, bound for Lisbon. The *China* belongs to a line of steamers, subventioned by the Portuguese government, to run from Lisbon to Madeira, St. Vincent, St. Jago, Bulama, Prince's Island, St. Thomas Island, Ambriz, St. Paul de Loanda, Benguella, and Mossamedes once a month. From Mossamedes northward, they return, *viâ* each of the above-mentioned ports, back to Lisbon. A first-class passage ticket from Loanda to Lisbon, or *vice versâ*, costs £35; a second-class ticket costs £24.

Our dates of arrivals and departures on our voyage to Lisbon by the *China* were as follows:—

Left Loanda	Aug. 17th, midnight.
Arrived at Ambriz.	„ 18th, at 8 a.m.
„ St. Thomas Island	„ 21st, „ 9 „
Left St. Thomas	„ 25th, „ 9 p.m.
Arrived at Prince's Island	„ 26th, „ 7 a.m.
Arrived at Bulama	Sept. 3rd, „ 5 p.m.

1882.	Departed from Bulama . . .	Sept. 4th, at 2 p.m.
Aug. 17.	Arrived at St. Jago . . .	„ 8th, „ 6 „
Loanda.	Departed from St. Jago . . .	„ 9th, „ 2 „
	Arrived St Vincent . . .	„ 10th, „ 9 a.m.
	(Cape de Verde Islands.)	
	Departed from St. Vincent . . .	„ 10th, „ 5 p.m.
	Arrived at Madeira . . .	„ 17th, „ 6 a.m.
	Departed „ . . .	„ „ „ 2 p.m.
	Arrived at Lisbon. . . .	„ 21st, „ 5 „

A voyage of $25\frac{1}{2}$ days' actual steaming. The *China* was, however, an unusually slow boat.

No more than mere useful notes can be given of the voyage, as I have yet much to relate directly bearing upon the subject of this book.

At Benguella the *China* had received on board about sixty or seventy Africans from the interior. I am informed that these people were taken before an official, and answered in the affirmative to all questions asked. These answers were officially understood to express a willingness to depart from Benguella voluntarily for a term of service lasting five years in the coffee and cocoa plantations of the Island of St. Thomas. Each native received a fathom or so of cloth to cover their nudity. Arriving at St. Thomas they appeared to be averse to leave the steamer. Some required gentle but firm coercion before they would descend into the lighter.

Six thousand bags of coffee were shipped on board the *China* from the port.

St. Thomas is a perfect tropical island, eminently picturesque, and fertile beyond conception. It is well worthy a visit, though it is scarcely advisable for a

tourist to endure a month's detention for the privilege. The time generally occupied by a steamer in the port, may be well employed in visiting the plantations, waterfalls, and mountains.

1882.
Aug. 21.
St. Thomas.

Prince's Island is another of these extraordinarily exuberant tropical islands, fit for the production of valuable spice of all kinds, as well as coffee and cocoa. The bananas, palms, and jungle, grow down to the very edge of the salt sea; and to the highest pinnacles of the soaring peaks the fertile isle seems clothed in richest green.

The town, or port, is undergoing the process of abandonment, judging from what I have seen. It lies at the entrance to a valley which, but for its seaward gap, would have been intolerable to human life; so narrow is it, and so high, and sharply upward, do the mountains rise to a height of some thousands of feet. And yet there is presented an inconceivable depth of vegetation that must exhale such oppressively warm vapours, that the physical constitution of the strongest man must soon yield to its enervating influence. From the desire to obtain breathing-room, or from the limited space in the valley, the townspeople have actually constructed their houses over the low flats which are visited by each recurring tide. That the power of humanity to resist the steamy atmosphere has been patiently tested is proved by the number of ruined churches, ruined forts, ruined houses, mansions, shops, stores, cottages, that are visible everywhere. Those not yet convinced of the inability of man to

1882.
Aug. 26.
Prince's
Island.

bear it, whether official or civilian, are in such a state that one's compassion is immediately aroused.

The steamer received on board 800 bags of cocoa from the port. The stories relating to the voracity of sharks in the bay remind one of incidents heard in mid-Africa relating to crocodiles.

This was the very first Portuguese steamer that I had been aboard; and, possibly from ideas derived from reading about severity and of Portuguese military and naval discipline, I had the opinion that the mercantile service might perhaps have become impregnated with just enough of this discipline to have produced a wholesome effect. I was disappointed. The world is wrong altogether in its rules, from its proneness to generalise upon isolated facts. The Americans, for instance, possess the largest civil liberty in the world, but the discipline in the army, navy, or mercantile service of the United States is most severe. In the mercantile service it is Draconian, and the distance between the fore-castle and the cabin is immeasurable. But, with these reputedly severe Portuguese, less restraint than the officers of the ship exercised can not be conceived. The second-class passengers occupied the seats of those of the first class on the after deck above their cabins, and the limited promenade that ought to have been secured to the first-class passengers was always monopolised by the second. These, permitted to leave their own quarters, and intrude on the narrow deck, expectorated, smoked, and sprawled, in the most socialistic manner. Hundreds of

parrots, filthy monkeys, gazelles, and other creatures, were placed in cages only ten feet away from the saloon skylights. They made such hideous shrieking noises and emitted such an ammoniac stench that the life on board was simply one of torment. Adjoining the saloon of the first-class cabin was the main deck-room into which, for the convenience of the stewards, was an open doorway. The heavy baggage of the first-class passengers was stored here; and on mattresses thrown over the baggage reclined the third-class females, and half a score of half-naked white children, who reminded us of our misery by the moans, cries, and complaints provoked by their own. To gain the upper deck from the saloon we were obliged to endure these sights and sounds, as often as we wished to exchange the misery of being stewed in our cabins, for that of being compelled to walk over the catarrhic mucus expectorated on the deck by the underbred men of the second class.

The food was execrable, and consisted of a series of messes (unexplored but by few daring Portuguese) floating in palm-oil, which provoked the gorge. Every dish either floated, or sank sodden in the bilious-looking unguent. The butter was a pallid, rancid-flavoured oleomargarine.

After the indigestible meal was over, the criados, or servants, took the rice, calavances, beans, or bread, to the monkeys, which might be called the fourth-class passengers. As they were frequently tethered apart on each side of the quarter-deck, their food was scattered about by the stewards, and the unruly crea-

1882.
Sept. 1.
The SS.
China.

1882.
Sept. 1.
The SS.
China.

tures in their sportive playfulness did not improve the scene. Thus man and beast, the underbred colonist and the denizen of the woods, with their mutual filth; the squalling child, and the unwashed females below, made all parts of the ship equally unpleasant. To avoid these extreme socialistic tendencies, one had to escape to the hot, close cabin, where, by thrusting my head into an open port, I was enabled to live.

An undisguised familiarity marked the intercourse between the principal officers and the stewards; hence the latter were frequently sulky, and continually scowled when a mild request was made for their services. Were they unhappy convicts they could not have evinced a stronger dislike to a compulsory servitude than their faces showed to offices which were sure to be remunerated before the passengers disembarked. An American or a British captain, with a few iron belaying-pins within easy reach, would have restored order in the most peremptory manner; but Portuguese officers are altogether too good-natured to use coercive measures. It was not so, however, if Camoens relates truly, in the days of Da Gama.

By the time the *China* reached the beautiful island of Madeira, I could walk a few paces, though my limbs seemed weighted with lead. At Read's Hotel I obtained a royal breakfast worthy of an epic. The Portuguese know the value of this superb island, for they have generally made it as inaccessible as the Happy Valley of Rasselas by means of frequent stringent quarantine rules. Three or four times I had passed by it before,

but the yellow flag at the fore signalled that the ship was under a ban. If ever a ship deserved not to approach the sacred shores of Madeira, it was our own, with its matchless disorder, its unhealthy, almost overpowering emissions of ammonia; its freight of monkeys, animals, and birds, bearing a stenchy plague in their furs and feathers, and for the general disreputable appearance of its passengers. However, we had the glorious Portuguese flag waving proudly above us, wafting with rippling glee from the masthead its salutes to the royal standards above the forts which dominate the Pearl of the Atlantic.

1882.
Sept. 17.
Madeira.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS ON THE CONGO.

The position explained to the Comité—A railroad imperative—Importance of retaining the guardianship of the territory—The prospects of trade—Arrangements for the Upper Congo expedition—Difficulty in getting an efficient assistant chief.

1882.
October.
Europe.

BEFORE many days were over I had laid before the “Comité of the Association Internationale du Congo,” which by this time had assumed the authority and duties of the “Comité d’Études,” by oral communications, the true condition of affairs on the Congo.

In brief, I pointed out that by strenuous effort we had achieved more than was intended by the modest and pacific Comité d’Études du Haut Congo, in December 1878. “Three stations were to be built, a steamer launched on the Upper Congo, and communications were to be kept open to the sea.” Through the fidelity of sixty-eight Zanzibaris, and the faithful co-operation of a few Europeans, five stations had been constructed, a steamer and sailing-boat launched on the Upper Congo, while another small steamer and lighter maintained communications between the second

and third station. A wagon-road had also been made at great expense and time between Vivi and Isangila, and Manyanga and Stanley Pool.

1882.
October.
Europe.

We had now to secure what we had gained by our toils. The object of our work hitherto had been to demonstrate the practicability of communicating with the Upper Congo from the sea. We had succeeded far beyond what we anticipated in 1878. We had reached the confluence of the Kwa with the Congo, 440 miles from the sea. We had found the people amiable. In several districts we had found them even willing to work, which is a reason for hoping that this willingness will increase with better acquaintance. We had discovered that no native is averse to trade—that the very name of barter actively excites the aborigines. Unless we are prepared to relinquish our discoveries, and the moral success we have gained, we had to secure all the rights that the native chiefs could endow us with, that we might exercise the political power necessary for guaranteeing the permanency of the benefits we had sought to obtain.

I declared that the Congo basin was not worth a two-shilling piece in its present state. To reduce it into profitable order, a railroad must be made between the Lower Congo and the Upper Congo, when with its accessibility will appear its value. I said, “To render it even prospectively valuable, you must first have a charter from Europe that you shall be permitted to build that railroad, that you shall govern the land through which it passes, that, in short, the guardian-

1882.
October.
Europe.

ship of it shall not pass into the hands of any power but your own."

No European government can make such a railway remunerative, for the simple reason that, in addition to to the fare and freight money, there will be duties, imposts, over-regulation, over-interference, restriction here, restriction there, municipal taxes, lighthouse and navigation dues, &c., &c., in a country where nature has already imposed such severe laws that the unconscious unpremeditated infraction of them incur death penalties. All these matters are duly considered by cautious traders.

The railway will not be remunerative unless commercial men and settlers will be induced to attempt the exploitation of the Upper Congo basin, by the large liberty guaranteed to them and by the large margin of profits on trade secured to them by the absolute immunity from oppressive tariffs, and from the black-mailing tricks of officials who have no interest in anything save their own pecuniary advantages. The railway must be made solely for the benefit of Central Africa, and those Europeans who are desirous to trade in that region.

"The first phase of the mission is over. As I said, it has been successful; we now know what communication can be preserved uninterruptedly between the Upper Congo and the Atlantic. The second phase is the consolidation of the work, by obtaining the concession of their authority from all the chiefs along the route, and such other rights as they may possess,

which could be obtained by others to oppress us who pioneered the way. These rights are necessary for the existence of the Association, and for the success of your grand projects of developing Africa, for without these rights you have merely sown that some idle power may reap the harvest, and toiled to invoke compulsory abandonment."

1882.
October.
Europe.

The Comité were unanimously of the same conviction. The maps were brought out, and the localities where action ought to be immediately taken explained in detail. As the field was surveyed, it became evident that to occupy the various strategic points would involve a large annual expenditure, that a much greater increase of *personnel* would be necessary, including Europeans and African employés. For all this the Comité, however, expressed themselves fully prepared, provided that I would undertake the charge of the work. Though somewhat taken aback by the proposal, as my physical system was completely deranged, I at last promised to return to the Congo and complete the establishment of the stations as far as Stanley Falls; provided that within a reasonable time, say two or three months, some efficient assistant-chief would be despatched to administer the establishment on the Lower Congo during my absence on the Upper Congo. Experience had taught me already that to leave my principal base in the hands of flighty-headed young people, who recognised no higher law than their own heedless impulses and passions, was to prepare for myself endless trouble

1882
October.
Europe.

and continual anxiety. I needed a solid, reliable gentleman, of sufficient reputation and weight of judgment to inspire respect in his subordinates; one whose name would be a guarantee for stability of character, whose word would be as good as his bond, and whose past conduct might be taken as an indubitable proof that his future actions would be also highly creditable to him. Such persons, so new to the necessities of a hard practical life, that they at once confessed themselves crushed in the presence of every new exigency that they encountered; or such, as soon as they were left alone to contend against the trivial troubles of a tropic life, had no other resource than to send a letter of resignation to their chief, who might be hundreds of miles away from them, and incontinently throw up their command and run away to Europe—could not be trusted with a responsible command in so important an enterprise. These people had already given me more trouble than all the African tribes put together. They had inspired such disgust in me that I would rather be condemned to be a boot-black all my life than to be a dry-nurse to beings who had no higher claim to manhood than that externally they might be pretty pictures of men.

If my experience of such men had been so annoying when only 400 miles from the sea, what would it be now when I should be nearly 1500 miles away? It was, therefore, absolutely necessary that I should be represented on the lower river by a person who

not only could work himself, and loyally perform his duty, but who could inspire other men to loyally execute each his special trust and mission. The Comité promised to send me such a person, in consequence of which my stay in Europe was to be limited to six weeks.

1882.
October.
Europe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TO STANLEY POOL.

Lisbon to Banana Creek—Dismal news—Vivi demoralised—Elliott's expedition to Kwilu-Niadi—Massala shot by a French trader—An enormous fine—I act as peacemaker—Lieutenant Van de Velde's mission to Kwilu-Niadi—Appearance of the *Saggitaire*—Relief of Elliott's expedition—Bad news from Léopoldville—A starving station—Ferry traffic on the Congo—Kindly attentions from the natives—Léopoldville neglected and grass-grown!—A sad state of matters—An unfortunate young officer—Canoe accidents—A false alarm of murder!—A suicide—Re-establishing friendly relations with the chiefs—An important conference, and its results—Noble work of English missionaries.

1882.
Dec. 20.
Vivi.

I SAILED away for Congo-land from the Port of Cadiz, in the steamer *Harkaway*, on the 23rd of November, 1882. This steamer had left England a few days previously with fourteen officers and about six hundred tons of miscellaneous goods, consigned for the Expedition of the Association Internationale du Congo.

On the 14th of December the *Harkaway* entered Banana Creek, and on the 20th of the month I arrived in Vivi, with physical energies recuperated and freshened during my five months' absence from the expedition.

But, alas! what dismal news was borne to me as I made myself more and more acquainted with the state of affairs in the expedition! The German gentleman who had presented such high credentials for potent force of character and earnestness of purpose, well-known experience and scientific acquirements, had gone, he had departed from the Congo for home nearly a month before! The expedition had been nearly four weeks without its leader. The chief of Vivi, the second in rank, had also disappeared; the chief of Léopoldville, the third in importance, was rusticating on the coast; the chief of Isangila had hurried homeward; the second chief of Léopoldville had fled; the captain of *La Belgique* had been dismissed by somebody; the *En Avant* had been robbed by a spiteful miscreant of her steam-valve, and had ever since lain idle at the landing-place of Léopoldville, as useless as a log; an engineer, by some odd freak, was doing duty at Vivi as a clerk or storekeeper, and some person was reported to be acting with unlimited powers in the interior, and in a manner not very conducive to peace and order. The temporary chief had been shot at while passing Mowa, which was supposed to be a justification for retaliating on Mowa. Verily the news could scarcely have been worse. There were numbers of other disagreeable incidents unnecessary to rehearse, because mention of them could not be made without bringing into this book the names of those whom it is my desire to screen from the slightest implication. That the conduct of the expedition had not been a happy one

1882.
Dec. 20.
Vivi.

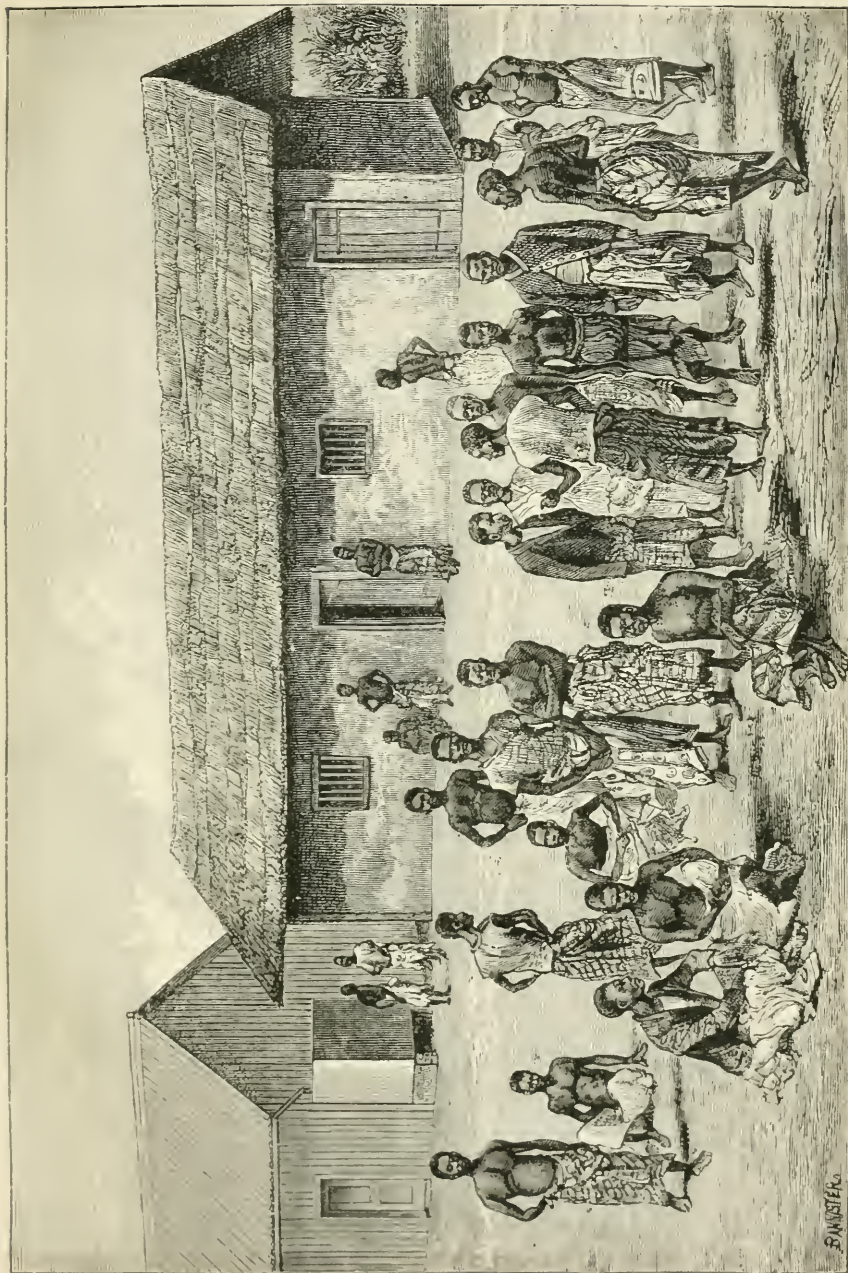
1882.
Dec. 20.
Vivi.

may be imagined, however, from the departure *en masse* of those in authority. What could be expected from a number of subordinates when the responsible head retires from his duties with such undignified haste?

During my absence Vivi, which was always remarkable for the latitude it assumed even when I was on the Upper Congo, was now in a most demoralised state. The steamers had been taken possession of by a party that had attached itself to the expedition, originally for the service of transport on the Lower Congo, but which now, by some inscrutable process of evolution, dominated the expedition effectively by withholding all the steamers and boats and discharging the goods where it pleased, generally a mile below the landing-place. The entire strength of the station was thus wasted in the removal of goods from this distant landing-place to Vivi, and the temper of the officials and employés was much embittered accordingly.

This required correction immediately, but it was a most unpleasant task, as the crews of the steamers seemed to be persuaded that they had changed masters. However, by dint of insistence, the steamers were compelled to deliver their cargoes at the landing-place of Vivi as before, and the great strain on the staff of the station was thus relieved.

The next important work was the equipment of an expedition under Captain J. G. Elliott to the Kwilu-Niadi district to found a line of stations from the



THE WEST COAST NATIVE EMPLOYÉS IN THE PLAZA OF VIVI.

nearest point on that river to Isangila Station, along its lower course to its mouth. The arrival of a new force of recruits was very opportune. Captain Elliott's force numbered some seventy coloured men, and four European assistants—Messrs. Van Schuman, an Austrian officer, Mons. Lehrman, a Croat, and two Englishmen. They marched from Vivi on the 13th of January.

1883.
Jan. 13.
Vivi.

The object of this mission was to secure to the Association a wide stretch of inland country and an extent of coast line between the French territory on the Gaboon and the *d'bouchure* of the Congo as a free alternative route to the Upper Congo.

The chief of Léopoldville, discovered rustivating on the coast, was despatched back to his post with a small caravan, and on the 14th of January the medical director of Léopoldville and Stanley Pool started upriver with four whites and a caravan of forty-eight coloured men.

On the 15th of January Vivi was startled by a report that a French trader, in the employ of the party in charge of our Lower Congo transport service had shot Massala, a native lingster or interpreter attached to the station. Massala is a native of Vivi, a fine well-behaved man of calm and equable temper, who was well known to be guiltless of any antipathy to white men; but, like the natives, fond of a glass of grog, though quite too dignified ever to be seen inebriated. It is doubtful whether he would perform any service for a white man without at least some small recognition

1883.
Jan. 15.
Vivi.

or payment according to stipulation. This is human nature everywhere. Altogether Massala was most harmless, and at the same time invaluable to us for the faithful and good-tempered manner with which he looked after our mutual interests. Fortunately the wound was not mortal, but as he was a man of importance, it caused a great excitement in the Vivi native community, and at first a large force poured down for vengeance. The guilty trader was, however, safe in our hands; and after the doctor had declared the wound to be not dangerous, the natives were induced to leave the case in my hands. There was a fair trial, and the chiefs were told that the wrong was on the side of the white man, and were asked to state the amount of the fine they expected.

They went aside for a private parlance among themselves, and in half an hour they brought the following demand, which I publish to show how severe are native laws against the shedding of blood:—

	£	s.	d.
100 whole pieces of cloth	20	0	0
„ flintlock muskets	30	0	0
„ kegs of powder	25	0	0
„ machettes	20	0	0
„ blankets	30	0	0
„ demijohns of rum	30	0	0
„ boxes of gin	60	0	0
„ pieces of handkerchief	15	0	0
Miscellaneous articles	200	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£430	0	0
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The trader declared his total inability to pay such a sum, but as the natives insisted that they would take

no less, I had to obtain from each permission to pass judgment, and an agreement that they would consider themselves as mutually bound to accept it as final. It cost me two hours' work to reduce the above sum to £24 4s. 0d., and as a propitiatory gift, the revolver which had done the wicked deed was also added, that it might be broken in pieces, and thus rendered for ever incapable of doing future harm. The verdict was accepted, but the natives also insisted that the European should be banished the land for ever, otherwise he might commit a similar crime.

1883.
Jan. 15.
Vivi.

Treaties were made also with all the surrounding chiefs conceding to the Association sovereign power. This was not difficult to obtain, as we were in extremely intimate relations with the north and south bank natives in the neighbourhood of Vivi.

Fully expecting that the Comité would send some qualified officer to take charge of its valuable interests on the Lower Congo, I entrusted the command of Vivi to Lieutenant Van de Velde until the arrival of a person from the coast who had applied and obtained the promise of this position. Unfortunately, a few months had to elapse before he could be available. Meantime, of the young and inexperienced, though willing, officers within call, Lieutenant Van de Velde was the most eligible for the post.

On the 22nd of January I left Vivi, trusting that the minute instructions deposited with the chief would tide me over the difficulties which I constantly dreaded in connection with this station. There is an old proverb

1883.
Jan. 22.
Vivi.

which says "when the cat's away the mice will play." There was no actual proof that any officer in the service of the Association did play; but there was abundant evidence that the lower stations did not advance in improvement; and that they suffered greatly in appearance in comparison with those on the upper river.

On arriving at Isangila news was received that it would be wise not to rely too much on the overland expedition to the Kwilu-Niadi. Taking into consideration the many days that would be occupied in the journey from Isangila to the Kwilu-Niadi valley, it would be as well to supplement it with a sea expedition direct to the Kwilu-Niadi. Lieutenant Van de Velde was chosen to conduct this mission, and the Association steamer, the *Heron*, was placed at his disposal to convey his men and stores, while a deputy-resident at Vivi was appointed to perform the Lieutenant's station duties in the meantime.

Lieutenant Van de Velde, accompanied by two officers, sailed on the 5th of February, 1883, for the Kwilu, where he arrived on the 9th of the same month, and proceeded to negotiate for ground for a station, and for the sovereignty of the territory in the neighbourhood. In a short time he had purchased the houses, stores, and tents of a person named Saboga. Here he erected his station and called it Rudolfstadt. On the 12th of February a treaty was made with Manipambu, the senior chief of the district of Chissanga, at the mouth of the Kwilu, on the left bank, by which

that chief ceded his sovereign rights to the Association Internationale du Congo. Active, and most loyal to his duties, Lieutenant Van de Velde negotiated several treaties in succession—first at Chilungu, on the right of the *débouchure* of the River Kwilu, and continuously upward along both banks to the rapids, situated twenty-eight miles from the sea.

1883.
Feb. 9.
Rudolf-
stadt.

Returning to Rudolfstadt in the beginning of March,



LIEUTENANT VAN DE VELDE.

he heard from Loango on the 9th of the same month, of the arrival of the *Saggitaire* of the French navy in that port. On the 11th of March he was able, by means of his boats, to render efficient service to Capitaine Cordier of the *Saggitaire*, by which that officer was enabled to enter the river, and partake of the hospitalities of the young Lieutenant.

On the 14th of March Lieut. Van de Velde heard a rumour bruited in the neighbourhood of Loango of the

1883.
March 11.
Rudolf-
stadt.

arrival of white men at a place called Kitabi, some distance inland, who were said to be in distress. Rightly surmising that these whites must belong to Captain Elliott's expedition, the energetic officer lost no time in equipping a boat expedition for their relief.

In April Captain Elliott arriving with his party at Rudolfstadt, was able to relieve Lieutenant Van de Velde from his temporary duty at the Kwilu, upon which the Lieutenant returned to resume the superintendence of Vivi. The ability, activity and zeal displayed by Lieutenant Van de Velde on this Kwilu mission was remarkable, and I fondly hoped that I had discovered, after much painful search and weary waiting, a valuable assistant for effective work in Africa. Unfortunately, however, after a few months' stay at Vivi, his failing health compelled him to return to Europe.

Captain Elliott, during his journey from Isangila to Rudolfstadt, had left an officer and a few men at each of the stations along the course of the river, to be established at Stephanieville, Franktown and Kitabi. A continuous stretch of territory along the entire line secured by treaties duly signed in presence of European witnesses, was a proof of how this officer distinguished himself.

On the 4th of February I arrived at Manyanga. From this station Captain Hanssens received command of an expedition to depart immediately for the Upper Kwilu-Niadi, his instructions being to establish

a line of communication between Manyanga and that river, and to continue his explorations downwards until he had effected a junction with Captain Elliott's party at Stephanieville. Captain Hanssens, some months later, sent in a lengthy and interesting report of his extensive explorations, by which I was informed that by means of the stations at Phillippeville and Bulangu the Upper Kwilu-Niadi was in direct communication with the Congo.

1883.
Feb. 4.
Manyanga.

Lieutenant Valcke, whom I encountered at Manyanga, was despatched along the south bank of the Congo, to make treaties with all the principal chiefs between Manyanga and Léopoldville, and to found a station at Sabuka's, from which, without further cause of alarm and anxiety at Léopoldville, provisions could be sent to that *entrepôt* of the Upper Congo. He was also charged to take with him the boilers of the new boat *A. I. A.*, which some careless official had left at a wayside village, where they had been lying some months rusting.

Couriers were also hurried forward to the chief of Léopoldville with orders to proceed immediately to make treaties with the chiefs of Kinshassa, Kimbangu, and Kimpoko.

On the 7th of February the steam launch *Royal* was mounted on a wagon for transport overland to Léopoldville.

Another engineer was also despatched on the same day to Stanley Pool, with a sufficient escort to assist in the completion of the steam-launch *A. I. A.* (Asso-

1883.
Feb. 7.
Manyanga.

ciation Internationale Africaine), the construction of which had been unaccountably delayed during my absence.

Lieutenant Parfoury was detailed with forty men to commence the construction of a good road on the south bank of the river between Manyanga and the Pool.

Lieutenant Grang and Captain Anderson, with 164 coloured men, I reserved to assist me in hauling the steam-launch *Royal* by our old road on the north bank.

On the 27th of February we arrived with the boat at the Inkissi River, where I received the astonishing news from the chief of Léopoldville that the station was nearly starving for want of food. As he had already been thirty-eight days at his post from his coasting excursion, I thought it singular that he should have withheld this important information so long, as Vivi possessed food enough to supply any number of stations. Numerous caravans, too, were conveying their goods inland to Isangila, the boats performed their voyages regularly between Isangila and Manyanga, and we were not short of men nor unwilling that Europeans should be dieted according to the most liberal scale, provided the chiefs of stations would only give sufficient notice of their requirements.

At Nsangu Ferry, a large caravan of independent natives from the coast crossed the Congo from the south bank, bound for Mfwa, north bank of Stanley Pool. The chief of the ferry, under the influence of

sociability inspired by our liberal patronage of his canoes, informed me that he frequently transported 500 people a week with their stores from the south side to the north side, and as many people from the north side to the south side, who were taking ivory and rubber to the coast. As this business of ferrying had been continued for years, I have often wondered why the ferrymen did not appear more prosperous than the inland chiefs.

1883.
March 1.
Nsangu.

The transport of a thousand people across the Congo implies at least a hundred voyages of a canoe, for which they would receive a hundred pieces of cloth per week. In a year the transit receipts derived from native custom alone ought to amount to 5200 pieces of cloth, which, at a dollar each, would be equivalent to \$5200, while the caravans of the Association might increase the sum to \$7000. Yet with all this prosperous business, the Nsangu chiefs and people exhibit no improvement in personal appearance, nor any increase of population, such as is shown in Kintamo for instance, where the effects of a profitable trade present substantial proofs in the increasing numbers of armed people, claiming Ngalyema, and Makabi as their chiefs.

On reaching the summit of the highland on the south bank, another courier was received from the chief of Léopoldville, bearing a letter which implored me not to bring too many men to that station, as it would be impossible to supply them with food; that the country was—if not actually hostile—so indifferent to

1883.
March 1.
Léopold-
ville.

our existence that no native ever visited the station! Although the chief evidently had cause to write in such a despairing manner, I was utterly unable to divine why such an extreme change had come over the country, because the only information obtainable was through this gentleman, and he confined himself to reports of imminent starvation for the Europeans—"No tea, no coffee, no cocoa, no milk, nor anything." The bread had risen to famine prices, the country was scoured round about by parties of foragers, who generally returned with only a scant quantity, insufficient to last until another foraging party could appear with a fresh supply.

Yet in our immediate neighbourhood wherever we moved there was abundance, as an evidence of which there were twenty-five goats in our camp, besides dozens of fowls. On the receipt of this sad intelligence from Léopoldville, two dozen goats and baskets of fowls, with a few luxuries for the sick Europeans, were immediately despatched, along with a letter urging Lieutenant Valcke to hasten the establishment of his supply-collecting station at Sabuka.

Our wagon broke down frequently, compelling annoying delays, the most serious taking place at the Mpalanga crossing. Rains of four seasons had committed havoc on our former road, and young shrubs and reeds had thriven over our once cleared path. But, notwithstanding these various impediments, we were advancing on Léopoldville at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day, with our heavily-weighted wagon.



CROSSING THE MPALANGA. (From a photograph.)

The nearer I approached Stanley Pool the warmer grew the kindly attentions of the natives. From long distances they came to welcome me back into their country, bringing with them acceptable gifts of food—goats, and sheep, and fowls—and the heartiest assurances of their friendship, so that in presence of this real and marked amicability of the natives, I was still more perplexed to understand the gloom and depression under which the chief of Léopoldville laboured.

1883.
March 19.
Léopold-
ville.

On the 19th of March Lieutenant Valcke wrote to me that he had established himself at Sabuka, and was purchasing at the rate of 400 rations per day, besides pigs, goats, fowls, eggs, bananas, &c., and two days later I marched to Léopoldville, leaving Messrs. Grang and Anderson to conduct the *Royal* and the hauling force to the landing-place.

I expected to have seen great changes at Léopoldville—to have seen a thriving station, and gardens beautifully laid out, and plants and fruit-trees in a flourishing condition, for since the latter part of April, 1882, I had been absent, establishing Mswata station, exploring Lake Léopold II., and in Europe recuperating. I had fondly calculated upon the effect of forty or fifty labourers united in the joint cause of beautifying, improving, and cultivating the township, under the direction of a sharp, enterprising, intelligent European, during a period of eleven months. My imagination had revelled in the scenes of beauty it pictured, of walks shaded by rows of year-old banana

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stalks, at least 10 feet high; a broad and imposing approach to the station, embellished by hedges of shrubbery; along its flanks budding fruit-trees in clusters, a vigorous young forest of papaws, plots of pine-apple, with promise of a surfeit of delicious odour of fruit and flowers; while in the background would lie the broad acres devoted to the more humble but useful vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, Indian corn, beans, cassava, and what not. Indeed, in my hours between sunset and bed-time, having not much else to do, the lapses of time had often been lubricated with these beauties which my vigorous fancy had conjured up.

“For,” I argued with myself, “it must be so. What else can they have had to do, unless they have been building a series of fine residences and store-rooms? They have lived in some manner, and surely they have not been asleep for eleven months!”

And now, on entering on the terrace of Léopoldville, I quickly cast my eyes around to enjoy the delightful vision, and my first feeling, I remember, was one of stupefaction, an inability to realise the details, but conscious that all I looked upon was very sad and disheartening.

Grass everywhere: grass on the terrace, tall grass luxuriantly thick on its slope, grass in the crevices of the wall of the one residence, a damp green on the unbarked tree pillars of the veranda, the broad way of the native town like a grass-covered marsh, above which the roofs of the huts could only be seen even from the commanding position of the terrace. A

few acres of cassava, perhaps a hundred bananas independently apart and widely scattered, not a single papaw stalk in view, and if the semblance of a garden possessed any virtue within its rickety fence, it was of such a mythical and modest nature that the prolific grass completely shrouded it from view. At one end of the terrace there was a palisaded enclosure intended for a redoubt, which I took to be evidence of unfriendly relations with the natives. Since the block-house of Léopoldville was finished, only one small magazine had been added to the European quarter. The native town stood intact as it had been built eleven months previously, though in a dilapidated condition, and smothered by the wild and stubborn tall grass. Externally there was an unmistakable air of abandonment. Léopoldville could not have been worse had it been uninhabited ever since I left in April, 1882. When I examine the magazines internally, I find that the treasury of Léopoldville is at its lowest ebb: there are only 783 brass rods in the station, sufficient to purchase three days' provisions for the eleven Europeans and 212 coloured men now at the station. There are numbers of bales of cloth and boxes of beads, but these have to be bartered for brass rods before purchasing bread. The caravan book, with its notices of arrival and departure of caravans, informs me that there need have been no such agony of scarcity as the empty food shelves exhibit.

Down at the grass-grown port the *En Avant* and whaleboat lie, rust-blistered and almost ruined. For

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seventeen months the steel boats have lain in the water; the slime covers their sides; they have never been looked at apparently. The boatmen confess that they have never been drawn out of the water to be scrubbed and painted.



OUR WEST COAST EMPLOYÉS.

The new steamer *A. I. A.*, put on the stocks months ago, is still many weeks from completion. She is only 41 feet long. From three to four engineers, with several coloured artisans, have been engaged the last month on her, but the progress is very slow.

As for the political state, it is still worse. There has

been a quarrel about something very trivial, and both whites and natives have seemingly agreed that they had best leave one another severely alone, in which impassive warfare the whites have suffered severely. It has been a mutual challenge as to who can best survive this forced, unsociable situation; and while the natives are abounding in plenty, the garrison of Léopoldville has fallen into a disgraceful poverty. No wonder that the chief of the station thinks fit to implore me not to bring the force of wagon-haulers to suffer from the famine at Léopoldville.

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Thus, instead of having entered upon a fair land of order and plenty, with the view of which my imaginative speculations had fed me with pleasant dreams and glorious prospects, I had been abruptly introduced into a scene of disorder, waste, strife, and peevish recriminations. Every man struggled to free himself from the imputation of being involved in the blame, but without success, since every one of them had certain duties to perform, with one all-paramount responsibility, viz., that of looking out for himself, which he could not have done as a passive spectator to this decay, ruin, and discomfort.

The extraordinary impassivity and most imprudent thoughtlessness, which had drawn on them the miseries of impending famine and the contempt of the natives, cannot be better illustrated than by relating an episode which had a tragic ending.

A young Austrian cavalry lieutenant named Kallina, of aristocratic connections in Vienna, I am told, eager

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to distinguish himself on the Upper Congo, succeeds in purchasing a canoe from Ngalyema. The day arrives that he is about to depart from the port of Léopoldville. A small and narrow dug-out is manned with a crew half native and half of our own employés. A long black portmanteau stands on its end in the pirogue, to serve for a seat to Mons. Kallina. This military officer is a tall, stalwart young gentleman, fitter for a grenadier corps than for service in a small canoe as an explorer; but he, unwittingly of this, and unconscious that there is any unfitness in his circumstances, stands helmet in hand, bowing and smiling his adieus to the gallant group of military officers who have gathered at the landing-place to exchange these bland amenities of civilisation. He takes his place, with cavalry boots reaching his knees, a heavy, double-barrelled rifle strapped over one shoulder, a cartridge-holder slung over the other, and a brace of revolvers attached to his waist. While the military officers on shore simultaneously doff their helmets with true military grace and precision, not one shadow falls athwart their minds to indicate to them that they have done the least wrong, or have been guilty of almost criminal thoughtlessness in thus permitting a worthy though rash young man to depart in this manner. Not until an hour later, when there is loud shouting at Kintamo, a rushing hither and thither, as many canoes dart from Kintamo's water-side towards the centre of the river, do they feel the least anxiety or alarm. They are then told that Lieutenant Kallina's

canoe was capsized at the Clifty Point, in view of the station, and that the young officer and four of his crew have been drowned.

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Not many days after this calamity an officer started to go up the river in a canoe. Coming to Kallina Point his frail craft was met by a strong current, which almost swept him and his crew over the cataracts. This young gentleman, distinguished otherwise for manly qualities when on *terra firma*, informed me that after desperate paddling across the river, he barely succeeded in saving his party and himself by snatching wildly at overhanging trees on the north bank, while the cataract roared like thunder a few yards below him.

Another officer suddenly affecting nautical tastes, after buying a canoe and nailing a keel on it, rigs a sail, and adventurously floats away before a fair breeze up the river all alone. But presently the breeze treacherously leaves him, while the current bears him resistlessly down river. His people, alarmed, man a pirogue and proceed in search of him, and hours after, through the fast gathering darkness, they hear him lustily cry for aid, as they paddle down an inland channel halloing to him.

As if this intolerable condition of affairs at Léopoldville did not require all my best efforts, the following day's notes of the 24th of March, three days after arrival, will serve to show the desperate nature of my duties about this time.

"March 24th. Despatched Lieutenant Orban with

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thirty-one men to Vivi, to hurry up by forced marches a caravan with brass rods.

“He takes orders also for Lieutenant Harou to depart for the Luemmé River, and build a station on the coast in the neighbourhood of Massabé. Twenty men are to be delivered to him by the Chief of Vivi.



LIEUTENANT ORBAN.

“Lieutenant Grang departs with sixty-four men to Matoma’s village to haul the boilers of the *Royal* to Léopoldville.

“Received news to-day that a Mons. Callewart had been killed and decapitated at Kimpoko, the station near head of Stanley Pool on the south bank.”

“I send thirty men to Sabuka to bring a store of rations from Lieutenant Valcke.”

“The Chief of Léopoldville has been instructed to proceed instantly with whale-boat with twenty-five

men to Kimpoko, to search out the truth of this rumour about Callewart.*

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“This evening I received by courier letters from down river. Second chief at Vivi declaims against asking him to manage the duties of chief, second chief, and storekeeper, and declares he will not—suffer who may. His letter is remarkable for impoliteness, and is replete with gross accusations against a number of people.

“The officer in charge of the transport of a whale-boat from Vivi to Isangila, having fifty-eight men with him, writes that he cannot, and will not carry the boat with such a limited number.”

“The Chief of Manyanga writes that the chief in charge of Vivi is acting an ‘infamous comedy,’ that his letters demanding supplies are unanswered.”

“He also writes that Mons. Luksic, an Austrian marine officer, has committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.

“I have now to sit up till past midnight to prepare letters for to-morrow’s courier, to cheer up these various gentlemen down river. Were there a man on the expedition that I could believe capable of executing his instructions faithfully and intelligently, Vivi would be the place for him; but Captain Hanssens is away on his expedition to the Kwilu-Niadi, Lieutenant Valeke is performing valuable service at Sabuka, Lieutenant Grang distinguishes himself in a different field, Lieutenant Orban is *en route* to Vivi, where he may assist the clamorous and defiant second

* Which turned out to be false.

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chief of that much disturbed station. Lieutenant Eugene Janssen is up at Mswata, and cannot be communicated with. In my neighbourhood are young and inexperienced people. What is wanted is a strong and efficient officer of note and years, able during my absence to manage the ever intractable Europeans at Vivi. Until he comes I must have patience."

On the 1st of April, after having thoroughly informed myself of the causes which brought about this pitiful condition of the station, the chief of Léopoldville received word that his resignation would be accepted, and two days later he was sent to the coast under an escort of thirty men.

Since my arrival, observing the severe silence of the chiefs of Kintamo, I strove to re-establish that kindly feeling that had animated us mutually before my departure in June, 1882. On Sunday evening, the 8th of April, I indited the following notes in my diary :

"About one p.m. the native chiefs of Léopoldville district—Kimpalampalla, Ganchui, Mballa, Kinswangi Kimpé—appeared on behalf of the Wambundu, and presently Ngalyema, Makabi, Mubi, Manswala, Ganchu and old Ngako, came from Kintamo with a large following. The meeting was very cordial, and after congratulations upon my return had been delivered by each in his turn, Ngalyema proceeded, as the orator of the occasion, to utter his views upon the causes of the unpleasant relations existing between the different peoples in the district. He recapitulated as usual in detail the incidents attending our first

acquaintance, and the ceremony of brotherhood, down to the numerous episodes which marked the advent of Bula Matari a second time to the neighbourhood; and then began to expatiate upon the difficulties of maintaining friendly relations with the Europeans who had been left in charge of Léopoldville, after I had been conveyed away in a condition which they regarded as hopeless. He thought he had been treated very ill, and the native chiefs of the neighbourhood would corroborate every word he said. 'One after another the white men have treated me as if I were a common slave. One said he would kill me, another said he would fight me, another said he would drive me away from Kintamo. One who calls himself Tembo (elephant) asks me if I know who he is. No, I say. Well, I am the elephant, and Ngalyema must remember that, because he knows what an elephant does to small people who are insolent. The elephant crushes them thus and thus, and he dances with his feet to show me what he will do with me, if I do not do what he wants with me. Another of your white men—a little fellow, he is not here now—if we came to the station to exchange brass rods for cloth, screams at us, pushes our people about, and treats us like little slaves; and there sits one before us now, he has behaved badly to us all; he has threatened several times to kill me. As for the chief of the station whom you left here, no one could get along with him. If any of our children came near him—there, that will do, he said, you may go, go away, go away quick. At

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last I kept myself and people away from him, and would have nothing to do with your white men. I have not been here for now six moons, and I would not have come now if you had not sent for me to hear these things.’”

Turning around to the officer accused by Ngalyema, I asked him to give me his version of these complaints, of which I had not heard before.

He replied in a frank and straightforward manner as follows :

“‘There may be a little truth in what Ngalyema says, but he has exaggerated these trifling matters in order to prove to you that he is blameless. But he is not at all blameless in this matter. It is his arrogance and pig-headedness that is really the cause of this trouble. For instance, my troubles began with him at the time of Lieutenant Kallina’s death by drowning. Ngalyema’s people picked up Kallina’s private port-manteau floating about, and on hearing of it, I demanded that he should return the box. Ngalyema would not return the property unless I paid him a tax of ninepence on each article within. That was the first quarrel.

“The second was when the chief of division paid a visit of inspection here, and wished to see Ngalyema, that gentleman refused to come unless a white man was sent as hostage to Kintamo during his visit. I volunteered to go and be the hostage. On reaching the village, unarmed and alone, the people began to search me, and fumbled me about most rudely, and

then Ngalyema ordered a hundred men to surround me, which they did, making savage gestures at me with their swords and spears, while Ngalyema was received at the station with every mark of honour becoming a guest of his rank. That was a small affair, but officers do not like to be treated as I was treated.

“The third quarrel between us arose from Ngalyema striding into the station and seizing upon two little boys, sons of Ngamberengi, who had brought us a message from their father. Some quarrel between the two chiefs had provoked Ngalyema to act in this arbitrary manner, and seize upon these two children to keep as sureties that the other would yield to him. We had nothing to do with their quarrel; this station was our property; the ground of the Association is free, and acting upon that idea I chased Ngalyema, caught him, and swung him round, and snatched the children from him; and perhaps I may have been rougher than I intended, but that is the extent of my offence, and if you judge me to have done wrong, you must accept my resignation, for I am sure to do the same again, and perhaps this arrogant savage will not escape with a whole skin if he carries his slave-making tricks to a district where I am chief.”

“Nobly spoken, my dear ——; but do not be excited; there is no necessity for talking about resignations. Good gracious, cannot I ask about the truth of a matter like this without you all flying into a fury, and at once offering your resignations and your dismissions? You must know all this is new to me. I

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never heard about hostages, and I would rather offer myself a hostage than ask any man with me to do a thing I would not care to do myself. I remember too many fatal accidents attending this giving of hostages. You are a brave man, sir, and I honour you for your moral courage, and the offer of your person as a sacrifice to keep the peace."

I then turned to Ngalyema and the assembled chiefs, and said gravely, yet in kind and softened tones, for the frank and noble reply of Mr. — had considerably affected me :

"Ngalyema, and you, chiefs of the Wambundu, I have heard what you have said, and I have heard the words of the white man. You and he, and all of you, have been wrong. Not one of you have followed the right way to be friends. You have all been headstrong and hard-hearted to one another. This is not the way to be brotherly. You, Ngalyema, should have known better. These young white men do not know you as I do. They are strangers to you, and you to them. Knowing that you were safe with your brother Bula Matari, why need you have cared what white boys say? You must have known that they had a father who would be very angry with them if they did any harm to you. Supposing that you had been fighting with them, how would you have answered me when I should ask you, 'Ngalyema, why did you fight your brother's people?' Now that I have come back you must drop all talk of this trouble. All the white men who have been quarrelling with you shall go to

other places, and you must make peace with the Elephant, for you have misjudged him. To-day, being Sunday, we do not work except when we are making friendship. If you all come back to-morrow we will come to an agreement, by which no one can hurt his fellow without incurring the anger of every one."

The next day a treaty was made uniting all the chiefs of the Wambundu, Kintamo and the Association in a confederation for the preservation of peace in the region south, and west of Stanley Pool. The chief sovereign power was vested in the Association, which reserved to itself the power to declare war, and to arbitrate on all questions likely to endanger the peace. It was also further stipulated that no foreigner could enter any district belonging to any of the confederated chiefs without a recommendation from the officers of the Association, who would guarantee that such stranger was a *bonâ fide* trader, or that he was not a political agent.

It was also stipulated that the flag of the Association should be hoisted over the villages of the signatory chiefs every Sunday morning, and upon all great or festive occasions, notice of which would be given by the hoisting of the flag from the summit of Léopold Hill.

Three days later negotiations were seriously commenced with the chiefs of Kinshassa, who, hearing of the terms of the agreement with Kintamo, wished to share in its privileges. A verbal agreement was entered into, and an officer was temporarily placed there, who was withdrawn a few days later; but after

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the lapse of sufficient time for mature consideration, a garrison was finally accepted, Mr. A. B. Swinburne being adopted as the chief of the station.

It should have been observed before that two English religious missions had established themselves at Léopoldville, one to the right, and one to the left of the station, on ground belonging to the Association. The one established on Léopold Hill is called the Arthington Mission of the Baptist Church; the other is undenominational, and is styled the Livingstone Inland Congo Mission. Mr. T. J. Comber presides over the Baptist Mission, and Dr. Sims is chief of the other. Both gentlemen take a warm interest in their respective Missions, both have been remarkably energetic, and both have especially distinguished themselves for zeal in looking after the important interests entrusted to their charge. It has been a well-contested race to the great goal; the Baptists were the first to win the race to Stanley Pool; Dr. Sims was the first to navigate any portion of the waters of the Upper Congo. The Baptists were the first to occupy a station above Stanley Pool; but soon after, the Livingstone Mission had arranged for a station even at the Equator. The Baptists were the first to launch a steamer; but the Livingstone Mission were engaged in building their steamer at Léopoldville at the same date that the other was launched. It has been a singular religious duel between two missions of the Protestant Church; both mission chiefs alternately have gained the advance post, and have exhibited remarkable individual apti-

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tudes. Where and when this unique race will end no one knows. So long as these missions are supported by the subscriptions of their faithful and loyal supporters, it will no doubt be continued, until the Congo basin has been over-run, conquered morally, and won over to the Christian fold. Meantime the author wishes the two leaders in this daring spiritual campaign against moral darkness more wisdom, light, renewed courage, and abundant success. They also have passed through dark days, and have been sorely afflicted; but each month the horizon has been clearing, and the prospect is infinitely brighter before them to-day than they could have anticipated some time ago.

CHAPTER XXV.

TO BOLOBO.

Improving Léopoldville—Departure of the Upper Congo expedition—Its equipment—Kimpoko, “Good View Station”—Gambielé, chief of Kimpoko—Stanley Pool again—Papa Gobila—Makoko of Mbé—Fumu Ntaba—“Bula Matari, don’t you go to Mbé—Growth of Mswata town—The beer of Mantu—The Lawson-Lufini river—The real heart of equatorial Africa—A splendid region—My former repulse by the wild men—Two Palm Point—Murder of two of our men—Bolobo district—A populous neighbourhood—Difficulty in finding Europeans adapted for intercourse with natives—Ibaka, the senior chief of Bolobo—Incidents in his life—A bellicose garrison—A jealous chief, and conjugal infidelity—“Blood must be shed for blood, or money must pay for it”—A tardy payment—Dangers of beginning war—Bolobo cession of territory.

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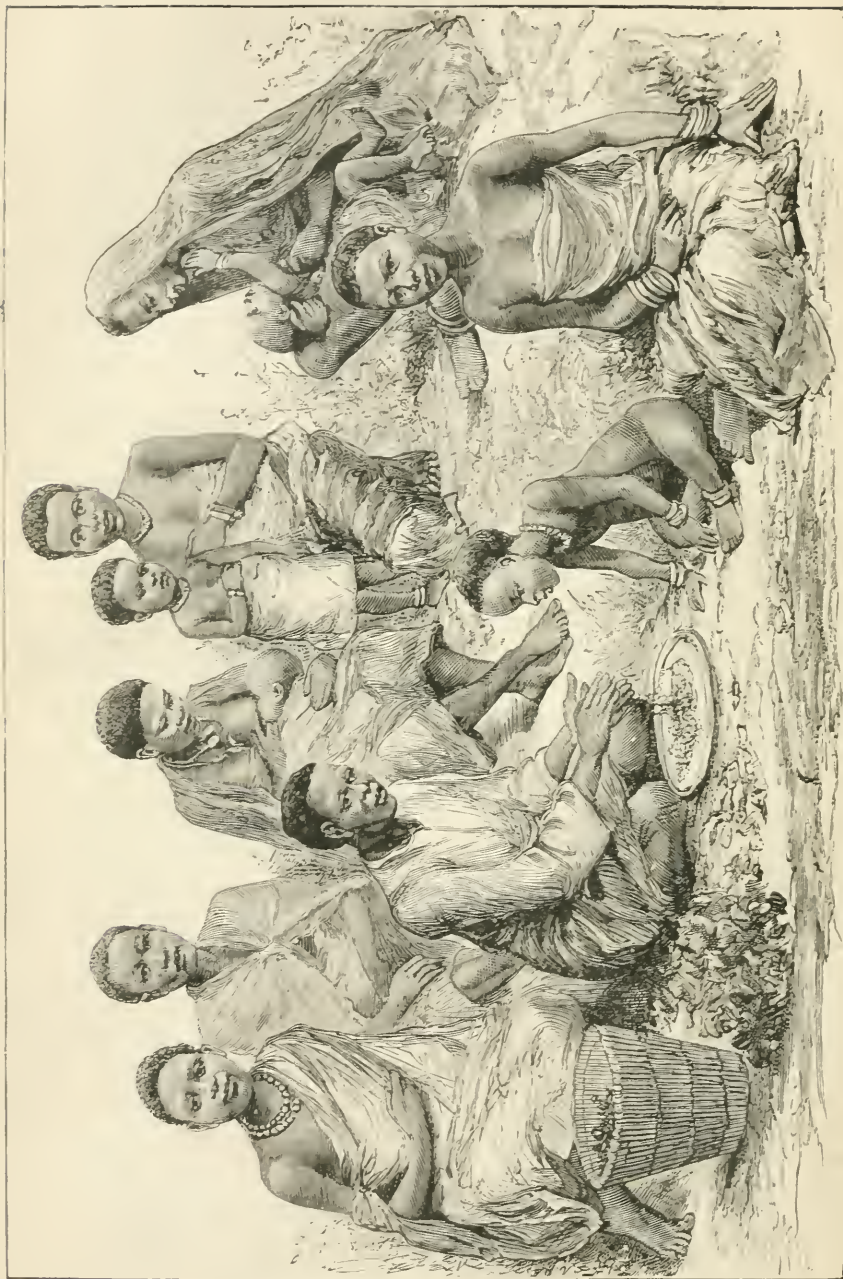
No sooner was Léopoldville relieved of its retarding influence in the person of its indifferent chief, than it began to assume the decently progressive aspect that it should present as the *entrepôt* of the Upper Congo. The grass was certainly not permitted to smother the place long; the native town was pulled down and transferred to another locality more on the direct road to Kintamo, the redoubt and the ricketty fence disappeared; the terrace was enlarged right and left to permit more space for buildings, and the cutting was deepened into the hill to allow more air; the terrace



SKETCH OF A BANANA GARDEN.

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slopes were faced with stone; a large banana garden occupied the site of the old native town, and in it mangoes and papaws were planted; barracks for Europeans began to be raised, and a number of other improvements were commenced, which promised greatly to improve the sanitary condition of Léopoldville. Before I left the station of the Upper Congo, I had the satisfaction of seeing it approach that respectable appearance it should have presented months before, and which its position in the rank of stations required. Instead of detailing foragers every other day for scouting the country in search of food, the native men, women, and children conveyed food to Léopoldville's terrace plaza, to vend it in open market, either wholesale to the chief of the station, or to barter it individually to such as appeared to buy, either dwellers in the town or natives of Kintamo. When I saw the terrace plaza being employed as a common market-ground, I became conscious that the victory against aboriginal conservatism was won. I believed that I enjoyed more real pleasure in watching the groups of buyers and sellers pursuing their intending bargains within the shadow of the old Blockhouse of Léopoldville, than I had in any other event that transpired this year. For before any place can aspire to the dignity of a town on the Congo, it must possess a market-place of its own, and this was one of the little successes I considered essential to our well-being. Not having many women of our own I felt, when I saw two scores of women and



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WOMEN IN THE MARKET-PLACE; FOR LÉOPOLDVILLE, BEFORE IT CAN BE CALLED A TOWN, MUST POSSESS A MARKET. (From a photograph.)

children squatted in the perfect enjoyment of unlimited confidence, that I had become endowed with the honour of paternity, and not for untold wealth would I have permitted that confidence to be tarnished with the least exhibition of distrust or violence.

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The *A. I. A.* steam-launch had been finished, painted repeatedly, and effectively tried two or three times. The *Royal* steam-launch was almost brand-new again, with newly-coppered hull, and minutely repaired. The *En Avant* had been on the stocks, and was scraped, scrubbed, polished with emery-paper, and re-painted three times over. An ornamental cap had been placed above the funnel, new masts had been rigged, and furnished with new sails; awnings were put up, and, better than all, a cabin sufficiently large to stow the goods and house myself; while instruments had been erected, as I had a vague idea that the sun-roasting received on Lake Léopold II. in 1882 had been the cause of my terrible illness.

On the 9th of May, 1883, every article is aboard, and every man is in his place, as the *En Avant* leads the way up at 6 A.M., towing the whaleboat. The *Royal* follows next, with a large 60-foot canoe alongside; the *A. I. A.* comes last.

The inventory of the cargoes is as follows:—

<i>En Avant.</i>	Cloth	21 bales.
	Cowries	600 lbs.
	Oil (engine)	10 gallons.
	Flour and potatoes	140 lbs.
	Beans	70 „

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	Mixed provisions	1 case.
	Sugar	50 lbs.
	Biscuits	30 „
	Tea	25 „
	Coffee	40 „
	Cognac	1 case.
	Mess chest	1 „
	Bedding	140 lbs.
	Medicine	2 cases.
	Instruments	1 case.
	Personal baggage	250 lbs.
	Cooking utensils	60 „
	Ammunition	4 cases.
	Fine cloth	1 trunk.
	Crew	7 men.
	Passengers	10 „
Whale-boat.	Crew	10 „
	Brass rods	56 loads = 3640 lbs.
	Garden seeds	2 cases.
<i>Royal.</i>	Crew	4 men.
	Passengers	9 men.
	Ammunition	19 cases.
	Engine oil	5 gallons.
Canoe.	Passengers	26 men.
	Engine oil	50 gallons.
	Brass rods	650 lbs.
<i>A. I. A.</i>	Cloth	26 bales.
	Engine oil	5 gallons.
	Salt	4 kegs.
	Boat provisions, European	4 cases.
	Up-river station provisions	22 „
	Biscuits	4 „
	Velvet caps and hats	1 case.
	Fancy beads	6 cases.
	Medicine chest	1 case.
	Cutlasses	1 package.
	Carpenters' tool chests	4
	Rip - saws, cross cut - saws, } hand-saws }	2 loads.
	Picks, axes, spades, shovels, } adzes, hoes }	4 loads.
	Nails, spikes, screws	6 „
	Passengers	8 men.
	Crew	6 „

A well-equipped expedition of eighty men, with about six tons of material, consisting of every necessary article for the construction of two small stations, and provisions and means for the sustenance of the garrisons for at least six months. An equal number of colonists could not have been better provided. We have axes for them to hew the forest, hammers to break the rock, spades to turn up the sod and to drain the marsh, or shovels to raise the rampart, scythes to mow the grass, hatchets to penetrate the jungle, and seeds of all kinds for sowing. Saws to rip planking, and hammers, nails, and cabinet-makers' tools to make furniture; needles and thread for sewing all the cloth in their bales, twine to string their beads, and besides these useful articles in the cases, there are also countless "notions" and fancy knick-knacks to appease the cupidity of the most powerful chief or excite the desire for adornment in the breast of woman. Nor has the white man been neglected; there is enough for him to eat and grow fat upon while in good health, and enough medicine to cure a hundred fevers for each. It were well that these things should be told perhaps once in a while to the reader, that he may have a sensible idea of what planting stations in distant places really means. These articles were not thrown promiscuously into the boats; a due and equitable proportion of each had to be calculated and measured out per head of white and black per month; otherwise turmoil and peevish discontent were certain to be heard in a very short time:

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It was high water in the Congo now. We could travel in still havens in shore, under the overhanging boughs of trees, screened from the heat. At eight o'clock we passed Kinshassa, nestling under the shade of its grove of mighty baobab, the low grassy bank near the village being lined by a wall of black bodies, who gave us a rousing cheer as the flotilla hove in view round its point, and steamed past, dipping ensigns to show our appreciation. From here we bore across

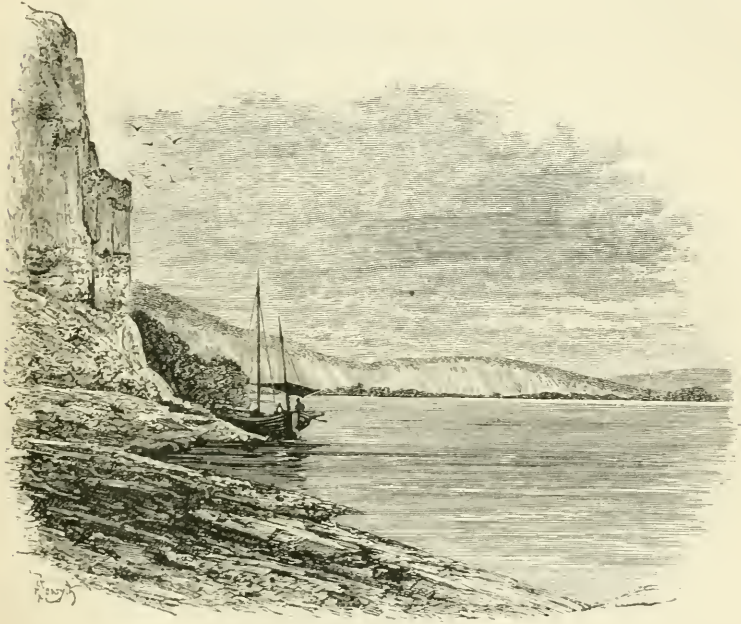


VIEW FROM THE TERRACE BELOW KIMPOKO.

the wide Congo, and, clinging to the southern shore of Bamu, steamed steadily through deep water, past dense forests of sturdy young timber, and then skimming along the edges of fat green reedy flats, until, a little after 4 P.M., we were abreast of Kimpoko Station, to which we now headed in order to rest for the night in such comfort as we could find in a place that was undergoing process of construction.

Kimpoko ought to be called "Good View Station," since from it we have a sight of a really noble breadth of river. It shows fully five miles of clear water, stretching down to a grey horizon fifteen miles away. A vast length of Bamu Island is seen north, and far beyond the tallest trees on the island rise the purpling hills enfolding De Brazza's future settlements; while

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Kimpoko.



VIEW FROM KIMPOKO.

to the eastward is the clifty crescent known as Dover Cliffs. Inland from the river's verge a few pillared hyphœne stand rustling their fan-like leaves, and between these, at a distance of a mile, rise low hills, backed by higher hills, beyond which rise the outlying spurs of the uplands of the Banfunu, governed by Nfumu Nguma.

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May 9.
Kimpoko.

Gambielé is the chief of Kimpoko's native community—a tribe of the Babari, or river people—and he it was who was falsely reported to have murdered Callewart. A man with but slight force of character, there is little to commend him to our esteem. He has studied his own interests well in the invitation extended



THE UPPER CONGO ISSUING INTO STANLEY POOL.

(From a photograph.)

to us. He is placable now, because his senses are fed with seeing, and far too often tasting, the good things we possess. To satisfy him and Nfumu Nguma has been a costly matter. Nevertheless, if the peace is only kept, time and better acquaintance may modify his ardour for begging; the future may disclose virtues that are at present invisible.

The next day we leave Kimpoko, and a few hours later have entered the gates of the Upper Congo, at the head of Stanley Pool. On the evening of the third day we are alongside of the landing-place of Mswata Station. Lieutenant Janssen, brought here thirteen months ago, has by this time completed his station. His residence is like a genteel farmhouse in appearance, with a cool and shady porch, where he holds his palavers and chats twice a day with Papa Gobila, or, as he is now called, Gantiené.

1883.
May 10.
Mswata.

This old gentleman, stout of form, hearty and genial in manner, came up breathlessly and held out his fat hands, and welcomed Bula Matari after his long absence. He expressed a positive opinion that it was the fetish of the Wabuma which so sickened me last year, and insisted on my yielding him a promise never to live with them.

We halted a few days at Mswata to purchase food for the up-river journey to Bolobo, our next destination. During the morning of this day Fumu Ntaba, with about sixty musketeers, and a few women and domestic slaves, arrived. Fumu Ntaba is the principal chief of the Bateké of Mbé district, which lies W.N.W., five days' journey from the landing-place on the north bank opposite Mswata.

A great deal has been uttered within the last few years about Makoko of Mbé, and of Fumu Ntaba, but in order to thoroughly understand the power of these two chiefs in one and the same district, it is necessary to compare Makoko with Ngako, the hereditary chief of

1883.
May 12.
Mswata.

Kintamo, and Fumu Ntaba with Ngalyema, the actual chief.

Makoko is the hereditary chief of the north-western Bateké, but being infirm through years, and dulled by age, he has become, by common consent, super-



PAPA GOBILA OF MSWATA.

annuated, and the sovereignty has been assumed by the Regent, Fumu Ntaba. Makoko is now only fit for the seclusion of his hut and the ministrations of his female attendants. And although he may appear in public, and receive a sympathetic respect

from the chiefs in council, it is the dictum of Fumu Ntaba that obtains obedience; nor is there any hesitation felt in proving to Makoko that his days of power are over.

1883.
May 12.
Mswata.

Along the riverside and mountain slopes between Stanley Pool and the Lawson River there are only four villages, two of these being nearly opposite to Mswata. The lions, elephants, buffaloes, and antelope found as we voyage on the Congo between these two points are also proofs that the territory of Fumu Ntaba, within five days' journey from the Congo must be singularly denuded of population, and the paucity of people on the north bank of Stanley Pool is already known to us.

Fumu Ntaba asked me when I was going to send white men to live at Mbé, as Lieutenant Valcke had promised they would be sent to him. Under altered circumstances, I could scarcely explain clearly why we had not already occupied a station on his land, but he pressed me to make a promise to meet him and talk it over at Malima, whither he intended to pay a visit in about two months.

“And,” said he, “have no fear about Malima and Mfwa. I want all white men to come who like to come. I have made blood-brotherhood with Valcke; he and his people are my friends, and they may build freely in any part of the country, either by the riverside or inland.”

I comforted Fumu Ntaba with the promise that I should “see about it;” and, exchanging presents,

1883.
May 12.
Mswata.

we parted, vowing eternal friendship and immutable fidelity to one another.

Gobila, genial, aldermanic Gobila—Papa Gobila—had been listening quietly to all this, never uttering a word, but an hour after came to me, and said :

“Bula Matari, don't you go to Mbé; you will be a fool if you will. There are no people there, nothing but a little ivory to be had. Your bread will cost you three times more than it costs you here. There is nothing in Mbé but elephants and lions. Ask yourself why we should have left Mbé, if it were not that it was a poor country. I prefer to live with Gandelay, on the south side of the river, than with Fumu Ntaba on the north side. Ngalyema of Kintamo, Nchulu of Kinshassa, myself and people, have all run away from there, because they were all killing one another at Mbé, continually fighting, fighting. We have now all got rich, and have slaves, ivory, and plenty of wives on this side, but if we went over to Mbé we should lose everything. Oh, they will take your cloth and speak you fair so long as you give it to them; but what will you get for it all? If you think I speak falsely, go over to Ganchu, and try to buy even a roll of bread, and see for yourself. They come to me for food, and I send my canoes full of bread every week to Mfwa and Malima. Did you see any lions or buffaloes on this side as you came up? No! Well, that proves it. The Banfunu of the south side are too numerous, and Nfumu Nguma has too many people to allow lions and buffaloes to live long here.”

Gobila's town of Mswata had greatly grown in thirteen months. It now contained about 1,500 souls. Gandelay also had sent one of his chiefs to build a small town above Mswata, close to the river. The lesser chiefs below the station seemed to be extending their hutted areas. All this I naturally took to be the effect of the residence of our people amongst them, because, being non-producing, yet having abundance of means to purchase the necessities of subsistence, their daily wants stimulated the natives to greater efforts.

On the 15th the flotilla left Mswata for Bolobo. About 9 A.M. it passed the confluence of the Kwa with the Congo, and proceeded up the main river.

From this point, as we ascend the Congo, which has a width hereabouts of one mile, or one and a quarter miles, up to one and a half miles in some places, we have Uyanzi on our right, forming the left bank of the river, and Mbé on our left, forming the right bank. Uyanzi begins with a tame aspect of low ridges, sloping gradually but grandly to the Kwa and the Congo, and robed with a grassy covering of tender green. The village of Mantu, close squatted by the Congo water, really makes a pretence to look something different from ordinary villages by a broad path kept clear of weeds, leading from the landing-place to the palm-shaded village. The observant traveller, on landing, will soon discover that this appearance is delusive; the pleasing impression formed by anything approaching to neatness and cleanliness soon vanishing, when he finds that the inside of the place is not

1883.
May 12
Mswata.

1883.
May 15.
Maintu.

a whit better than elsewhere. Beer which tastes like stale lager is a great manufacture here; its colour is like water darkened by a slight quantity of infusion of tea. It is made of fermented millet, or more generally of fermented juice of sugar-cane, and stored in great black ten-gallon pots. Doubtless they find it a remunerative manufacture, as customers from the Kwa and Stanley Pool are frequently found here.

Beyond Mantu the long tender green slopes become more and more shortened, until finally the low ridges drop sheer into the depths of the river, and jut out in harsh and naked rocky points.

Viewing the opposing shores of Mbé, the eye commands long curving sweeps of half-wooded slopes of hills, rising to 300 feet in height, with sufficient depth and breadth of green woods over them, however, to make them present a more refreshing aspect than that furnished by the treeless ridges of Uyanzi.

We hoisted our sails, as there was an eight-knot breeze on the river, and stretched them out flat, which greatly relieved the engines, and increased our rate of progress.

At noon we were opposite the confluence of the Lawson-Lufini River and the Congo. The former flows into the Congo from the west-south-west. The main river comes from a northern direction.

At its mouth the Lawson has a few small islets which disjoint it into two main branches, and under the lee of these a wide sandy bar has been formed, which necessitates vessels to edge away towards the

shore of Uyanzi, until they have well passed the river. It is about 250 yards wide above the confluence, and of a much paler colour than the ochreous brown of the Congo. It is considered to be the boundary between the Bateké of Mbé, ruled by Fumu Ntaba, and the Bateké, ruled by two chiefs, named Muijuba and Kamolondo. A few miles above it the hilly ridges on the right bank recede from the water-side, and form wide folds, half enclosing broad and fertile basins. Uyanzi begins again to show grand slopes of distant grassy ridges. A cluster of palms span the river's margin or an isolated grove, specking darkly the green of the surrounding grass, denotes the presence of villages, and as these features are on a large scale we do not see much improvement in the scene on either side until above Chumbiri, when the Congo widens rapidly from a width of two miles to four miles.

1883.
May 15.
Mantu.

On passing Rocky Point, and emerging in view of this broader width, we may be said to have entered fairly on the Upper Congo. Hitherto we have been voyaging since leaving Boma, and the estuary-like breadth of the Lower Congo, in a pass or defile. From Boma to Vivi we steamed between two lines of mountain heights; between Vivi and Isangila we travelled in a narrow valley parallel with the chasmic trough of the Congo; between Isangila and Manyanga our boats ran up the crooked ravine-like valley of the river; between Manyanga and Léopoldville we marched along the edge of the deep fracture in the highlands through which the Congo continuously roars; then after

1883.
May 15.
Chumbiri.

a slight relief obtained by the lake-like expansion called Stanley Pool, we have been confined again between two mountain lines of more or less picturesqueness, up as far as the Rocky Point above Chumbiri, to finally emerge into this lacustrine breadth which the voluminous waters of the Congo have scooped out of the plains and lowlands which we now behold extended on either hand, with scarcely any extraordinary rise or hill, until we shall approach the Biyerré affluent.

The real heart of equatorial Africa, is this central fertile region, whose bountiful and unparalleled richness of soil will repay the toil and labour required to bring it within the reach of Europe. It was not the uplands of the maritime region, with their millions of ravines, and narrow oven-hot valleys, and bald grass tops, and limited bits of grassy plateaus, with here and there a grove of jungly forest scattered like islets amid the grassy wastes, that I strove for ; it was this million square miles of almost level area, which we may call the kernel, that was worth the trouble of piercing the 235 miles of thick rude mountain husk which separates it from the energies of Europeans, who, could they but reach it, would soon teach the world what good might come out of Africa.

In my voyage down the great river in 1877, I had but a dim glimpse of the mainland. To escape the unaccountable ferocity which then menaced us as soon as we came in sight of the wild men, we had to seek refuge in the mazy channels between the islets. Now, however, our mission is to build in the midst of these

wild men, but before we can do so we must seek for them, confront them calmly, persuade them to hush their clamours, soothe their unquiet hearts, and win them to gentle ways and arts of peace. To those who read the narrative of my journey 'Through the Dark Continent,' this work, as the sequel of that story, must doubtless be interesting. I shall endeavour not to be tedious.

1883.
May 15.
Chumbiri.

From the low Rocky Point on the right bank above Chumbiri, we cross over to the left bank with the sea-like river dotted with distant spectral islets extending above us to an infinite horizon. There is a blazing sun reflecting its brightness on the river, the waters of which lie as smooth and motionless as a mirror. The breeze has gone down, and not even a breath disturbs the pendant star-flag hanging down its staff, or flaps the lappets of the awning. The smoke from the funnel shows almost a horizontal and straight line nearly parallel with the disturbing wake of the steamer. It takes us quite an hour to reach the left bank, which we now begin to follow, for Bolobo, our destination, lies on the left bank, and is distant about nine hours' steaming.

We arrive at the upper end of the hill range, pass two or three villages at Mompurengi, situated within cosy folds of wood-covered hills, and then we observe the hills trend further and further eastward, and we come abreast of a low clay bank, with tall dense grass above. The river is bank-full at this season, but some portions of it are a clear five feet higher. Grey

1883.
May 15.
Mompuren-
rengi.

clay is at the water's level, darkening to blackness as it rises upright as a wall to the grassy roots.

The islets are now in parallel lines to the shore, for just at this place the river is divided into five broad channels. At a short distance the islets purple; they become indistinct masses, more like hills than trees, so curious is the influence of the misty veil with which the extreme heat has covered them. When wearied by the monotonous length of the clay bank, we veer towards the tree-covered isles, which in the afternoon act effectively as a screen. We are steaming in the shadow of the forest grove, and although fully 50 feet away, our eyesight can penetrate far into the cool recesses of the shade, and up the bole of stout cottonwood and its great leafy crown, and through the lesser but sturdy growth of hardwood, under whose shade and shelter are the shrubs, climbing *Calamus* and sprouts of palm.

At a place on the mainland called Two Palm Point, so called from the solitary specimens of the *Hyphæne guineënsis*, which stand above the grassy covered point, we camp. Presently two canoes are seen descending. They boldly paddle towards us, and give us a letter, in which we are told by the chief of Bolobo Station that two of our men have been murdered by a native chief called Gatula, who lives close by.

At nine o'clock next morning we are at the lower end of Bolobo district, which begins with the pretty village of Itimba, situated on a low hill, thickly wooded. Then village after village appears in a nearly

continuous line for about an hour, when the station comes into view on the open higher ground behind the narrow belt of tall timber lining the river side.

1883.
May 16.
Bolobo.

Were it not for the dense population of this district Bolobo would not be called a happy choice for a station. That it is a healthy situation, there can be no doubt, as we have had abundant proof of its salubrity. But kinder people to dwell with might have been found, as it is not an easy thing to find Europeans adapted by nature and disposition for converting suspicious natives into harmless friends. Unfledged Europeans fresh from their homes, brimful of intolerable conceits, and indifferent to aught else save what submits to their own prejudices, are not as a rule the best material to work with for the civilisation of the African. As the European will not relax his austerity, but will very readily explode his unspeakable passions, the aboriginal native does not care to venture into familiar life with the irascible being. The native therefore shrouds himself with his own sulkiness and savage hate of what he does not like. But there are natives who are as likely to explode into mischievous passions as the Europeans; and Gatula was one of these blacks who had a tendency to show what he could do in the way of hurtful outbursts. In this way he showed his first attempt by murdering and hacking to pieces two of the garrison of Bolobo.

Imagine a strip of the left bank of the river, about twelve miles long, a thin line of large umbrageous trees close to the water's edge, and a gently sloping back-

1883.
May 16.
Bolobo.

ground of cleared country rising to about 30 feet above the tallest tree. Just about the centre of this strip on the open ground is the station of Bolobo, consisting of a long mat-walled shed, a mud and wattle kitchen, a mud walled magazine with grass roofs, and about twenty huts arranged in a square on the outside of the inner group of buildings. Above and below it close to the water-side, amid banana and palm groves, are scattered about fifteen villages. Seven of these, Itumba, Mungolo, Biangala, Ururu, Mongo, Manga, Yambula, and Lingenji, are below the station. Eight are above, among which is Mbanga and a few villages of the Banunu tribe. These form what is called Bolobo, which is a rich district, affording excellent fields for a colony of white agriculturists who could live here, if they could be supplied with their usual luxuries of tea and coffee, &c., as well as they could live anywhere in the world. The population of the river front of Bolobo is about 10,000, over whom Ibaka is the senior chief. The back country is also rich and populous.

To effect an influence on this population with a garrison of about twenty-five men would by no means be a difficult task, provided that the European chosen over the station was ingenuous and easy in disposition, and devoted himself to win the friendship of Ibaka. The chief would not long be considered the senior, unless he had friends with whom a union of interests could be formed to defend himself against attack, and to advance the mission entrusted to him. Captain Hanssens, who established this station, understood all this, and he

placed young Lieutenant Orban in charge. But Orban, after a few months of agreeable residence and pleasant relations at Bolobo, at last sighed for a change; he did not like being cooped up in Bolobo all alone; he imagined himself ill, and asked permission to visit the coast. Unwilling to refuse the young gentleman—who was in all other respects a most estimable person—he received leave to depart, and another was substituted in his stead, who had not the faculty of making himself amiable. Another was then tried, but he also failed, and it was about this time that the murder at Bolobo happened.

1883.
May 16.
Bolobo.

From my note-book I quote verbatim the history of Ibaka, as given to me by Ibaka himself, and translated by Sergeant Khamis, his friend, from which the causes of the restlessness which distinguished Bolobo above all other districts may be divined.

“About thirty years ago Ibaka, a powerful chief, lived at Kutumpuku, on the banks of the Mikene (on right bank). Among his subject chiefs were those known by the names of Manga, Mwekwanga, Ururu, and Mongo. They quarrelled with Ibaka, and after several little battles, they discovered that Ibaka was too strong for them, and fled to settle on the left bank at Bolobo. Mwekwanga chose the very spot on which the station now stands, the others occupied the villages named after them to-day. Some time after, when friendship was re-established between Ibaka and his mutinous chiefs, Ibaka, still residing at Kutumpuku, was himself chased away from the right bank by a

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Bolobo.

horde of savages from the interior, and he was compelled to seek shelter at Bolobo, between Mwekwanga's village and Manga's. He lived for several years in his new place, recognised by all as the superior chief, and undisturbed in his authority. When he died, his son Lingenji being a minor, his name and authority was assumed by his principal slave. This being the custom of the Wy-yanzi, Lingenji became no more than an inferior chief, lord of his own domestics. The new Ibaka—the same whom we know to-day under that name—had soon to contend against the jealousies of the older chiefs who had often fought his old master; but, being a vigorous and resolute man, he gradually compelled recognition as the superior chief of Bolobo. Mwekwanga, however, his right-hand neighbour, a sullen and obstinate old fellow, long defied him, until the superiority was decided after a series of stubborn contests, when he was finally driven away from his place, to locate himself inland of Manga, on the borders of a timber belt near that chief's village. Since that day Ibaka has been duly acknowledged as the principal in authority.

“A few years after this affair with Mwekwanga, Captain Hanssens arrived at Bolobo, and having ascertained from the natives he spoke with that Ibaka was the senior chief, he applied to him for permission to build a station, more for the sake of provisioning the steamers than from any merits the locality possessed, though, as an agricultural and commercial station it is not to be despised.”

The fact that Ibaka has thus, by a lucky accident, considerably improved his strength—this being the light in which his old rivals regard our settlement amongst them—has aroused and intensified the hate they always bore him. Long before we knew why Bolobo was so inimical to white men, in various ways our people were made to understand that they bore a stubborn dislike to them. They were not allowed to trespass beyond a certain limit near the station, whether to cut timber for building, fuel for cooking, or grass for roofing. Nor were they allowed to go to the markets to buy food. If through ignorance of this antipathy, any one strayed beyond the set limits, he was chased, and, if caught, severely beaten with sticks. Finally, as months passed away, the fire of their enmity cooled slightly, but its flame was soon rekindled by Gatula, who, during a drunken fit, suspecting that a female slave preferred the society of one of the Bolobo garrison to his own, and seeing two of the garrison near his village, ordered his people to massacre them, and in his revengeful spleen hewed them to pieces.

Thus, on my arrival at Bolobo, I found a serious affair to settle. The two white men in charge declared to me that it was necessary to give the natives a lesson. Our crews and large reliefs, which made a force of eighty men, were soon thoroughly impregnated with the hostile views of the Bolobo garrison. They took this lucky arrival of the flotilla to mean revenge for the murder of their comrades. They primed the new-

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Bolobo.

1883.
May 16.
Bolobo.

comers with the heat for battle which raged within themselves, and the arguments they used to me, when I questioned them, were, I admit, very powerful.

Ibaka himself came up to see Bula Matari, of whom he had heard often enough. The chief was not a bad-looking man. On his head he wore a tall, brimless, Armenian-shaped hat, knit out of *hyphaene* fibre, and



TYPES OF OUR COLOURED EMPLOYÉS.

sprinkled over with gilt lizards, presented to him by Hanssens. He and his vizier, Lugumbila, recited the details of the tragedy. Gatula's female slave, like other women, frequently visited the garrison to sell bread, corn, chickens, and sugar-cane. Perhaps, as acquaintance grew, they stayed too long—at least, so long that Gatula's suspicions were aroused. Gatula

one day, inebriated from the quantity and potency of the native beer he had drunk, found her at the station, where he belaboured her with his staff most brutally, and then took her to the superintendent of the station, and demanded that he should buy her off-hand, as he cast her off for her conjugal infidelity. The European probably did not understand him very well, but his gestures were too violent to be endured, and he was expelled ignominiously from the grounds of the station. Three days passed, and on the fourth day eight of the garrison proceeded to cut timber, four of them by Gatula's house; and two were no sooner seen than they were killed. A native next day, perched up in a tree near the station boundary, was heard calling on Sergeant Khamis to come out from the station and fight. Khamis, nothing loth, walked up to about a hundred yards from the tree and shot the native dead.

“Thus Gatula has lost one man,” said Lugumbila; “and now, Bula Matari, Ibaka requires to know what you intend doing.”

Now, the truth is, I am never in a mood for fighting when cold-blooded. The murdered men were buried and out of sight. The inspiration to fury was absent. To Gatula I was a stranger. However much reliance I might place on the story as related to me, I had a vague suspicion that laxity of discipline, springing out of inexperience, may have caused this. Besides, bloodshedding leaves resentment, feeds rumour, and rumour exaggerates and breeds general distrust. I had still 700 miles of a river along the banks of which the

1883.
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Belobo.

1883.
May 16.
Bolobo.

natives were to be converted to peace and confidence in the white man. If I began fighting here, how could I hope to prosper if my advent was to be heralded with stories of bloodshed? At the same time, this massacre of two men, if permitted to go unpunished, might be a preliminary to a more serious calamity.

I replied, "We are strangers in Ibaka's country. Ibaka gave us ground, for which he took much money. Our people were put into his hands. Two of these people are not to be found. I want them. I cannot do without them. They were freemen. They had families. Those families will ask me for them. Shall I show them empty hands. Blood must be shed for blood, or money must pay for it. Gatula must pay or fight. Ibaka says he has heard of Bula Matari before. Ibaka and the other chiefs must advise Gatula which is best. I will wait two suns for the money. If it is not paid I will go to Gatula's village and bring him out."

It was bravely said, but I hoped Ibaka would not put my courage to the test.

On the 18th of May a conference of several chiefs was held. Ibaka first demanded his fee, 120 brass rods—£3—for the tribunal of justice. The conditions were related, and discussed in excellent temper. It was the custom of the By-yanzi to pay or fight. A rainstorm broke up the conference at sunset.

On the 19th I am told Gatula and Manga have fortified their village with palisades, and sent their women to Biangala. The conference sat at ten o'clock, and the question was given to Gatula, Would he pay

or fight? Gatula replied he would pay. Then comes the amount of compensation; but the chiefs resolved to demand of Bula Matari how much he required, and Ibaka was commissioned to sound Bula Matari on this important topic, which he did in a manner showing that he was well fitted for his position of an adviser in an exceptionally disagreeable and turbulent community.

The next day I replied to Ibaka that I must receive my fee from Gatula before speaking, since he had admitted that he would pay, which Ibaka, wondering whence I had obtained this knowledge of By-yanzi law customs, said was quite right.

The fee must be: One goat, five fowls, one Winchester rifle (belonging to one of the murdered men), twenty rolls of camwood powder, one pot of palm oil, and two bunches of bananas.

On the 21st the legal fee of Bula Matari was paid.

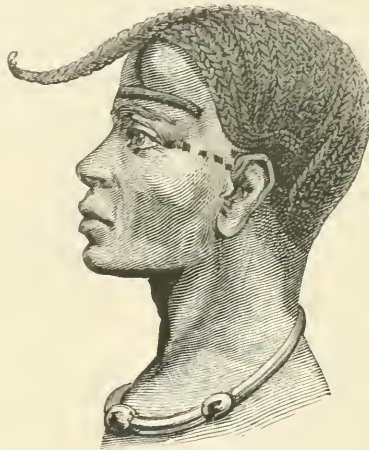
The next day the blood-money for the murdered men's families was fixed by me at 3000 brass rods, value in cash here £50, which, added to costs already paid by Gatula, will amount to £83 6s. 8d., and then and not till then will the odium of murder be removed, and peace and tranquillity restored.

On the 23rd Ibaka brought a tusk of ivory weighing 58 lbs., as the utmost that Gatula would be induced to give. It was instantly rejected, despite the most eloquent appeals on the part of Ibaka, and the loud banter of Gatula and his confederates Manga, Mwekwanga, and Yambula.

1883.
May 19.
Bolobo.

1883.
May 23.
Bolobo.

My position however was extremely difficult. To fight and conquer was easy enough, and to wreck the murderer's fortunes was possible, but war, whether followed by victory or defeat, leaves its stings to both sides. Even victory would be only a temporary and small advantage, since it would quadruple the difficulties of settling up-river, to which purpose we were on our way when halted by these dismal tidings.



BY-YANZI.

Rumour would magnify its terrors until it would shortly appear that I was the aggressor, and Gatula was the wronged victim of our misused strength. And it is also certain that, possessing a reputation for strength, it would be hinted about that I entertained sinister designs against the whole country.

On the other hand, the danger was imminent of causing the natives to suppose that the lives of our people were held but cheaply by me if I accepted less than the price usually given for shedding blood. This

might inspire them to try again, perhaps next time to murder a European or two. My policy was therefore to stand out to the utmost verge of war, and maintain an ostentatious readiness to fight and exact summary vengeance immediately on the rupture of negotiations or confessed failure to pay, until they would—to avoid the necessity of pushing the affair to the extreme of bloody arbitration—make two or three offers more, then accept the ransom, and seal a true and effective peace, taking the opportunity to admonish them carefully in the future.

On the 24th the fine was paid, and amounted to £42 4s., and the acceptance of it was announced by salvoes of musketry, which was immediately followed by the return of the women, children, and effects by land and water to the villages of the guilty confederates.

Ibaka's comments on the case were summed up in his pithy declaration that "Gatula has received such a fright, and has lost so much money, that he will never be induced to murder any man again. No, indeed, he would rather lose ten of his women than go through this scene again."

Lugumbila, the vizier of Bolobo, expressed his belief that I would have been still more successful if I had appeared amongst them in a dress covered with cowries, instead of the common tweed and grey serge and white flannels of which my clothes consisted, as By-yanzi people did not respect a chief who bore not on his person the garb of sovereignty.

1883.
May 23.
Bolobo.

1883.
May 24.
Bolobo.

The rest of this day was passed in a grand assembly of the chiefs of Bolobo, who confirmed the cession of territory to the Association. The men gathered about



NATIVE METHOD OF HOLDING A GUN.

(From a sketch by MR. GLAVE.)

gave me a better insight into the dangers I was provoking with an apparently reckless spirit, but the reader whom I have taken into my confidence will know whether the recklessness was real or assumed.

END OF VOL. I.

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